

The Floral
Apostles

by

REV. A. AMPHJEN.



As a Token of Love and Respect

To my very dear

Mrs. C. A. Weyerhaeuser.

from

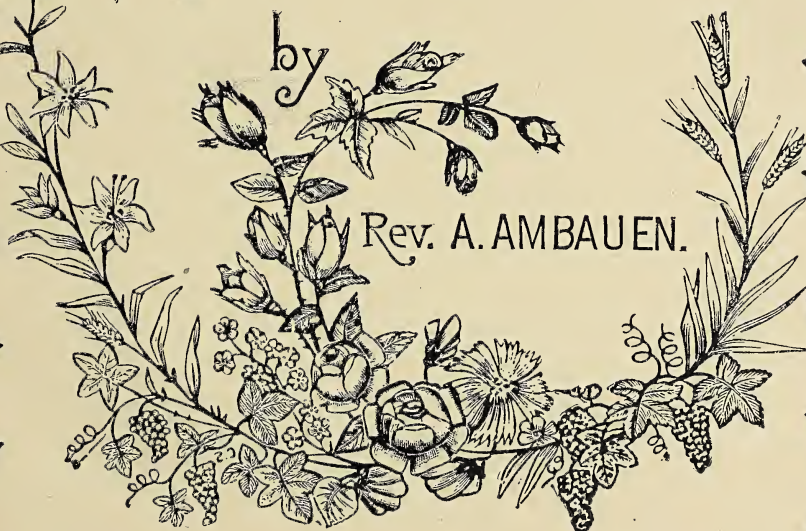
Sister M. Colletta.



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Rev. A. AMBAUEN.



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THE

FLORAL APOSTLES;

OR,

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY TO THINKING MAN.

DERIVED LARGELY FROM THE UTTERANCES OF SOME OF
THE WISEST MEN IN ALL AGES.

BY

REV. ANDREW JOSEPH AMBAUEN, Ph.D.

*With an Introduction by REV. EDWARD I. FITZPATRICK, formerly Professor in St.
Thomas' Seminary, St Paul, Minnesota.*

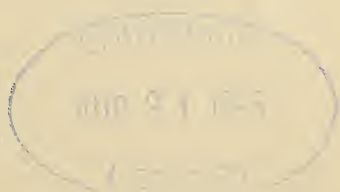
NEW EDITION.

"Each gracious flower
Has each a several word,
Which, read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord."
—A Christian Poet.

"All things to all men."—I. Cor. 9:22.

"And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also I must bring."—John, x:16.

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PUBLISHERS,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
1900.



“Consider the lilies of the field how they grow.”—Matth. vi:28.

“With me is the beauty of the field.”—Ps. xlix:11.

“In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God.”

—*Milton.*

“I see Thee in the Flowers,
That open to the sky.”

—*W. Robinson.*

“There is no creature so little that it
Showeth not forth the Goodness of God.”

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

“There is a tongue in every leaf—

A voice in every rill;
A voice that speaketh everywhere.”

—*Anon.*

(v)

TO

HIM,

Who feedeth among the Lilies.

—*Canticle of Canticles, ii, 16.*



"Send forth flowers, as the lily, and . . . bring forth leaves in grace."

—Ecc. xxxix:19.

"Fly with thine eyes all round about this garden ;

For seeing—it will discipline thy sight,

Farther to mount along the ray divine."

—*Dante, Paradise*, xxxi:97-100.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—*Wordsworth*.

PREFACE.

"Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
*What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!"*
—*Horace Smith.*

THE Floral Kingdom is assuredly a most beautiful part of God's Creation. It is arrayed in rich and varied vesture—its teeming profusion of Flowering-Plants, each one of which seems mystically to preach to us all on the most wonderful Wisdom and Goodness of our common Creator and Lord, as also on what we ourselves, as His favorite and favored creatures ought to do, in order to please Him on earth and thus become happy with Him hereafter.

Listen, then, Dear Reader, to those mysterious teachings, firmly resolved to perform conscientiously whatever the God of Nature, through Nature's secret language, may tell you.

That He may be with you, to guide and inspire you while on these your mental excursions through Nature's lovely Garden, is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

DODGEVILLE, WIS., August 1, 1900.

“*Wondrous truths*, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those *stars* above;
But *not less* in the *bright flowerets* under us
Stands the revelation of His love.”

* * * * *

“In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.”

—Longfellow.

PREFATORY ESSAY

ON

Flowers and Other Plants.

Requested by the Rev. Andrew Ambauen, Author of the book herewith offered to the reading public, to pen for it an appropriate Introduction, the present writer ventures the following remarks, as some preparation for those who are to enjoy the truly substantial treat of entertainment and instruction contained in the FLORAL APOSTLES.

I.

Interest in plant-life, generally, and attraction for Flowers, in particular, are well-nigh universal among those, at least, who can appreciate the grandeurs, the wonders, and the beauties of Nature. Whether for the useful or for the agreeable, almost every class of society, the world over, counts its host of votaries intent, with varying degrees of ardor or delectation, on watching and studying the canny processes, and utilizing the myriad and diverse productions, of the Vegetable Kingdom. Men and women, and even children, vie with one another, in attentive industry or exulting delight, to make the most of Nature's yield in this, its every way inviting domain.

While women, not unnaturally—from their intensely affectionate, ever-responsive sympathies—have ever taken the lead numerically in keenly admiring, and deftly arranging, flower and plant for home and public *fêtes*, and in bestowing devoted care upon the culture of all that is floral; men of serious turn and with an eye for the Beautiful, have, from the earliest times—though not in so great numbers—not only indulged and improved their taste for Flowers, as the generality, but have also, as determined specialists, most assiduously applied themselves to the close analytic investigation and systematic classification of every species of vegetation, and have, by their continuous efforts, given those magnificent proportions long since assumed and yearly enlarged by the science of Botany. Pointing the way, either from the professor's desk and the analyzing table, or conducting

young and old through garden and greenhouse or yet, box under arm, bidding them on through enameled mead, and smiling prairie, and laughing valley, and bosky glen, and dense woodland recesses—those secret retreats where coy growths shrink from human eye—along watercourse, now flowing through dusky dell, then meandering through fields gleaming in the sunlight; near hedge and on hillside; the professional Botanist, by the well-repaying toil of herborizing, patiently and practically instructs his pupils and interested followers, largely adds to his own fund of herbal lore, and accomplishes much for his fellow-men, in the way of health, nourishment, and other enjoyments.

Duly equipped explorers in strange lands, much or little heard of, wisely, indeed, study the Fauna of those countries; but they are also gladly studious of the Flora that there will either welcomingly greet them or would timidly draw back from their view. Like these fearless venturers into foreign parts, even zealous missionaries of the Gospel, who bravely penetrate into distant solitudes—to reach the peoples beyond—or who wander among the teeming multitudes of the heathen world—as in China, the “Flowery Kingdom,” Japan, India, Australia, in the Americas yet, and elsewhere—busily employ the intervals vouchsafed them amid their holy work of delivering the Divine Tidings and discharging various other ministries of Grace, in carefully exploiting the resources of Nature’s wealth in the to them new realms of herb-growth—peering and prying into every adjacent nook, journeying through brake, and fen, and morass; wending their way in or round “deep-tangled wildwood,” climbing mountain or delving for roots; then, experimenting with their happy discoveries, testing the medicinal and other useful properties of curious plant and flower, grouping each in classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties, they write accurate descriptions and characterizations of their treasure-trove, to send to those of their brethren at home earnestly engaged in similar pursuits—thereby, with the commissioned explorers, widely extending the gracefully bordered boundaries of Botanical Science, and variously benefiting mankind in medical knowledge and practice, in acquaintance with precious woods, coveted spices, costly dyes, rare fibres for the rich fabrics of the loom, and even in the economics of food-products.

Inspired seer and endowed bard, keenly alive to the many spiritual analogies presented for their imagery by the vast garden of creation, the chords of their hearts well in tone with the harmonies of color and form and fragrance, that abound therein, fondly enamored of Nature and of Nature’s God, ever turn impulsively to that surpassing vision of loveliness, for illustrations of their respective Messages to man. The just are likened to the *tree* growing by the running

waters, whose *leaf* falleth not—flourishing as palm-tree and cedar, growing as the lily to bloom evermore—fruitful as the *vines* of Engaddi; and the regenerated multitude of souls will be pictured as the wilderness blossoming as the rose; while poem and prose-poem will take flower, and tree, and other plant, as fitting type of highest excellence, as striking simile of progressive life, as pointed moral of increasing worth:—the “white investments” of pearly flowerets will “figure innocence” in childhood, the bloom of youth and the flower of manhood will be feelingly contrasted with the “sere and yellow leaf” of declining age, and the means of escape from peril, of success in spite of difficulties, will be, “out of this *nettle*, Danger, we pluck this *flower*, Safety!”—Yes, choicest selections from the Muses’ repertory might be rightly styled, Idyls of the Flowers.

In fact, there is more than a literal and vocal resemblance between posy and poesy, and hence, saints that were poets, and poets that were not saints, have alike lovingly—*con amore*—drawn from the floral kingdom brightest and most instructive teachings. Witness, among the former, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales;—to name from among the latter would be the full roll-call of the sweetest singers in Literature. For most truly do poetry and the flowery realm complement and supplement, the one the other; this, by inspiring—prompting to fresh strivings; that, by discovering and disclosing new, half-hidden beauties and relations all unsuspected by ordinary observers.

Thus, science and the arts, literary art and Religion itself, have always ambitiously worked together, in laudable emulation, for the development and recommendation of Botanical studies and researches; and were satisfactory explanation demanded for all this deep-seated interest, this wide-spread enthusiasm, this phenomenal fascination, so unmistakably evinced for all plants and most notably, for Flowers, it would undoubtedly be found, first of all, in man’s sense of beauty; and then, in the endless Variety of flower and plant, with the enchantment of their scenic effects; in their complex Construction, with the marvelous means for their propagation; in their improvability, availability, their important Uses; and in the valuable moral Lessons which they suggest.

II.

Most of us have but a rather vague notion of the limitless extent and manifold variedness of Nature’s floral and kindred contributions; we know comparatively very few of their names, even. And yet, of all the studies that inquire into the inexhaustible riches of the natural world, Botany reveals to us, in most

prodigal profusion and most bewildering diversity, the greatest and the grandest evidences of Nature's resourceful opulence;—unless, indeed, we except Entomology—which treats of the insect-world—an exception that may prove a surprise to many. And the captivating beauty of this multifarious display is visible all the year around in some regions of the earth; for long periods in the temperate zones, as, when grim Winter has fled, and

“The Queen of the Spring, passing down through the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;”

and—though to a limited degree—even in unpropitious soils and climes and seasons, as in the well-tended hothouses, and the domestic potted plants surrounded by free-straggling vines.

Astronomy itself, in its sublimest soarings and intensely interesting details, may not compete successfully with theoretical and practical Botany, in opening up to man's astonished gaze far-stretching scenes of ineffably gorgeous splendors, with rarely a dissolving view in the virtually unbroken vista. Both sciences, indeed, unfold most dazzling and varied prospects enlivening the universe coming within our ken: Astronomy—above, and off toward solitudes scarcely reached by most powerful lens; Botany—below, all around on our planet-home, in parts, too, seldom or never visited by man; and the glories unveiled by either, form companion pictures that seemed needed to *inclose* the entire intervening pageant of the visible creation, with its capricious array of multiform cloud, its picturesque landscape of mountain and valley and plain, and cascade and river, and wood and lake and ocean, its rural and pastoral sights, its gayly plumed procession of birds, its stirring scenes of human activity and enjoyed festivity. But, though a clear night's firmament, begemmed with its thousands of celestial orbs, does constitute the over-powering sublimity of the arching Heaven with its still interminable stellar spaces, and though yon mysterious aggregations of “star-dust” do declare the Glory and Power and Providential Direction of Him who wheeled those fiery spheres into their orbits and thus sketched the “illuminated manuscript of the skies;” yet, these myriad twinkling “stars of our fields”—the graded ranges of Flowers and Blossoms—differing also in brilliance—more expressively and dearly set forth to us, even from their brotherly and sisterly nearness and panting affection, the Might, and Love, and Providential Care, and Beauty—ever ancient and ever new—of the same Benign Creator and Conservator of all things; and their many colors and hues and tints are emblematic of the essential Perfections of the One who bleaches the lily with the unblurred bright-

ness of holiness, and reddens the rose with the blush of modesty and the flush of healthfulness.

Casting but a bird's-eye-view over this broad, favored expanse of beauty, and there will loom up before and around you the Forest primeval, with its giant monarchs, as in Brazil and on the Pacific Coast, or of later date, with royal oak and queenly maple, and dense underwood, with occasional sky-light gleams of sun or stars; the deep-shadowing grove and the lightsome everglade; the thickly wooded hill and mountain, the gently sloping lawn, carpeted with velvety verdure, and the garniture of waving fields; the teeming orchards and the heavy-clustered vineyards, with leafy shields. Yonder, will break upon your enraptured sight those sylvan bowers, that well-trimmed copse with neighboring glebeland, this massive foliage of shade-tree and hedgerow; and hitherward, dotting the long stretches of eye-refreshing greensward, smooth or tufted, these innumerable sprightly herb-growths, yet bare or full-yielding. On every side you will behold multitudinous large or limited garden-spots, whether of man's industrious and artistic labor or of spontaneous Nature's superior handiwork and indefinitely more potent energy; and there, see the verdant shoot, the bursting bud, the florescent bourgeon, the tendrilled climber, the many-hued flower in radiant gladness, the fruit-tree blossom, the shrub-bloom—all joys forever, at least, in Fancy's mirror. And again, all this pleasing prospect may be witnessed, to a degree, in season and out of season, night, noon and morning; now, amid spring-time's cheering prophecies, in sprout and spray and leaflet; then, through summertime's tranquil glow of contenting promise; anon, in autumn's plenteous doweries of variegated leaf, and tempting fruit, and golden harvest—the whole vividly painting an ever-unrolling panorama that far surpasses—especially at set of sun—the strange phantasmagoria of grandest Kaleidoscope or the most fanciful perceptions of Oriental dreamland.

Botany rightfully lays under summoning tribute the whole huge Globe and its encompassing depths of waters; and, hence, again and again, it holds up Nature's munificent floral and vegetable gifts, contributed from all regions: here, liberally scattered by the wayside; there, basking in the sunlight, bedecking open world and clearing wood; here, rejoicing along the banks of babbling brooks; there, sparkling on upland and lowland, on mossy mound and in meadow downs, on terrace and in parterre; now, vigorously growing in shade or shine; then, contending against untoward elements and a resisting mold, in many a struggling clime, from the upmost timber-belt, the highest line of hardy vegetation around snow-capped peaks—

“Ye living Flowers that skirt the eternal frost!”—

down among the foot-hills besprent with flowery showers, on—over steppe and pampas and savanna, interspersed with heather-bells or fringed by hawthorn blows—through more genial realms with their more and more generous yields, till we reach the prodigies of luxuriant growth in the tropics. Deep down in ocean’s caverns, also—nestling or climbing, or straying over the floor of the sea—are these ubiquitous specimen’s of Nature’s vegetative power.

Yet, without staying to feast our eyes on this multitude and diversity of even the better known Flowers and Plants; nor yet tarrying with herbaceous *freaks*—a term artfully employed, perhaps, to conceal man’s nescience of hidden law—one may, however, mention those many singular mosses of land and water, those minute and almost wholly obscured vegetous organisms, which thrive unseen and spend their lives for God alone, and pause a brief moment, attempting to descry those further cryptogamous curiosities—including the Lichens and then, the Orchids, both with their thousands of species and varieties—but of which, let the poets gleefully sing:

“Little Lichen, fondly clinging
In the wildwood to the tree;
Covering all unseemly places,
Hiding all their tender graces,
Ever dwelling in the shade,
Never seeing sunny glade.”

“Around the pillars of the palm-tree bower,
The Orchids cling, in rose and purple spheres.”

“In the marsh, pink Orchids’ faces,
With their coy and dainty graces,
Lure us to their hiding places—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!”

III.

If one be not over-much dazed at the multifarious exhibition spread before him, he should approach nearer—here and there—and examine the marvelous structures, the wondrous mechanism, the delicate tissues, the daintily tinged or fitly provided vesture, the mysterious germination, and the gradual outgrowing

of blade and stalk and stem and leaf and pedal and calyx, in flower and plant varieties: should learn something of their anatomy, physiology, biology.

Oh, in this, certainly, he will clearly perceive, with ever intensifying awe, evidences of exhaustless Design that bespeaks a Supreme and Infinite Intelligence who plans, orders, and conserves, all the arrangements of the universal apparatus regularly performing its stated functions—above, beneath, around! And not only will Botanical Analysis bear witness, in a general way, to the omnipresent action of an All-Wise Projector; but, furthermore, the congenial and aptly proportioned *habitat* of germs, and roots, and herbs, and bulbs, and boughs, with their gauged capacities for wide transplantation; their remarkably ingenious powers of exuberant propagation, whether in their native lands or when, in seed and slip, wafted afar by wind and water or borne by fish and bird; their unswerving, immutability of *specific* generation—their pronounced habits and methods—and yet withal, their pliant flexibility under given conditions, natural or man-directed, to melt and blend into those interminable varieties, sub-varieties, and queer modifications—the facility of the grafting process being but one instance among many—their surprising advances toward the Animal Kingdom, as in the case of Zoophytes—similar inter-connecting links to be met with in all the three Departments presided over by Natural History—and, in fine, the unfailing fecundity realized and manifest in their prodigious productiveness and prolific yields, especially in propitious soils, with other favoring environment—ah! these and like plant-wonders will also make known, by their every deliberate detail and elaborate effect, the Immortal Author of Life, the Source and Bestower of all vitality, who produces and reproduces continually, and will attest the thoughtful movements of the Divine Hand that ever directs and shapes all those countless forms of organic existences. Lo! His fiat had gone forth, and the mandate was to be *permanent* of execution: “Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit-tree after its kind, which may have seed in itself upon the earth. And it was so done. All the days of the earth seed-time and harvest shall not cease.”

IV.

Nor will the Uses to which the creations of the plant-realm have time and again been applied, be deemed less worthy of admiration, in their ingeniously studied adaptation to life's varying situations and in the truly handsome effects resulting therefrom.

Passing by—yet with grateful sense—their more obviously practical applications, as in furnishing substantial vegetarian diet—not forgetting the nutritious beverages they supply; their ready serviceableness for medical purposes; and, as with the “essential” flowers and deodorizing plants, their acceptable contributions to enjoyment and healthful comfort, by way of distilled perfumes and evaporating odors; scan the hundred and one loving economies of man’s clever and tasty handicraft, as he culls and arranges those beauteous boons of lavish Nature. Collecting them from a world of beauty all their own, where erstwhile they brightly glowed and sweetly breathed—in garden plot or spacious park, on hill or dale—he prizefully places them in dainty vessels, as jewels in caskets, or skillfully fashions them into novel scenes of loveliness, their freshness long undimmed and their fragrance long preserved.

What with those wreaths, and crowns, and garlands, and palms, and rosettes, for rank or victory—for chosen May-day queen!—or for graceful column and triumphal arch; those leafy festoons intertwined with light-green flag and beaming with floral eyes, suspended to façade, on walls within and without, for religious or civic celebrations; those flowers in vase or corbeille that enliven homes and, with due discretion, the sick-chamber, or the prison-cell, scent festive banquet-boards, refresh, as well as adorn, assembly-halls, and form expressive votive offerings laid upon God’s Altars in God’s terrestrial House, or tributes of veneration and affection at the shrines of her who is the “Mystical Rose,” the “Lily among thorns,” to whom the “Month of Flowers” is devoutly consecrate;—what, again, with those with harmoniously assorted bouquets which deck fair hands with gems more sparkling than ring or bracelet; those boutonnières appended to coat lapels, as dear reminders, perhaps, of friends temporarily parted; one must certainly conclude, from all such flower devices, that flowers were designed for man, to aid in pursuing several of his life-purposes. And still more: interlaced Holly leaves or boughs are fitly chosen for religious festivities and family rejoicings; the divers fruit-Blossoms are adopted to encourage and gladden in their own respective ways, by the suggestiveness of each kind; Orange Blossoms, in particular, with associate flowers, are introduced at weddings—from Spanish story and by later custom, to connote earth’s bridal joys, as also the happy “Nuptials of the Lamb” who will lead His spouse both here and hereafter.

Then, on the one side, look upon those sure indications of homely comfort and refinement, the open house-gardens or prudently hedged closes, where, by their embellishing the surroundings, you will be delighted to view the tidily kept bushes properly distributed around, and favorite flowers, characteristic, perhaps,

of the owners—cosily set in beds bordered with blue-grass; and, on the other, go over those wide areas which public-spirited citizens* have laid out and enriched with every description of plant,—serving as popular Flower-Schools.

Visit those vast “Botanical Gardens” under municipal or national auspices—nor omitting to recall the “paradises” and Pensile Gardens of the Orient—or some complete Vegetable Kingdom in miniature, where, with every cunning contrivance of landscape-gardening—winding walks and drives, serpentine rills flowing at stations beneath rustic bridges, gushing fountains, splashing waterfalls, placid lakes with graceful islets and inviting boats, shady alleys, protecting hedges, rocky caves, clambering vines, grassy hillocks rising above pebbly paths,—unbrageous, rustling branches sway, high or low, in convenient juxtaposition to clusters of flowers of every kind, and proportionate heights, like diminutive sierras, appear to saw the horizon of the beautiful site. Find your way into those grand seed-plots, and nurseries, such as Nice’s famous “Park of Roses,” into those well-supplied conservatories in which are also sheltered rare exotics from highly favored lands; and enter once more those domestic greenhouses on large or small scale, where flower, and delicate shrub and tuber, have been tenderly rescued and shielded from the dismantling desolation of inimical elements; and again you will clearly perceive how busy is man not only in caring for his pets—every living germ—but also in judiciously adjusting and displaying flower and plant to different ends and uses.

To these must be added the “Winter-Gardens,” either pretentious or unpretending, in which, when thrifty domestic tastes can no longer be gratified by the smiling aspect of front or back garden, the blithe, frail creatures of late spring, constant summer, or early autumn, are considerably introduced into the warm household, to be ranged in bright nook and corner and passage-way, or to be set in the casements, or to be grouped in apartments all to themselves—it may be in dining-rooms—there to continue, at will, their softly breathing lives! It is a happy adaptation; for thus balmy spring, genial summer, and pathetic autumn, are in some way made to linger within doors, while the chilling touch of the later fall already menaces, or the dreary, sullen winter reigns—then boisterously roars—without.

Patriotism, no less than religion, which prompts and directs it, has been honored and dignified in the allotment and assignment of flower-uses. As instances take the “National Flowers,” or the choice of certain familiar flowers or

*Instance the late Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, Wis., and especially, the late Henry Shaw, of St. Louis, Mo., who owned what was ranked the largest private garden in the world, prior to his generous transfer of it to that city, for unreserved common enjoyment.

other plants, to commemorate the peculiarities or historic incidents noted in the lives of various peoples. The Lillies of France, the Roses of England, the Maple Leaf of Canada, the Thistle of Scotland, the Shamrock of Ireland, will here at once present themselves in proof.

Another use of flowers to be mentioned, is laying them with touching affection upon tiny funeral-casket of infants and young children that, like imperilled scions, have been early plucked from the garden of earthly homes, to be transplanted in the ever-blooming garden of God—to be at Home with Him! Yet, floral tributes are out of place, when deposited on the coffins of deceased adults, and a little reflection will convince all that such a custom is “more honored in the breach than the observance;” but above and around the *graves* of both old and young, let evergreen, and rose-bush, and flower-stalk, be planted and tended, as symbolizing hope of the Resurrection unto Eternal Life.

V.

Hie we now thankfully and hopefully, as bees to blossom and rosary, that we may con the instructive and salutary Lessons taught us by plant and flower, by blade and bough; for surely it can *not* be said of us—

“We smile at florists, and despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamored of a toy!”

No; but, sensible of the vast sum of practical teaching, latent or manifest, in all that pertains to this extensive department of attractive Nature, we would thence fain grow wiser and better, and

“With a child’s undoubting wisdom, look
On all those living pages of God’s book”—

aware that

“Flowers preach to us, *if we will hear.*”

The general reader must know of more than one effort already made to express the language and the sentiment of Flowers and cognate plants; to divine and read, in their frank ingenuous countenances, their longing, secret wishes; to hear their covert, yet animated pleadings—audible in the ear attuned to Nature’s two-fold chromatic score, with double scale of undertones—in short, to interpret their deep ethical import.

Still, in those evidently well-meant essays, with many things good and true and ingenious, with many critically acute and recondite observations, there will

be found, unhappily, strong suspicions of sheer naturalism, gairish worldliness, exaggerated sentimentality, gushing emotionalism, and of a tendency, little disguised, to cater to the merely sensuous—if not precisely sensual—element in our being: defects that are unworthy so high a theme and, by their equivocal consequences, most likely to cause failure of the object intended—and greatly desired.

It will not do, forthsooth, to fly off into lackadaisical ecstasies over an unsuspecting daisy; or to fall into sham rhapsodies beside the unoffending buttercup; or simperingly to croon in mock-heroics at the sight of victimized cowslip, an affectation intolerable save among the social and political dilettants of “primrose leagues,” formal or informal!

Whilst such wildly enthusiastic outpourings of perfervid flower-love, are in the main commendable and, on principle, justifiable, there is, better, a substantial, demonstrative manifestation of equally rapturous delight, with accompanying sane enjoyment, but right guardedly and soberly expressed, because derived and ensured from an intelligent insight into the true significance of Nature’s cheery ornaments. And this will *endure*, and *improve* mind and heart and character, inspiring, as it does, “thoughts that breathe and words that burn.” All true poets have succeeded here, instinctively eschewing the lapses just noted. For ah! Flowers and Sister-Plants, though frail their form, and slender their texture, and exquisitely winsome their mien, are verily not such “trifles light as air” as to receive only inept, namby-pamby treatment; but, from their endearingly speaking object-lessons, they deserve to be hailed, first of all, with outbursts of philosophical and religious appreciation, the outcome of rational admiration. Their proper study will easily unfold to us how the mental, moral, and social life of man—a child of earth, and heir to Heaven—is to be built up; will repeatedly lay before him tableaux of the Fair, awakening and evolving within him the sense of the Beautiful, enhancing generally his esthetic tastes, adding degrees to his culture; and will plentifully provide him with friendly or didactic means and occasions for rendering this earthly mode of existence pleasant and profitable to others, as well as enjoyable and beneficial for himself.

His higher spiritual nature is, perforce, still further elevated and sustained by the serious and interested contemplation of the many-sided floral spectacles of whatever dimensions. Instantly he is thereby put in mind of the Beauty and the Bounty of God—for the Designer of these things must be infinitely more beautiful and bountiful than they—and he is forthwith impelled to yearn after the one, to be profoundly and practically grateful for the other.—One morning, a Saint rushed into a garden in full bloom, to quiet a brain throbbing with super-

natural emotion and to cool a heart all afire with divine love. There, the peerless denizens of Flora's realm, in pretty-mottled, dew-besprinkled vestments lustrous in the sheen of sunrise, their odorous cups perfuming all the air, were amiably fulfilling the destiny assigned them by Him who formed and fashioned them, and approved them "good." With that intuition of sanctity which, better than other gift, can quickly discern the Creator in the creature and readily translate the meaning voices of resonant Nature, our saint felt temporarily, yet not disagreeably, diverted from the train of those ardent meditations which by their effects had compelled to the garden-visit. "Hush! ye noisy little darlings," exclaimed the saint; "I hear what ye say, I am doing what ye tell me to do; so, hold your tongues! ye distract me; or ween ye that no one loves and worships God, but your own lovely selves?" But away, as though conscious of the tenor of the playful reproof, the flowers, nodding their tasselled crowns, swinging their breathing censers to and fro, seemed to call out with redoubled persistency, "Love God! Thank God! Praise God!"—as the saint returned to devotions. Thus must it ever be, proportionately to the nicer perceptiveness in the one that surveys those charming scenes of floral gracefulness. Each plant and flower, from the gigantic forest-King that braves the tempest, to the tiniest flower-stalk that trembles in the faintest zephyr, signally refers man to their common Maker—so potently reminding him of his close relations with God, that each in turn becomes a veritable "Forget-Me-Not." For as truly as the feathered songsters of grove and woodland, in their richly colored vests, carol forth the divine praise in clearest warblings, do the scarcely less animate creatures in earth's teeming gardens, melodiously chant in their own way of the beauteous Majesty of their Divine Artist. "Flowers are the foot-prints of Angels," treading in which one will assuredly be led on High.

And practically bearing on the individual himself, Flowers and Plants have priceless Lessons in store for all. They need light, air, humidity, and, for the most part, a grateful soil, for their healthy expansion; and they are singularly endowed with organs for utilizing these favoring conditions; duly profiting off Nature's glare and Nature's requisite intervals of shady rest; variously breathing, through outstretched leaf or craving sprout—inhaling, exhaling; absorbing moistened atoms and the proper juices of the mold; imbibing dews, the earlier and the later rains. Man, likewise, has corresponding needs for his material, mental, and supernatural development, and he is also admirably conditioned to avail himself of analogous means, within and around him, to those ends. The human spirit must dwell in the light of God's countenance sealed upon it, or linger hope-

fully amid the seeming obscurity of occasional, passing spiritual dereliction; the respiratory organs of the human frame must take in the pure air of heaven; the responsible soul can rightly thrive only in a supernal atmosphere, must needs sip of the moisture supplied by Mercy's all-embracing waters, must thirst after and drink in the dew-drops and the shower-drops of Divine Grace. And since that Grace supposes and effectively subsumes nature, it will demand, like the fair olive engrafting upon the wild, in some southland, as sound a native basis for successful operation as the relics of a fallen state and individual peculiarities can afford.—As the Flowers and various Plants constantly turn to advantage their endowments and surroundings, so man, striving for his physical and spiritual life-growth, should consistently and unintermittingly work along the lines of every grace vouchsafed him, internal and external. Yet, in this, is man as faithful as they?

They are the harbingers of early spring, the living presence of summer, the still cheerful companions of advancing autumn, the abiding consolers within doors during winter—teaching, amid the change of seasons, hopefulness and helpfulness, ever and always; and, in their gradual unfolding, and from maturity to decadence or consummated purpose, they furnish familiarly instructive counterparts of the successive stages in our mundane existence—the virescent bud of infancy, the nascent blossom of childhood, the burgeoning promise of youth, the full-flower of manhood's prime, the shriveling blade or leaf of pallid hue that represents declining years, or indicates the attainment of life's objects. They inculcate that fraternal spirit by which, while wisely laboring for ourselves, we generously admit companionship and ungrudgingly take part in mutual assistance, in work and its successes, even as the same seed-plot, the same flower-bed, and, at times, the same field, will allow, simultaneously, differing vegetations, in a sort of common sisterhood.

The bashful plant and hiding flower preach of prudent reserve and modest merit; and the happy wild-flowers of varying worth that everywhere peep, from dawn till dusk, speak to us of Nature's unstinting prodigality and urge us to deeds of beneficence exercised with no niggard hand; for, "Who soweth sparingly, shall also reap sparingly; and who soweth in blessings, shall also reap in blessings."

All healthful vines, creeping or climbing, with like-mannered shrubs, solemn ivies and cheering smilax, direct the often arduous way of just and lofty aspirations patiently satisfied, as long, in and out, up, round and over church and abbey, castle tower and wall, homes and latticed windows, upon and entwining

some extending trellis and espalier, they push forward their spiral joints and weave their graceful curves and vagrant scollops; and, by their tightly clasping tendrils, typify those adhering friendships which, through every fate and fortune, will, with tenacious "hooks"—or rather, "hoops of steel," grasp or encircle weakness or dejection, to brace it for endurance or the revival of hopes. In trusting reliance, the feeble will, vine-like, ever turn toward and lean upon the strong for support.

Prim Verbenas and affectionate Mignonettes, ornate Camelias, stylish Peonies, the literally pensive Pansies, the demure Lilacs,* the even rows of the companionable stem-linked Wax-Flower—all do set example for the social amenities; and the humble Violet, the obedient Heliotrope, the loving Rose, the chaste Lily, winningly exhort to highest personal sanctification. The delicious odors emitted from single flower, or park-boulevard, or field redolent of new-mown hay, the refreshing essences distilled from many a petal, or root, announce that spiritual aroma which true followers of Christ should unconsciously diffuse around, like the Nard and the Ottar of Roses; while the Balm of Galaad symbolizes the unction of soothing mercies "twice blessed."

On glancing at some flower-bespangled spot, or flourishing shrubbery, or growing field, or promising grapery, or interesting clump of saplings, we recall indeed, the close painstaking required to tend them—irrigating, weeding, cultivating, pruning, protecting from plant-pests and untimely frosts, remedying every trace of impending blight, making notes of progress; but we also learn therein to care for ourselves, and for others for whom we are responsible, lest betimes the bud of good resolutions be nipped, the shoots of effort choked or mildewed, the fruit of achievement wilted and withered on the stem, ay, lest the leaf itself and stalk of new hopes may shrink—and fall!—or as, ruthlessly, fresh Pink!

"Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom."

Cut flowers and leaves, pressed and properly "mounted," and thereby wrested from the canker of decay, bear with them well-known mementoes and garner fragrant old-time reminiscences. The very weeds, whether those ever to be spurned as hopelessly noxious, or those likely yet to surprise the botanist and gardener—as these have been not unfrequently surprised—by blooming forth into much-prized treasures, will convey a twofold lesson in either contingency.

*One of the foremost among living American authors designates his home and literary retreat under the restful title, "In the Lilacs." Long may he flourish!

"Artificial Flowers" themselves, of whatever material fabricated, besides paying homage, by their elegant substitution, to the absent charms of Nature, will, on the one hand, warn us to trust but little to the unreal; and, on the other, will admonish us, if aught of resource avail, to do our best amid actual circumstances, in improving the arts of living. We then act just as artists, who will freely borrow some needed conceits from plant-types, in which they are more at liberty than elsewhere to be realistic in imitating Nature; the sculptor, when carving wreath or wealth of foliage for statue or pedestal, for plinth or obelisk; the designer, when tracing the veinous grains of wood-fibers, or embellishments for "storied windows richly dight," or yet the symbolic group* of wheaten stalk with the "full corn in the ear" and the blooded grape-vine with sinuous grace of curve, intermingled with the flower of the field and the lily of the valley; the painter when depicting vine or flower on models for screen, and varied tapestry, and draping valance; the architect when duplicating in relief a rose, or leaf, or bushy fringe, for altar panel, or fretted vault, or broad entablature;—all are glad to be indebted to the glories of floriculture for certain of their happiest exhibitions of true mimetic art, in furtherance of our instruction and enjoyment.

And the educating power of the plant-world lends itself to the sciences also. The chemist and the pharmacist learn thence of acids, and alkalies, and vegetal essences, of dyestuffs, gums and resins, and the secrets of compounding healing drugs. The mineralogist, by his study of fossilized herbal forms, recognizes, through their actual condensed and carbonized state, their primitive organisms lustily vital long centuries ago, and with delight his eye glistens even as the "black" or the white diamond that has thus been conclusively traced to its origin; while he also successfully analyses and labels the long pent-up gas and fluid that have so valuably ministered to modern industries and convenience. The geologist, too, willingly inspects the petrified remains of the same once teemful vegetation, secreted in deepening strata, and, just as in the "testimony of the rocks," he here satisfactorily discovers those chronometric readings which unriddle the story of the formative ages of our globe.

Some plants and flowers there are that teach negatively, deprecatingly; the Poppy would deter us from unnatural excitement, and from the reactionary lethargy or torpor of consequent indifferentism; and the Lotus, beautiful as it is and

*The key to the meaning of the frontispiece designed for this book, is found in the mystical scriptural references to the bread that confirmeth the heart and the wine that rejoiceth, and maketh virgins, because in Him, the verily Hidden God, whose delights are to be with the children of men, of whom He became one in the field and valley of humanity, there to nourish them and feed with them among the lilies.

prized as it was, when copied upon Egyptian architrave, would wisely guard us against the unseemly *dolce far niente* of the sybarite and the groveling sensualism of the epicure. The fungi, the parasites, even the mistletoe, the somewhat exaggerated Upas, the various poisonous growths, that flower of most brilliant hues, but with no odor—like that bird of showiest plumage, yet without a song to blend in unison with the many-voiced chorus of universal nature—each class will instruct, directly and indirectly, in more ways than one and so obviously that he “who runs, may read.” And over these, as well as over their previously mentioned, welcome mates, we may well ponder the words of our Divine Preceptor, relative to the manner and motive of human endeavors, as we sow or plant for ourselves or others: “Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit;”—“Every planting which My Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted out;” and those other words of the inspired Preacher, spoken three thousand years ago, “There is a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what hath been planted.” *Qui potest capere, capiat.*

Now, if there be one personally practical Lesson more than another which is taught us by the Plants, and especially by the Flowers,—a Lesson oft-recurring—it is CHEERFULNESS, natural and supernatural CHEERFULNESS. This happy frame of disposition necessarily includes, as a series of causes and effects, gentleness, friendliness, urbanity, forgivingness, and, to say all in one word, charitableness. Oh! how the very presence, the mere sight of Flowers and Plants, contentedly growing and noiselessly exhaling their sweet lives for our comfort and delight, should make us at once buoyant, reposeful, and kind; cause us to banish all

“Melancholy,

Doomed, with her leaden eyes, to love the ground—”

bringing us, through added graces, to forget the petty cares and qualms, the contentions within ourselves or with others, which serve only to disturb, to annoy, to worry!

“We look up to the stars, and they mock not our grief;
We gaze on the Flowers—to find instant relief.”

And just as the summer evening wind, softly sighing from our south, toys gently with the fragile sprays of the rose-tree, and then as quietly passes on; so will the soothing zephyr of cheerfulness, as though sweeping over some floral mosaic, mildly ply and tranquilize human character, inclining us to deal lightly

and affably with all, in every complication of life—to acknowledge good qualities in one another; preserving us not as hot-house flowers, but as plants of sturdy growth; keeping us ever freshly sensible of the vanities of the world, as typed in fallen rose-leaves; having us partake not of husks, but of the fine kernel food—the “supersubstantial bread” from our Father’s Table, whence renewed in spirit and strengthened in energy we courageously march forward until we happily arrive beneath the outstretched branches of the Tree of Life which is planted in the Paradise of our God!

Having written thus much on a subject embarrassing even by its superabundance of matter, the writer would deem it high time that, after so labored a plea for Botanical Studies, elementary or thorough, attention should be called to the present admirable work of Father Ambauen, to whom all its readers will surely feel profoundly grateful.

The FLORAL APOSTLES will be found to set forth in plain, terse language the specific Lessons to be learned from the knowledge, even superficial, of the various Flowers and kindred plants which the Author has judiciously selected as appropriate or convenient texts from which to draw a vast deal of popular instruction. Some of the Author’s deductions will be at once obvious, in their justness, to the general reader; some may require study and reflection, to ascertain their relevancy to certain plants; other some will be freely admitted as the determinations of received conventionalism; and all will prove acceptable to anyone of good will, by their high moral tone and practical bearing—running as they do through most of the duties and relations of life, as regard God, one’s self, and the neighbor.

From its point of departure, its ethical scope and purview, the book might be styled, not inaptly, a Treatise on Supernatural or Mystical Botany. There is in it, however, no direct “sermonizing,” which would be out of place; nor is there a single line that can be called prosy. Yet, in every chapter, there is a sermon of striking force genially preached to the classes and the masses, containing at times, good-humored home-thrusts, and always proposing and urging wisest and safest counsels, with pithiest maxims for youth and age. Frequent recourse is had to the thoughts of others, mainly poets—naturally the best exponents of floral sentiment; and it will be seen that the quotations are ample, to the point, and, in all essential details, of sound doctrinal teaching. In his enthusiasm for Flowers, the Rev. Author has not degenerated into vapid declamation; nor has he or any one of his poets dissolved in weak, watery sentimentalism, which were, indeed, all too literally, Botany “run to seed!”

Doubtless, some plants and flowers—favorites with many readers—may be

still missed from this volume; they have been intentionally omitted, not to swell the size of the book and not to delay its publication, since many subscribers were kindly impatient to hail its issue from the press. Besides an appendix, containing the Language of Precious Stones, another appendix, comprising many poetic gems—flowers of friendship and tokens of memories embalmed—is the pleasant nosegay presented to the reader at parting.

The Messrs. Wiltzius & Co., of Milwaukee, have been charged with publishing the work, and that is sufficient guaranty that the etchings, typographical execution, and binding, will be all that the book deserves.

Let the FLORAL APOSTLES, then, go forth, and preach to a large and ever increasing audience.

E. I. F.

Hymn to the Flowers.

DAY STARS! That ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew drops on her lovely altars sprinkle,
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

*Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!*

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the wind and waves—its organ, thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod;
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God!—

*Your voiceless lips, O Flowers! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
 From loneliest nook.*

*Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor,
 "Weep without wo, and blush without a crime,"
 Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
 Your lore sublime!*

*"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
 Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
 How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory,
 Are human flowers!"*

*In the sweet-scented picture, Heavenly Artist!
 With which Thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,—
 What a delightful lesson Thou impartest
 Of love to all!*

*Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure,
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.*

*Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
 Each fading calyx a memento mori,
 Yet fount of Hope!*

*Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
 Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of Resurrection,
 A second birth!*

*Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find in Flowers of Thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines!*

—H. Smith.

The Agave.

This is the great American Aloe, or Century Plant. It is from ten to seventy years, according to climate, in attaining maturity, when it produces a gigantic flower-stem forty feet in height, and perishes. Its name is from the Greek, signifying *admirable*.

Most patient of plants in Flora's domain!
 Thou teachest us all to what all may attain,
 If but working with heart, with might and with main,
 We trust in High Heaven—while *delays* we disdain.

—E. M. Patterson.

Slow but Sure Achievement.

THE greatest part of mankind will be found all too prone to chafe under the tedious endeavors and the long delays that so frequently attend their darling projects, and especially if they have planned some grand enterprise. They ill brook the weariness that comes of prolonged expectation. "Why do not our attempts succeed—and at once? Whence is it that our aims are thus fruitless, our plans frustrated, our labors unavailing?" rise with indignant protest or scarcely stifled sullen murmur from a thousand hastily disappointed breasts. Realization is sweet, certainly. Yet it is frequently the unwise mistake of age, as well as of youth, to complain so petulantly. One would imagine that such malcontents have been injured with grave injustice—that they suffer some flagrant abridgment of their rights! . . . No; no; let all, *when their schemes are thwarted and their efforts baffled*, quietly and meekly, yet strong in hopefulness, resume their wonted painstaking, with invoking the blessing of

God and—leave the rest to Him! Reliance on God and self-reliance, a right intention and resoluteness of purpose

“Will ope the way
And win the day”—

securing for them, at last, the accomplishment of their various undertakings, the achievement even of their full life-work—the task they were destined to perform—as with the perfect bloom of the Century Plant; and then, as holy Simeon, they shall contentedly exclaim:

Nunc dimittis, Domine!—

“When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?”

Success is always the sweeter if *long delayed and attained* through manifold struggles and defeats.

Amaranth.



The Amaranth (*Gomphrena perennis*) is a plant about two feet high, with narrow, tapering leaves, and flowers similar in shape to those of the common red clover. They are crimson in color, and equally *fadeless and durable* as in the annual species. Because of this quality they have been the chosen emblem of

Immortality.

“God created man to His own image.”—Gen. i, 27.

“And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of *life*, and man became a *living* soul.”—Gen. ii, 7.

“If in this life *only* we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.”—1 Cor. xv, 19.

YOUR soul will never die.

It is even impossible that it should die.

The human body, being material, has parts; these parts are separated, when the soul, or vital principle, leaves the body; the body then dies.

But the human soul has no parts; it is a *simple* substance; it can not be *dissolved*; it is *immortal*.

“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the *soul*.

Even the ancient philosophers soon discovered that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, *incapable of dissolution*, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness, after release from its corporeal prison.

One thing alone *could annihilate* the human soul, namely, the omnipotent will of God who created it.

But what design could anyone presume to impute to God in such a supposition?

After having created the whole world for man’s benefit, would God create man, and yet have the intention of letting him perish?—Hence the Resurrection of the body at the Last Day, when the deathless soul shall inhabit its former tenement.

Man’s soul, therefore, must be immortal.

“This is what all nature cries out,” says a great Christian genius, “*this is what is impressed on our heart by the Creator*,”* this is what all

* “Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
And intimates Eternity to man,
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought.”

—A Christian Poet.

men know, from the infant-school to the throne of Solomon; this is what shepherds sing in the plains, what pastors teach in the holy place, what the human race declares throughout the universe."

Yet, unhappily, a spirit of irreligion and incredulity has in these times spread its baneful influence over the modern world. The reality of a future state is called in question by many, and the evil of such insensate scepticism continues to increase. It is not, indeed, surprising that dissolute men, *in order to silence the voice of conscience in the midst of their unlawful pleasures*, should endeavor to raise doubts on this subject. A miserable eternity is a dreadful thought; it casts a gloom over all the enjoyments of the world; for which reason *the evil one* has at all times endeavored to efface the idea of a future life from the minds of his followers. The belief of a future state of punishments and of rewards is a galling check on the passions, and therefore the demon knows that he can never succeed in forming *hardened* sinners, till he has first made them unbelievers in this and other primal truths.

"O my friends," exclaims one of France's greatest preachers,"* "let us fly from this chaos of confusion, folly, and madness. *Let us entertain a salutary fear of Eternity.* Do not ask what is done in the other world, but ask yourselves what you are to do in this. *Remove the stings of conscience by the innocence of your lives: call in God to your assistance: seek happiness, not in shaking off the yoke of piety, but in tasting how sweet it is, and Eternity will never appear to you incredible, if you live not like those unhappy men, who confine all their hopes to the enjoyments of the present life.*"

Oh, Listen, Man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
 By angel fingers touched when the mild stars

*Massillon.

Of morning sang together, *sound forth still*
The song of our great immortality!
 Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.

* * * * *

The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls,
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

—Richard H. Dana.

The frequent recollection that our souls are *immortal* will make us prize them more and more, and cause us to use our every effort to gain for them that endless Bliss to which they have been destined and to which they will thereby certainly attain, long before their happy reunion with our bodies, in the General Resurrection.

Alyssum.

The Sweet Alyssum has pretty little white flowers, *useful* in making up all kinds of small bouquets.

The Alyssum *saxatile compactum* is a free-growing perennial, of compact habit, and small, golden yellow flowers. Its popular name is Gold-Dust.

Worth Before Beauty.

“Charms strike the sight, but Merit wins the soul.”

—Pope.

BEAUTY may exercise a powerful attraction at first, but it is soon found to be of comparatively little consequence. Not that beauty of person is to be underestimated, for, other things being equal, hand-

someness of form and beauty of features are the outward manifestations of health.

But, of what value is, for instance, a handsome figure without character; fine features unbeautified by sentiment or good-nature?

As even the finest landscape, seen daily, becomes monotonous, so does the most beautiful face, unless a beautiful nature shines through it.

The beauty of to-day becomes commonplace to-morrow; whereas goodness, displayed through the most ordinary features, is perennially lovely.

Moreover, this kind of beauty improves with age, and time enhances rather than destroys it.

Beauty, when sickness comes, will fade,
 'Twill faint, and droop, and die;
 But Worth with ten-fold power will shine,
 When sorrows gather nigh.
 For what is Beauty? 'tis as dreams
 That quickly pass away;
 And what is Worth? 'tis what it seems,
 And never will decay.
 True Worth will live beyond the grave,
 'Twill pierce Death's shadowy mist,
 And near the throne of God on high
 Eternally exist.

—John S. Adams.

Allspice.

The berry of the pimento, a tree of the West Indies; a spice of a mildly pungent taste, and agreeably aromatic. It has been supposed to combine the flavor of cinnamon, nutmegs, and cloves; and hence the name.

Compassion — Where it Can be Found Best.

“I have *compassion* on the multitude.”—St. Mark, viii, 2.

I^F *you seek for comfort and compassion, go to Jesus* who had enough trial to make him sympathetic with *all* trial.

The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story—“*Jesus wept!*” The scar on either hand, the scar on either foot, the scar in that sacred side, will ever keep all Heaven in contemplation.

Oh, that Divine Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, to wipe out all traces of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. His voice will not be in the tone of a tyrant bidding you cease your crying. It will sound like the voice of a father, who will take you on his left arm, his face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, *he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.*

“I am an herb-doctor,” once said a great preacher to his audience. “I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the *leaves from the tree of life* and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in *the tears of Bethany and Golgatha*; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the Cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, *and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.*”

Plod on thy way, then; gaze on high,
When courage fails thee, Man, or woe betides;
Though sad, and long, thou mayst here toil and roam,
At last, *in joy*, thou’lt reach thy destined Home!

—Weninger.

The Aloe.

A genus of succulent plants, some classed as trees, others as shrubs, but the greater number having the habit and appearance of evergreen and herbaceous plants, from some of which are prepared articles for medicine and the arts. It is a native of warm countries. The American aloe is the *agave*, a genus of plants of the order *Amaryllidaceae*.

Superstition,

“Stands not within the prospect of belief.”

—*Shakespeare*.

§ SUPERSTITION, as you may know, is the entertaining of the false, and often impious, notion that a special service is rendered to God by some one *arbitrary arrangement of exterior things and prayers*, and that God has imparted to them particular healing virtue, if they are employed in a certain unauthorized form and order, and thus applied for particular purposes.

To this belongs the so-called cure by sympathy, or what goes by the name of “faith-cure.”

We may, and of course, should pray for continuance of health, recovery from sickness, and other such blessings, for ourselves and for others; but we are *never* allowed to believe that there is virtue in *charms or spells*, or in particular forms of words or kinds of actions not justified by reason or guaranteed by competent authority.

All of this is superstition, contrary to the command of God.

Besides, any willful turning away from the order and workings of Divine Providence—from the means of help which God has directly or indirectly ordained—to follow the delusive suggestions of men or demons,

by employing means devised by these for obtaining something that one wishes to have or to be, is rank and sinful superstition. Thus, consulting so-called fortune-tellers and the vain observing of, and reliance on, dreams, omens, and accidental signs, are condemnable superstitions. Such absurdly grotesque and unholy practices betray the want of that due *confidence* which we should place in God.

The American Star-Wort.

A slender plant, with starry blossoms.

Welcome to a Stranger.

LET us always be charitable towards strangers. Let us never molest or afflict them; for you know the hearts of strangers, since you were strangers yourselves.

If a stranger, therefore, abide among you let him be among you as one of the same country. Love him as yourselves. Never refuse the hire of a stranger that dwells with you in the land and is within your gates. Pay him the price of his labor, if possible, the same day, because he is poor and with it maintaineth his life. Remember, also, that before God, we are all pilgrims here on earth. For we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.

Be generous, therefore, towards the stranger and say unto him:

Thy Father is mine, and mine is thine;

We both are his equal care;

His goodness, and love, and blessings benign,

We each as his children share.

In sympathy, then, I give thee a hand
 And greet thee as thus we go,
 And pledge a renewal in that bright land
 Where pleasures perennial grow.

—Anonymous.

Ageratum.

The Ageratum belongs to the Aster-family, and scarcely any flower is more in use among florists for grouping in bouquets than the Ageratum; its small, fringe-like heads filling in so softly around the more unyielding blossoms; *toning down all harsh outlines, and harmonizing* tints too antagonistic to each other, by its unobtrusive presence.—The Ageratum produces also a very fine effect when grown in masses in the garden.

Politeness.

“Of softest manners, unaffected mind;
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind.”

—Pope.

POLITENESS has been well defined as benevolence in small things.—It is the slow fruit of advanced reflection; it is a sort of humanity and kindness applied to small acts and every-day intercourse; it bids man soften towards others, and forget himself for the sake of others; it constrains genuine nature, which is selfish and gross.

It's the flower of humanity.—

“Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
 You speak a siren, and you move a grace;
 Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
 While virtue gives what years shall steal away.”

—Tickell.

The Amethyst.

A flower of a bluish violet color.

Admiration.

“Of evening tinct
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.”

—Thomson.

THE recollection of men who have signalized themselves by great thoughts or great deeds, seems as if to create, for the time, a purer atmosphere around us; and we feel as if our aims and purposes were unconsciously elevated.

“Tell me whom you *admire*,” said Sainte-Beuve, “and I will tell you what you are, at least as regards your talents, tastes, and character.”

Do you admire mean men?—your own nature is mean.

Do you admire rich men?—you are of the earth, earthly.

Do you admire men of title?—you are a toad-eater, or a tuft-hunter.

Do you admire good, honest, brave, and manly men?—you are yourself of a good, honest, brave, and manly spirit.

“*Learn, therefore, to admire rightly*; the great pleasure of life is *that*,” says a very practical writer.

“Note what *great men* admired; they admired *great things*; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.”

The Anemone.

A genus of plants of the *Ranunculus*, or crow-foot family; *wind-flower*.

"The fair-form'd, flesh-hued Anemone,
With its fair sisters, culled by country people
Fair maids o' the spring."

—James R. Barker.

Sickness.

Trust not too much your now resistless charms;
Those, age or sickness, soon or late, disarms.

—Pope.

MY dear Friend:—When you become ill, remember this advice: *not a hair of your head can fall without the permission of God.* (See Matt. x., 30.) If then you fall sick, it is through the divine permission.

Now, to wish what God wishes, and *in the way* that God wishes it, is a great virtue.

In this afflicted state, therefore, never give way to impatience; *be completely resigned*; and often repeat the prayer of Jesus in the Garden of Olives: "*My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*" (Matt. xxvi., 39.)

To will *what God does will*, that is the only science that gives us any rest.

Apple.

A well-known fruit-tree of the genus *Pyrus*.

"The blossoms and leaves in plenty
From the apple tree fall each day;
The merry breezes approach them,
And with them merrily play."

—Heine.

Temptation.

"To shun th' allurements is not hard
To minds resolved, forewarn'd and well prepared;
But wondrous difficult when once beset,
To struggle through the straits and break th' involving net."

—Dryden.

MAN'S life upon earth is a temptation, that is, a period of trial.
As long as we live in this world, we cannot be without temptation.

And no one is so perfect as not sometimes to have temptations.

Yet, as far as possible, we must *shun occasions* of being tempted.
Unsought temptations are often very beneficial, although they be troublesome and grievous; for in them one is humbled, purified, and instructed.

The best of mortals have passed through many tribulations and temptations, and have profited by them.

We must not, therefore, be discouraged, much less despond, when we are sorely tempted, but *pray to God* with so much the greater fervor, *that He may vouchsafe to help us* in all our trials.

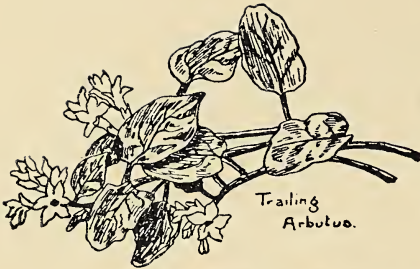
And *even if* you, overcome by the force of temptation, should happen to fall into sin, despair not; on the contrary, take new courage and read, I beseech you, God's letter to His straying child:

"Come back, my child!" says He, "come back! Though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool."

"I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice and an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown."

—Anon.

The Arbutus.



A genus of evergreen shrubs, of the heath family. It is also called the strawberry-tree, from its berry resembling the strawberry. The Trailing Arbutus—*Epigaea repens*.

“Hail the flower whose early bridal makes the festival of Spring!
Deeper far than outward meaning lies the comfort she doth bring;
From the heights of happy winning,
Gaze we back on hope’s beginning,
Feel the vital strength and beauty hidden from our eyes before;
And we know with hearts grown stronger,
Tho’ our waiting seemeth longer.

Yet with Love’s divine assurance, we should covet nothing more.”

—*Elaine Goodale.*

Willingness Ever to Begin Again, and Early.

CONTENTMENT with only partial success, or even with the blank failure of strangely balked effect, is always the part of true wisdom. The oft-discomfited web-weaving spider, in continually renewing its expectant labors, teaches us—as in the past it taught historic heroes—a persevering readiness ever to make those *New Beginnings* which must finally place the seal upon achievement. So, likewise, instructs us the Arbutus—particularly, the Trailing Arbutus,

“Pure and perfect, sweet Arbutus
Twines her rosy-tinted wreath;”

as the poet quoted above tells us when saluting *The First Flowers*; ay, beckoning us on, and yet onward and upward:

“Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone!
When Earth’s grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.”
—Rose T. Cooke.

Ash, American.

“A stately tree,
With white dust, strewed.”
—Anon.

One of the most dignified denizens of the American forest is the Ash, rising to a height of from thirty to forty feet without branching and then crowning itself with large, dense and handsome foliage to an extent fully equal to the growth of its stately trunk. Its timber is elastic, light, tough and durable, and is much used by ship-builders.

Greatness—Grandeur.

WHO is great? Who is the greatest? “The greatest man,” says a truthful noble writer, “is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, and whose reliance on *truth*, on *virtue*, on *God*, is most unfaltering.”

The great man is sincere.

The great man is simple, for as the greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men.

The great man is the *servant* of all, as Christ who was undoubtedly the best Master of true Greatness, says Himself: "He that is *the greatest* among you *shall be your servant*." (St. Matt. xxiii., 11.)

"What is grandeur? Not the sheen
Of silken robes; no, nor the mien
And haughty eye
Of old nobility—
The foolish that is not, but has been.
*The noblest trophies of mankind
Are the conquests of the mind.*"

—Sir A. Hunt.

Great and Greater.

I hold *him great who*, for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
*Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
A gift, I hold more generous still.*

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
*Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears the burden well and lives.*

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
*Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.*

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
*He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.*

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who *die* for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.

—*Adelaide G. Procter.*

The Aspen Tree.

One of several species of poplar bearing this name, especially the *Populus tremula*, so called from the trembling of its leaves, whence the poet asks:

“Why tremble so, broad Aspen Tree?”

Lamentation.

THE Aspen Tree reminds one of a mother who is mourning over the grave of her sweetest darling.

But, mother, dear mother, weep no longer, for thy child liveth in those better realms above.

Don't forget the happiness of your child. Your eyes, indeed, are wet with tears; you complain; you reproach God for having snatched your dearest child from your love, whilst you should rejoice, dearest mother, or, at least, be resigned; for a mother should know how to suffer, and pay the price of her tears for the happiness which her child enjoys.

“Lord!”—thus you ought to pray—“Lord! Thou dost possess my treasure. Keep it near Thee; in exchange, grant me fortitude. My child will, perhaps, be the cause of my soul's salvation, because, henceforth, my thoughts, my desires, and my affections, shall be directed towards Heaven, since Thou hast promised to console those who weep!”

GONE TO GOD.

Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for it's darling like the bliss of Heaven?

—*Anon.*

Asters.

A genus of plants with compound flowers which are somewhat star-shaped,—whence the name. The species are very numerous, and many of them, especially the China Aster, and the white and yellow, are cultivated for their beauty. Asters are great favorites with those who have “winter-gardens.”

“The purple Asters bloom in crowds
In every shady nook,
And ladies’-eardrops deck the banks
Of many a babbling brook.”

—*Elaine Goodale.*

A Cheery View of Life.

INE with bright and happy mind will always look at the bright side of life and thus give joy to others, as well as to self.

While being sagely serious with the solemn problems and situations of existence confronting us, we should ever cherish at least an optimistic disposition when making our analysis of the times in which we live; this will tide us over many a depressing care. Look above and hope and so direct others. *Sic itur ad Astra!*

"The Aster greets us as we pass,
With her faint smile."

—Sarah H. Whitman.

Auricula.

A species of *Peziza* (*P. auricula*), a membranaceous fungus, called also *auricula Judae*, or Jew's-Ear.

Avarice.

"Why lose we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can these, when tortured by disease,
Cheer our sick heart or purchase ease?
Can these prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?"

—Gay.

AVARICE, or covetousness, is an inordinate desire for riches; and therefore, not only he that steals from others, but he that *passionately covets* what is another's, or is too solicitous in keeping what is his own, is properly accounted covetous.

Covetousness shows a *vile* heart.—And what a *folly* it is, also, to be continually desiring those things which, even when all combined, can never satisfy man's longings. On the contrary; they do but provoke and increase your desire, as we say of a dropsical man, that the more he drinks, the thirstier he becomes; because, let your possessions be ever so large, you will be always coveting something you have not, and still be hankering after more. So that, whilst your heart is unhappily running after the things of this world, it tires itself without ever being content; it drinks, and yet cannot quench its thirst, because it takes no notice of what it has,

and thinks of nothing but how to get more. *And what is still worse, that which it already possesses cannot give it as much ease and contentment as that, which it cannot obtain, gives it disturbance and trouble;* and whilst you are filling your coffers with gold, you fill that heart with vain and annoying yearnings.

St. *Augustine* had reason to be astonished at this insatiate greed, and, therefore, he said: "How is it possible that men should be so insatiable in their desires, when even brute creatures observe a bound and a measure in theirs? For they never seek their prey until they are hungry; and so you see there is nothing *but the covetousness of rich men* that knows no limits; it is perpetually craving, and yet never satisfied." "Oh, my God!" cries out F. W. Faber in one of his great sermons on Death, "how great fools are those men whose destiny it seems to be to lay up treasures on earth, where the rust and the moth consume, and thieves dig through." "Do you not know," he continues, "that, *thanks to your greediness, you are rewarded as the hounds are treated by the hunters? They are coaxed to hunt up the deer, and when after long exertion, they take hold of it, the hunter drives them from their prey.*"

Thus *Satan* spurs you on to search after the riches of this world, and when, *with great labor*, you have laid up a considerable sum, *Death* approaches you to take away all the fruit of your worrying exertions. You ought to ponder well, therefore, what Shakespeare says:

"If thou art rich, thou art poor,
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st *thy heavy riches* but a journey,
And death unloads thee."

The Azalea.

A genus of flowering plants, mostly natives of China or North America. Beautiful species of the *rhododendron* are cultivated under this name. Care should be taken to prevent a straggling growth, which can be done with proper pruning.

In the woods a fragrance rare
Of wild Azaleas fills the air,
And richly tangled overhead
We see their blossoms sweet and red.

—Dora R. Goodale.

Temperance, or Sobriety.

"'Tis to thy rules, O temperance! that we owe
All pleasures which from health and strength can flow;
Vigor of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refined,
Unmixed, untainted joys, without remorse—
Th' intemperate sinner's never-failing curse."

—Mary Chandler.

ALWAYS remain strictly temperate, because temperance, as daily experience teaches, preserves health, prolongs life, gives pleasure and love for work, *and encourages devotion*; while the evil consequences of the opposite vice are simply horrible to contemplate.

Intemperance, as experience also tells us, injures health; injures the household, and in how many cases is it not even an injury to one's good name!

Yet the greatest injury it does is to the soul, because it is a vice that leads to many other sins and vices.

It leads to the destruction of peace.

It leads to impurity. *In wine there is luxury.*

Intemperance leads also to the neglect of the duties of one's state in life. A drunkard is, as a rule, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad Christian. He gives bad example to his children, and scandal to the community around him.

The Apostle reckons *drunkards* among those who *shall be excluded from the kingdom of Heaven*, unless they repent; but how seldom is a drunkard converted from his evil way!

"No, I'll shun the hollow glee,
And the mirth and revelry,
Where King Alcohol must be
Crowned the monarch of the feast;
For this rosy-fingered devil,
Prince and chief of all things evil,
While this poor weak head is level,
Ne'er shall make a slave of me."

—*Anon.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WARNING.

Touch not the sparkling bowl,
Taste not its water bright;
'Twill fill with fire thy soul,
And dim thy youthful sight.
Touch not the sparkling bowl,
'Twill poison with its breath;
Beneath its surface roll
The seeds of strife and death.
Touch not the flowing bowl,
But spurn it as your foe;
With grief 'twill fill thy soul,
And strew thy path with woe.

Touch not the drunkard's bowl,
 I've drunk it to its dregs,
 And now my inmost soul
 Is filled with grief and rage.
 Touch not the sparkling bowl,
 There is a better fount,
Where crystal waters flow;
 And living streams gush out.
 Touch not the sparkling bowl,
 But drink from nature's spring—
Dethrone King Alcohol,
 And shout Cold Water King.

—Anon.

Rather *no* drink at all *than excessive drink!* Better sign the pledge and courageously resist the first beginnings.

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

Sign the pledge! we now entreat you;
 Come with us and take your stand.
 Many friends with joy will greet you,
 Give you welcome to our band!
 Sign the pledge! our country calls you,
 Bids you help us in the fight;
Ere the tempting cup enthralls you,
 Sign the pledge! oh, sign to-night!
Sign the pledge! The promise given
 In the name of God Most High,
 Will encourage some who've striven
 From the dangerous path to fly!
 Your example thus to others
 Shall be as a guiding light;
For the sake of weaker brothers,
 Sign the pledge! oh, sign to-night!
Sign the pledge! The children's voices
 Rise to Heaven—oh, heed their cry!
 Many a fresh young heart rejoices,

Many a cheer supplants a sigh,
 When fond parents help their dear ones
 In the battle of the right,
For the sake of precious near ones
Sign the pledge, then! sign to-night!

—Frederick Sherlock.

The Bamboo.



The Bamboo occupies an intermediate place between grasses proper and trees. It usually grows to a height of forty or fifty feet, and its diameter is from one to eight inches. It requires thirty or more years to bloom, when the plant produces a great quantity of seed and dies. They are edible and in 1812 in China when crops failed, *their blooming prevented a famine*. In 1869, a large district flowered at one time and 50,000 people camped in the jungles and gathered the seeds.—The Bamboo is the national plant of China and the young and tender shoots are eaten like asparagus, and preserved by confectioners.

Universal Christian Charity.

“Not the bright stars which night’s blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
 Shines with such luster *as the tear that flows*
 Down virtue’s manly cheek *for others’ woes.*”

—A Christian Poet.

“THE right Christian mind,” says Ruskin, “will find its own image wherever it exists, it will seek for what it loves and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity; and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard and black and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light for them to make them fair, and that must be a steep and unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover.”—Truly Christian charity, therefore, is indeed the very best thing in this whole wide world. But, says Daniel Webster,* “If charity denies its birth and parentage, if it turns infidel to the great doctrines of the Christian religion, if it turns unbeliever, it is no longer charity. There is no longer charity, either in a Christian sense or in the sense of jurisprudence, *for it separates itself from the fountain of its own creation.*”

“True charity, a plant divinely nurs’d,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.”

—Cowper.

Barberry.

[BERBERIS.]

This is a shrubby plant, common in hedges; its berries preserved in sugar are astringent and antifebrile; its bark, especially that of the root, yields a yellow dye.

*Speech, Supreme Court at Washington, Feb. 20, 1844.

"The Barberry bush—the poor man's bush!
Its yellow blossoms hang."

—*Caroline Gilman.*

Sympathy for the Poor.

EVERY kindly heart will feel for that class of less fortunate humanity known as the poor. The hardships and sufferings of their lot will excite keenest commiseration. Further, beneficence will follow, yea, accompany benevolence. Deeds of practical value will be witnessed, by which necessities will be relieved, opportunities for well-doing opened up, sorrows solaced, and hopes revived and stimulated.

Under the name of the poor, come not only the destitute, but also those who have verily to struggle for existence, as well as those who have been suddenly crushed under the weight of a commonly occurring adversity, or have become, as unexpectedly, the victims of some overwhelming calamity. Here, too, a genuine and generous fellow-feeling will reveal itself in judicious considerateness for the rights and welfare of the wage-worker in every department of industry, and in prompt and liberal response of assistance to the distressed. . . .

Oh! if the wealthy and the well-to-do would only take thought, they would surely make redoubled efforts and even sacrifices towards coming to the timely rescue of the afflicted members of society,—thereby softening the exasperations likely to be engendered by their ill-fated conditions, producing in those sorely tried hearts the contentment at least of resignation—with no unfriendly eye cast upon those more favored with this world's goods—, and averting even the faintest semblance of peril to social order.

"Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them."

—*Goldsmith.*

Basil.

(PYCNANTHEMUM; ROYAL PLANT.)

This fragrant, aromatic plant, is a native of warm climates. The Sweet Basil is much used in Cookery, at least in the southern parts of France.

“The Basil tuft that waves,
Its fragrant blossoms over graves.”

—Moore.

Remembrance of the Dead.

“Who out of *charity* was grieved for me.”—Dante, Purgatorio, xiii, 124.

IT would seem that nothing should appeal more touchingly to human pathos and, thence, be more urgently frequent in its appealing, than affectionate thought of the Dead—especially *our* Dead. Still, it must be said that in most cases, owing perhaps to the distracting scenes of life around us, with their bustling, hustling cares that harrow us as they hurry us along, we too often forget or too rarely remember our nearest and dearest ones that have entered the house of their Eternity—

“Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.”

We readily acknowledge that this should not be. Let each of us, then, recall at fairly close intervals the fond remembrance of those *relatives, friends, and acquaintances, who were once part of our happiness and interest in life*. Their honored memories will brace us for the battle we have yet to fight. Their taking off, whether in youth, or prime, or age, will forcibly admonish us to prepare for *our* death—at any time! Lo!

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the Dead."

Again, we should often commend to God, by every means which Religion suggests and supplies, the souls of those departed ones, that are still undergoing their purification before admission into the thrice Holy Presence, where nothing defiled can enter! This act of true and tender charity, while reminding us of the unutterable Sanctity of God, will continually waken in us a sense of that duty to our own souls, which consists in prudently and effectually providing for them in time.

. "Oh! remember
To pray for the dead; 'tis a wholesome thought!"
By penance and prayer their ransom is bought;

Oh, Jesus! in pity release!

* * * * *

Oh, pray! for 'tis the fond desire
Of suffering souls who suppliant wait
'Till for them is opened Heaven's gate,
And from pain comes a glad surcease."

—Anon.

The Begonia, Tuberous.



The tuberous-rooted Begonia, is now quite a popular flower. Its bulbs are of singular appearance, and produce fine plants that will flower profusely until the frost, and seem to bear either sun or shade.

Some of the varieties bear very large drooping flowers, while others have smaller blossoms in erect spikes. The stems of the large foliage variety are very much *distorted*.

Deformity.

“Deformity is daring;
 It is its essence to o’ertake mankind
 By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
 Aye, the superior of the rest.”

—Byron.

WE here leave an old English writer quaintly discourse:

“Whosoever has anything fixed in his person, that does induce contempt, has generally also a spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore, all deformed persons are as a rule extreme bold; first as in their own defense, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit. Also, it stirreth in them industry, and especially of *this* kind, *to watch and observe the weakness of others*, that they may have somewhat to repay.”

“Again, in their superiors, *it quenches jealousy towards them*, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise: and it lays their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement till they see them in possession. so that upon the matter, in a great wit, *deformity is an advantage to rising*.”

“And, in fact, deformed persons sometimes prove *excellent* persons; as were Agesilaus, Aesop, *Socrates*, and many others.”

But oh! it bespeaks both great ill-breeding and a sad lack of charity, to make sport of the deformed, or even allow them to perceive that we have noticed their bodily deformity. Good sense, as well as kindness of disposition and common politeness, should lead us rather to be inobservant of their physical defects, and observant only of their wishes and interests, by the manifestation of the utmost urbane respect.

“In nature there’s no blemish but the mind;
 None can be called deformed but the unkind.”

—Shakespeare.

The Bell Flower.

[PYRAMIDAL.]

A plant of the genus *Campanula*; so named from the shape of the corol or flower, which resembles a little bell.

Gratitude.

“Is no return due from a grateful breast?
I grow impatient, till I find some way,
Great offices with greater to repay.”

—Dryden.

GRATITUDE, says Rev. F. W. Faber, “is so eloquent, so graceful, so persuasive a missionary.

It is not only a virtue in ourselves, but it makes others good and virtuous also.

It is a blessedly humbling thing to be loved, a veritable abasement to be affectionately remembered by those about us, and gratitude makes our benefits look so little that we long to multiply and enlarge them, while it softens our hearts and takes from them all manner of little antipathies, mean jealousies, petty rivalries, cold suspicions.

It is the sign of a vulgar man that he cannot bear to be under an obligation.

A grateful man cannot be a bad man; and it were a sad thing, indeed, if either in the practice or the esteem of this virtue, the heathen should surpass the disciples of that grateful Master, who, to the end of time and in the busy pageant of Judgment, will remember and repay the cup of cold water given in His name.”

Let us then have grateful hearts!

Or, why should we not be grateful?

We find the fiercest things that live,
 The savage boor, the wildly rude,
 When soothed by *Mercy's* hand, will give
 Some faint response of gratitude.

Bittersweet.

A species of *Solanum* (*S. dulcamara*), a slender, climbing plant, whose root, when chewed, produces first a bitter, then a sweet taste.

Truth—Truthfulness.

“My mouth shall meditate truth and my lips shall hate wickedness.”—Prov. viii, 7

TRUTH is the very *bond of society*, without which society must cease to exist, and dissolve into anarchy and chaos.

A household cannot be governed by lying; nor can a nation.

Of all mean vices, perhaps lying is the meanest. It is in some cases the offspring of perversity and vice, and in many others of sheer moral cowardice.

Yet many persons think so lightly of it, that they will order their servants to lie for them. Can they feel surprised if, *after such ignoble instruction*, they find their servants lying for themselves?

Lying assumes many forms, such as “diplomacy,” “expediency,” and mental restriction; and, under one guise or another, it is found more or less pervading all classes of society.

“There are *even men of narrow minds*, and dishonest natures,” as an observant author remarks, “who pride themselves upon their cleverness in equivocation, in their serpent-wise shirkings of the truth and get-

ting out of moral back-doors, in order to hide their real opinions and evade the consequences of holding and openly professing them."

"But," says another writer, "*though a lie be ever so well dressed, it will be detected sooner or later.*"

Let us, therefore, dear reader, always—if we speak at all—tell the open, candid truth and be like the man

"Whose *armor* is his honest thought,
And *simple truth* his *utmost* skill."

Black Poplar.

The poplar is a tree of the genus *Populus*, of several species, as the *black poplar*, the aspen-tree, etc. The species are all of *rapid* growth.

Courage.

Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can *never* die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Cry, "God! and to the fight again!"

COURAGE is the energy which rises equal to all the emergencies of life. It is the perfect will, which no terrors can shake. It will enable one to die, if need be, in the performance of duty.

And just such energy or courage the *true Christian* must have; for *he* must be a *true* soldier of Jesus Christ, bold, courageous, and active, in his warfare for God and His glorious cause.

The true Christian who has the right spirit, *i. e.*, the spirit of Jesus,

does not care what the world says. He seems to be unconscious so far as worldly-minded people are concerned.

And you, my dear reader, who, perhaps, have already passed through a long period of tribulation, will you now lie down and die of despair? No, my friend, on the contrary; let your past preservation inspire you with new courage, and constrain you to brave all future storms for God's sake.

Courage, then, my dear brother, courage, and let this your courage for the present be strengthened *by the memory* of your *past* deliverance!

"It is not but the tempest that does show
The seaman's cunning, but the field that tries,
The captain's courage; and we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies."

—*Daniel.*

The Blue Bell.

A bulbous flowering-plant with blue, bell-shaped flowers.

"Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see;
But the wild Blue-Bell is the flower for me."

—*Louisa A. Meredith.*

Demureness in Glance and Mien.

"With countenance demure and modest grace."

—*Spenser.*

ALL levity is deemed unbecoming and, indeed, is unlooked for in woman, whether young or advancing in years. A keen sense of propriety, or even a little reflection, will render her circumspect at all times, but especially when abroad or in society. With courage and a *will*,

she should regulate her amusements and her apparel, despite any false codes of fashion, but according to her characteristic *intuition* as to what in these (and the same in other matters) is befitting the dignity, and demanded for the safety, of her sex. *This maidenly or matronly reserve, must win esteem and reverence, while it will be a guard and a defense for its happy possessors; it will withdraw them from many a peril.* Wild, unrestrained gazing, and rude staring are condemned as not good form, to say the least.

Of course, this coyness and constraint should be unfeigned and reasonable, never appearing stiff or affected. By no means are affability and cheerfulness hereby excluded; but a genuine self-respect, fearlessly acted out, is contended for—a self-respect that will *command* respect.

Blue Salvia.

A genus of plants, including the common sage.

Wisdom.

“Wisdom gained by experience is of inestimable value.”

—Scott.

ANSWER me, reader, please, the following questions, and I can tell you, or rather, you can tell *yourself how far your wisdom goes.*

Tell me: to what extent have you profited by your experience in the school of life?

What advantage have you taken of your opportunities for learning in *this great school of life's experience?*

What have you gained in discipline of heart and mind?—how much in growth of *virtue and holiness?*

Have you always preserved your *integrity* amidst prosperity, and enjoyed life in *temperance* and moderation? or has life been *with you a mere feast of selfishness*, without care or thought for others?

What have you *learned from trial* and adversity? Have you learned patience, submission, and trust in God? if you have, *you must be wise?*

“For the best way unto discretion is
The way that leads us by adversitie,
And men are better, shew’d what is a miserie
By th’ expert finger of calamitie,
Than they can be, with all that fortune brings,
Who never shewes them the true face of things.”

—*Daniel.*

He that has *never* known adversity, is *but half acquainted* with others, or with himself; for constant success shows us *but one side* of the world.

Bramble.

One of several different species of the genus *Rubus*, including the raspberry and blackberry; hence, any rough, prickly shrub.

Envy.

Pope says:

“Envy, to which the ignoble mind’s a slave,
Is *emulation* in the learn’d or brave.”

AND so it is. Only the small and essentially mean nature finds pleasure in the disappointment, and annoyance at the success, of others.

There are, *unhappily for themselves*, persons so constituted that they have not the *heart to be* generous.

The most disagreeable of all people are those who "*sit in the seat of the scorner.*"

Persons of this sort often come to regard the success of others, *even in a good work*, as a kind of personal offense.

They cannot bear to hear another praised, especially if he belong to their own art, or calling, or profession. *They will pardon a man's failures, but cannot forgive his doing a thing better than they can do it.*

And where they have *themselves failed*, they are found to be the most merciless of detractors.

The greatest consolation of such persons, are the defects of the good and the learned.

"*If the wise erred not,*" says an English author, "*it would go hard with fools!*"

Though *wise men may learn of fools* by avoiding their errors, fools rarely profit by the example which wise men set them.

As rust corrodes iron, so envy eats into the heart that bears it.

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

—*Thompson.*

Instead of grieving at another's success or general prosperity, let us rather rejoice over every good work well meant, judiciously planned, seasonably undertaken, and happily accomplished, no matter who the worker may be. Let such action in others be to us a spur to laudable ambition and patient industry in well-doing. Let us also gladly render what assistance we may, in the premises, and we shall find ourselves all the *happier* for it.

Broom Corn.

Sorghum vulgare belongs to the Grass family. It looks very much like the Indian corn as regards its leaves and height. When the panicle is sufficiently mature, the stalk is bent down at the top until ripe enough to cut. It is a native of the East Indies, and has been chosen as an emblem of labor.

“The broom’s betrothed to the bee.”

—Hood.

Labor.

WORK, it is true, has a bitter root, but the *fruit* it bears is sweet. It has a *temporal* reward. The idler finds his time long and is a burden to himself, whereas the industrious is contented and cheerful. He experiences the truth of Our Lord’s words: “*My yoke is sweet and My burden is light.*” (Matt. xi., 30.)

Besides, work generally insures earthly prosperity. The bees who gather honey all day long in summer, lay up in their hives a store of nourishment for the winter. The industrious man’s future is insured.—Finally, labor, like all other acts of penance, merits an *everlasting* reward. Our Lord says: “The laborer is worthy of his hire.” (Luke x., 7.) And St. Paul: “Every man shall receive his own reward according to his labor.” (I Cor. iii., 8.)

“Go, till the ground,” said God to man—
 “Subdue the earth, it shall be thine;”
 How grand, how glorious was the plan!
 How wise the law divine.”

—Mrs. Hale.

Labor is the law of happiness; love makes labor light; and constancy in labor will conquer all difficulties.

Bundles of Reeds.

One of a large family of plants, mostly aquatic plants, being chiefly large grasses, with hollow, jointed stems, such as the common reed (*Phragmites communis*), the bamboo, etc.

Music.

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, strategems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.”

—*Shakespeare.*

MUSIC is one of the most refined of natural enjoyments. The pleasures of the taste are gross, the pleasures of the eye are dangerous; whereas in the pleasures of the ear, the delight of listening, for instance, to chaste strains of sweet song, is at once most elevating, most entrancing, and the least dangerous of all the pleasures of sense. You may fully enjoy the pleasures of virtuous* music without sensuality—it is scarcely capable of exciting any undue emotions of the heart or temptations of the mind; though, so imperfect are we, that one must beware of the effects of the *reaction*, when the notes of harmony have died away.

Nay, more—we know from the Scriptures, that music, that song, is

*It must be noted, as even the ancient pagans well knew, that there is a *vicious* music, capable of exciting the basest passions of our fallen nature, and alas! composed with that criminal intent.—It were the sheerest sophistry or the most stupid ignorance of human history and human nature, to affirm that music *cannot* but be innocent. . . . It should be added that while all the Fine Arts bestow a highly ennobling culture, all those arts and all that culture may not deter one from lapsing most brutishly, as shocking experience too plainly attests.

the native language of Heaven, as it is the natural and untaught expression of man upon the earth.

Yes; in Heaven the angels sing the praises of God—there the empyrean vault is resonant with the accents of joyous melody, with the sweet concord of many sounds, mingled with the joyful harpers playing upon their harps; as St. John tells us, in the Apocalypse, that he saw the four-and-twenty Ancients with harps in their hands, and heard the voice of a mighty multitude, that sang a new canticle to the sound of those harps; and again, he heard the multitude of the Blessed singing together the Canticle of Moses, the servant of God.*

With St. Augustine, therefore I must say: "Happy were I, and forever happy, if, after death, I were deemed worthy to hear the melody of those songs, which the blessed citizens of Heaven, and the legions of the celestial army, sing forever in praise of the Eternal King."

"Strains of purest harmony,
Hark! in liquid numbers flow,
Sounds which earth-born melody
Never uttered, ne'er did know!
All the music of the spheres—
All the thoughts of joy and love—
All the tones of hopes and fears,
Are but echoes, faint and low,
Of the choirs in realms above."

—Weninger.

Buttercups.

A plant of the genus *Ranunculus* or crow-foot, particular *R. bulbosa*, with bright yellow flowers; also called *golden-cup* and *king's-cup*; *buttercup*, the *cuckoo-bud* of Shakespeare.

*Apocalypse, xiv, xv.

"The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew."

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

The Love of Gold and Riches.

Wordly treasures are cherished well,
There's avarice of gems and gold,
Strong bolts to iron boxes tell
The riches that their alcoves hold.
From earthly wealth the mind and heart
Are uninclined, forsooth, to part;
The poor desire alluring gain,
The rich desire to rich remain.

—*W. T. McClure.*

THE love of gold threatens to drive everything before it. The pursuit of money has become the settled custom of the country. Many are so absorbed by it that every other kind of well-being is either lost sight of, or altogether undervalued. And then the inveterate lovers of money and riches think to recover their moral tone by bestowing charity! Mountains of gold weigh heavily upon the heart and soul. The man who can withstand the weight of riches, and still be diligent, industrious, and strong in mind and heart, must be made of strong stuff; for people who are rich are *almost invariably* disposed to be idle, luxurious, and self-indulgent.

No wonder, therefore, that Christ one day, said to *His disciples*: "How hardly shall they that have riches, enter into the kingdom of God!"

The disciples were astonished at His words. But Jesus again answering, said to them: "Children, how hard is it for them *that trust in riches*, to enter into the kingdom of God!

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."*

True, Christ did *not mean* to speak thus of *all* the rich.

*St. Mark x: 23-26.

For if a man happens to possess riches, but does *not fix his heart* upon them, and consequently does *not* use them for purposes which are at variance with the permission or command of God, he need *not* be filled with apprehension; for he has not his consolation in them; he possesses riches, but is not *possessed* by them.

But, "who is he, and we will praise him?"

"Gold and silver, like the snow,
Quickly pass away;
Like the curtained clouds of summer,
Enduring not a day;
Like the early dew of morning,
Drunken by the sun;
Or the maddened hill-side torrent,
Whose course is quickly run.
*But the grace of Christ, our Savior,
Bringeth riches more
Than the tongue of man can utter,
And of wealth a store
Like the river, failing, never,
Flowing evermore."*

—Chas. B. Manly.

Cactuses.

Evergreen under-shrubs of tropical America, remarkably fine in Mexico. The plants are globular, or columnar, or jointed, succulent, permanent, generally without leaves or branches, and bearing flowers often of great beauty and sweetness.

"And Cactuses a queen might don,
If weary of a golden crown,
And still appear as royal."

—E. B. Browning.

Solid Merit.

THERE will be frequently observed a fussiness of action and a showiness in work that are seldom justified by proportionate profitable effects. Often there will be much ado about little good produced. The more meritorious workers, in their steady efforts, are unpretending, make little demonstration, are utterly free from ostentation either of means or results; and yet, silently and almost unseen, they accomplish great things for the good of mankind, and are thoroughly appreciated.

Their manner of toiling suggests their *sterling qualities*, which in turn are clearly, unmistakably evinced by their substantial and enduring contributions toward the well-being and happiness of others.

“Firm and resolved by *sterling worth* to gain

“Love and respect, thou shalt not strive in vain.”

—*Sir. S. E. Brydges.*

Calla-Lilies.



These have become great favorites, whether alone or grouped, intermingled with a species of exquisite roses which thus admirably harmonize as to general effects. Callas are among the treasures of the green-house. They have a decided air of by no means displeasing primness, either when standing upright or when hanging their gracefully shaped bells or trumpets—as in the larger bouquets above referred to.

The Lilies.

When Jesus walked on earth He prized
 One flower above the rest ;
 And so we fain must love it well,
 As Jesus loved it best.

He neither praised the glowing rose,
 Nor blossoms strange and rare ;
 He spoke but of the modest grace
 Of sweetest lilies fair.

A silver-cup, a golden thread,
 And leaves of tender green ;
 A stately form, a drooping head,
 Yet still thou standest queen.

Not Solomon, in all his power,
 So glorious in His eyes,
 Who made it all—the simple flower,
 The radiant earth and skies.

Then, ladies, read my lesson right,
 Nor my plain tale despise ;
 If you would shine in Jesus' sight
 Be fair in Mary's eyes.

Deck not yourselves in costly lace,
 Rich silk and jewels rare,
*But imitate the modest grace
 Of simple lilies fair.*

Social Propriety.

HERE is etiquette, and etiquette: the code of the one is as rigid as it is artificial and strained—its laws are very often as arbitrary as they are complicated; the rules of the other are natural, reasonable, and flexible, for they are founded on Christian charity and common sense. Let all follow the spirit of the latter, and observe just so many of the require-

ments urged by the former code as good taste will permit or sound judgment dictate!

Above all, let each member of society, and especially each leader in social circles, *exact* that no natural virtue and, much less, no Christian virtue, be in the least slighted, whether in the placid composure of company or amid the exciting whirl of social festivities. As our polite friends, the French, would say, "*Ne blessez pas les convenances, et ne manquez point de convenance envers quelqu'un; mais gardez bien partout les biens ances de la vie chrétienne.*"*

Social Purity is confessedly to be highly prized, strenuously fostered, and jealously maintained; well, Social Propriety is the sure promoter and the faithful guardian of Social Purity, *and woman is expected to preside over both.*

Candytuft.

Candytuft (*Iberis umbellata*) belongs to the Mustard family. It is a native of Spain, and takes its name from the ancient appellative of that country, which was Iberia. It is most excellent for winter use, grown in pots or in vases; and is also planted as a *border* in flower gardens. The flowers are white, purple or crimson, and some of them are very fragrant.

Architecture.

"Our fathers next, in architecture skill'd,
Cities for use, and forts for safety, build;
Then palaces *and lofty domes* arose;
These for devotion, and for pleasure those."

Sir R. Blackmore.

*Offend not against propriety, and be not guilty of a breach of good manners towards anyone; but at all times keep well within the bounds of that decorum marked out by the rules of Christian living.

RUSKIN says, "We may live without architecture, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her." "So, then," says he, also, "when we build, let us think that we build (public edifices) forever. Let it not be for the present delight, nor for the present use alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for; and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon *the labor* and wrought substances of them, '*See! this our fathers did for us.*'"

And, when looking sometimes in contemplation at the astounding wonders of this great Universe surrounding us, let us think of what the Spanish philosopher Balmes says, that *the Universe was not planned after our experience, but our experience is obtained from the Universe*, because nature is the art of *God Who is this world's great Architect* whose thought it is.

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

—Addison.

The Canterbury-Bell.



A species of *Campanula*; a very ornamental border flower of ample blue or white efflorescence.

Fidelity to Divine Grace.

*Listen to the Voice of God in your Heart and to the
Voice of your Pastor in God's Church!*

“To-day, if thou shalt hear His voice
 Calling three apart,
 O, child of His eternal choice,
 Harden not thy heart.”

—Anon.

MAN'S conscience is like a clear-toned bell which is ringing on so many an occasion within the inmost recesses of our souls.

Its voice reminds us impressively that we are the *living* temple of God and that we are not only the temple of God, but, in some respects, also, its architects and its guardians. We should, therefore, do for our living temple whatever is done for a material temple. We ought to *build it up by faith, hope, and charity*; to adorn it by the practice of good works; to place an altar in it, whereon we may daily offer sacrifice; to open and to close it at proper hours; to repair it; *and to keep it always in a state worthy of the majesty of the God who dwells within it.*

Do we act thus?

Oh, how many persons there are who think much more of the vanities of this perishable world, than of the temple of their own soul and of what God speaks to them through that inner voice of conscience!

Oh, reader, living temple of a thrice holy God, if you wish to preserve this august sanctuary of your conscience undefiled, often enter not only into this inward temple of your own soul, by wholesome meditation and reflection, but also into God's temple which represents His holy Church on earth. Listen, then, also, to the advice of your lawfully appointed pastor, and go by what he says.

“Ye have the Old and the New Testament,
 And the Pastor of God's Church who guideth you:
 Let this suffice you unto your salvation.

If evil appetite cry aught else to you,
 Be ye as men, and not as silly sheep,
 So that the Jew among you may not mock you.

Be ye not as the lamb that doth abandon
 It's mother's milk, and, frolicsome and simple,
 Combats at its own pleasure with itself."

—*Dante Alighieri.*

The Catalpa.

A large flowering-tree of N. America, of rapid growth; it has ample leaves and bears full clusters of trumpet-like, white showy flowers, variegated with yellow and purple. It is abundant on the banks of the Lower Mississippi. In the more northerly latitudes, however, it is somewhat stunted. Its name is retained from the language of the Indians of the Carolinas, where Catesby discovered and classed it in 1726.

"Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
 Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
 Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
 O'er the maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
 Ye rolled the white round cloud thro' depths of blue;
 Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;—
 Before you the Catalpa's blossoms flew,
 Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow."

—*Bryant.*

National Hospitality.

"Receive the shipwrecked on your friendly shore;
 With hospitable rites relieve the poor."

"But the kind hosts their entertainments grace
 With hearty welcome and an open face;
 In all they did, you might discern with ease
 A willing mind, and a desire to please."

—*Dryden.*

AS, between neighbor and neighbor, friend and friend, a warm-hearted sociability should ever exist, and a cordial and comforting welcome be tendered when a civil visit is paid or some exigency of life's distresses claims relief; so, between the people of any country and strangers coming within its borders, there should be plainly manifested that sympathetic regard which will buoy up the lonesome and greatly diminish the pangs felt by absence from Motherland. Man's better nature will ever prompt this kindly exhibition of a common brotherhood.

Our own Republic is deservedly credited with the wide-hearted and open-handed generosity that impels it to take to its bosom alike the oppressed refugee from many a clime, as the thrifty immigrant seeking its shores for permanent settlement, or the scientific explorer, or the transient visitor bent on travel merely. This national virtue lies at the very basis of its original institution; it is in part the reason of its being, the spirit of its life. May it thus continue!—with all due precaution, however, as to the safety of its institutions and the welfare of its people! And may all its citizens be so practically imbued with that spirit, that here at least may be verified that declaration so cheering especially to the enforced wanderer, THE EXILE IS EVERYWHERE AT HOME!

Now, it is clear that on extending or exchanging social courtesies in the ordinary home-relations, the recipients of such favors should not in any of the many possible ways abuse the proffered hospitality; to do so were the height (or the depth, rather) of boorish ill-breeding and heartless ingratitude.

Similarly, when open and free asylum in any land is conceded to strangers, whether or no they contemplate permanent residence—with or without the honorable badge of citizenship,—all thus benefited should so comport themselves as never to misuse their position; they should commit no breach against the Nation's hospitality. On the contrary, they should aim at conforming themselves to the new order under which they have elected to live, and respect, even if in some matters they may not wholly

esteem, or approve the novel methods and usages of political and social life which surround them. *Romae Romano vivito more*—"in Rome, do as Rome does." Undoubtedly, adopted citizens, as well as those "to the manor born," may always reserve to themselves the right of kindly and intelligently criticising and good-naturedly advising where needed reforms shall be apparent. Then, indeed, without officious intermeddling or impertinent opposition, there will be peace, satisfaction, and other untold advantages, on all hands; and every country will find delight and co-operation in each contingent of comers from foreign parts, that may choose to cast their lot with its fortunes and swell the ranks of its population.

The Cedar of Lebanon.

"Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle."

—*Shakespeare.*

"I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus."—Eccles., xxiv, 17.

This is a tree of different species of *Cupressus*, *Abies*, and *Larix*. It is an evergreen, and remarkable for the durability of its wood, which has a fragrant odor. The cedar of Libanus is the *Larix cedrus*.

Incorruptible Honor.

IT seems that all the world over, men are apt and willing to be bribed. Money gets over many difficulties; it solves many problems. In America,* the model of republics, as it is sometimes styled, bribery, is conducted on a grand scale—is carried on in a "wholesale way!" The simple salary of an official is not sufficient. Even *those highest in office*, it is said, have at times been bribed by presents and even by money offerings.

*Some other countries are not free from such corrupt practices; politics and official life are there strongly tainted, likewise.

And,—would to God that all pondered this well—if selfishness begins with the governing classes, *woe* to the country that is “*governed*.” The evil spreads downward, and includes all classes, even the poorest. The race of life becomes one for mere pelf and self. *Principle is abandoned*, Honesty is a *forgotten* virtue, *Faith dies out*, and society becomes a scramble for place and money.

Yet, there are men still who *refuse* to be bought; who do not work *for gold*; who, on the contrary, work for *God* and the *real* good of *all* their fellow-men.

Thou must be brave thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Anon.

Cherry Blossoms.

Education.

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul. It is the leading human souls to *what is best*, and *making what is best* out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means. The training which makes men *happiest in themselves* also makes them *most serviceable to others*.

The worst education, *which teaches self-denial*, is *better* than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

No inheritance can supply the want of a virtuous, truly Christian, education. Wherefore *you who may be especially charged with the welfare of others*, never forget that education commences *at the mother's knee*, and every word spoken within the hearsay of little children tends towards the formation of character.

Chicory.

A plant of the genus *Cichorium*, or succory.

Frugality.

NO class ever accomplished anything that lived from hand to mouth. People who *spend* all that they earn are ever hanging on the brink of destitution.

They must necessarily be weak and impotent—the slaves of time and circumstance. They keep themselves poor. They lose self-respect, as well as the respect of others. It is impossible that they can be free and independent.

But a man with something saved, no matter how little, is in a different position. The little capital he has stored up is always a source of power. He is no longer the sport of time. He can boldly look the world in the face. He is, in a manner, his own master. He can dictate his own terms. He can neither be bought nor sold. He can look forward with cheerfulness to an old age of comfort and happiness.

As men become wise and thoughtful, they generally become provident and frugal. A thoughtless man, like a savage, spends as he gets, thinking naught of the morrow, of the time of adversity, or of the claims of those whom he has made dependent upon him. But a wise man thinks of the future and prepares in good time for the evil day that may come upon him.

“Know when to spend and when to spare,
And when to buy, and thou shalt ne’er be bare.”



Chrysanthemum.

A genus of composite plants, mostly perennial, and of many different species, including the *sun-flower*, *marigold*, etc. White Chrysanthemum.

“ Ever bright
 And faultless image! welcome now thou art
In thy pure loveliness—thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
 Unscathed by heats—by wintry blasts unmoved—
 Thy strength thus tested—and thy charms improved.”
 —*Anna Dinnies.*

Religious and Moral Truth.

MAN can never blot out the eternal characters which distinguish truth from error.

Truth in itself is strong and robust; as it is, under one aspect, the harmonized whole of the relations which unite things together, it is strongly connected with them, and cannot be separated from them, either by the efforts of man or by the revolutions of time.

Error, on the contrary, the illusive image, as it were, of the great ties which bind together the compact mass of the universe, stretches over its usurped domain, like those dead branches of the forest, which, devoid of sap, afford neither freshness nor verdure, and only serve to impede the advance of the traveler.

Oh, too confiding men, do not allow yourselves to be deluded and seduced by brilliant appearances, pompous discourse, or false activity.

“*Truth*,” continues a modern author, “is *open*, modest, without suspicion, because it is pure and strong; error is hypocritical and ostentatious, because it is false and weak.

Truth resembles a woman of real beauty, who, conscious of her charms, despises the affectation of ornament; error, on the contrary, paints and ornaments herself, because she is ugly, without expression, without grace, without dignity.

Perhaps, you may be pleased with its laborious activity. Know, then, that it has no strength but when it is the rallying cry of a faction; then, indeed, it is rapid in action and fertile in violent measures.

It is like the meteor which explodes and vanishes, leaving behind it nothing but darkness, death, and destruction; truth, on the contrary, *like the sun*, sends forth its bright and steady beams, fertilizes with its genial warmth, *and sheds on every side life, joy, and beauty.*"

"Ye shall know the truth, and the *truth* shall make you free.—St. John viii, 32.

"He is the free man whom the *truth* makes free,
And all are slaves besides."

—*Cowper.*

Cinquefoil.

A plant of different species of the genus *Potentilla*, also called *five-finger*, because of the resemblance of its leaves to the fingers of the hand.

Parental Love.

CHILDREN, love your parents! For what have not father and mother done through love for you?

On your account *your mother* has had much discomfort, sickness, difficulty, and pain, before you were born, in your birth and after it. For some years she had to carry you about in her arms, until she was tired. For your sake she had to remain awake hours and hours during the night,

in order to help you when you cried. For your sake she had often to take what she would much rather have done without, and deny herself what she would willingly have eaten or drank, so that you might suffer no harm while she was nursing you. On your account was she often anxious, uneasy, through fear of some accident befalling you. On your account she was often disturbed and tormented, and shed bitter tears if any misfortune befell you, and she suffered, too, if anything disagreeable happened to you.

For you has *your father* as well as your mother, toiled and labored for so many years, in order to keep you respectably and to provide you with food and clothing.

For you they have often taken the bit out of their own mouths and have deprived themselves of many conveniences and luxuries, and, *perhaps*, too, have lived sparingly and parsimoniously, in order that they might leave you something to set you up in life. For you have their minds often been filled with anxiety and apprehension, lest any evil should overtake your soul or your body. For you have they spent the hard-earned money, that they put together with so much concern, that you might be educated, instructed, and provided for.

All your troubles, illnesses, and difficulties, have afflicted the hearts of your father and mother.

Your sorrow was their sorrow. In a word, that you now exist, that you are alive, that you did not break your leg, or your arm, or your neck, when you were a child; that you are now grown up, that you have some property, and a position in life,—all these things you owe, *under God*, to no one more than to your father and mother.

And what makes the benefit greater still, they did all this for you, from no other earthly motive than the purest, most disinterested, most heartfelt, and tenderest love and affection for you.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
 The heavens the glory of God declare;
 But louder than voice beneath, above,
 He is heard to speak in a mother's love.

—Anon.

Clover, Red.

“Rare ’broidery of the purple clover.”

This is a plant of different species of the genus *Trifolium*; as the common Red Clover.

Industry—Diligence.

“GOD,” says a thoughtful and subtle author, “provides the good things of this world to serve the needs of nature, by the labors of the plowman, the skill and pains of the artisan, and the dangers and traffic of the merchant. . . . The idle person is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world; and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth; like a vermin or a wolf, when their time comes, they die and perish, and in the meantime do no good.”—At the *workingman’s* house, hunger looks in but dares *not* enter. Few things are impossible to *diligence* and skill.

“For the structures that we raise
 Time is with materials filled;
 Our *to-days* and *yesterdays*
 Are the blocks with which we build.”

—Longfellow.

©lover, White; or Shamrock.

National Emblem of Ireland.

Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock.

—Moore.

THIS symbol of their country is worn by Irishmen on the anniversary and in commemoration of St. Patrick's landing near Wicklow, in the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era.

When St. Patrick first preached the Christian faith in Ireland, before a powerful chief and his people, and while he was yet speaking of the Blessed Trinity, *i. e.*, of one God in three Divine Persons, the chief asked how one could be in three. St. Patrick, instead of then giving the learned *theological* exposition of the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, thought a simple image would best serve to enlighten that people, and stooping to the earth, he plucked from the green sod a *shamrock*, and holding up the trefoil before them, he exclaimed, *There, behold one in three!*..The chief, struck by the illustration, asked to be baptized at once, and all his sept followed his example.

Walter Thornburg has given his readers the following lyric, "*In Clover:*"

"There is clover, honey-sweet,
 Thick and tangled at our feet;
 Crimson-spotted lies the field,
 As in fight the warrior's shield:
 Yonder poppies full of scorn,
 Proudly wave above the corn;
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.

You may track the winds that blow
 Through the cornfields as they go;
 From the wheat, as from a sea,
 Springs the lark in ecstasy.
 Now the bloom is on the blade,
 In the sun and in the shade,
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet."

The Dear Little Shamrock.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
 'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it,
 (The sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,)
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.

It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
 And he called it the Dear Little Shamrock of Ireland;—
 The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
 The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

And that dear little plant still grows in our Land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,
 In each climate they ever appear in.

They shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
 Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland;—
 The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
 The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

Oh, that dear little plant which springs from our soil,—
 When its three little leaves are extended,—
 Denotes from its stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;

And e'er thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
 From *one* root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland;—
 The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
 The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.



Dear Shamrock of My Native Vale.

Dear Shamrock of my native vale!

What treasured memories throng around
Of mountain, hill, and flowery dale,
Of spreading mead, and storied mound,
Of fragrant groves, when minstrelsy
Of nature's songsters thrills the gale
As fondly, now, I gaze on thee,

Dear Shamrock of my native vale!

Again I view the laughing stream
That glides my native cot before;
Upon its banks I sit and dream
The dreams of boyhood o'er and o'er;
I join the headlong, careless throng
In games made famous by the Gael,
Each time I look, thy leaves among
Dear Shamrock of my native vale!

And *father's* voice and *mother's* smile,
And *brothers, sisters*, cherished dear,
The *friends* whose words were free from guile
The *comrades* true from year to year;
Again I hear, again I see—

Oh, may such memories never fail!—
While to my heart I'm pressing thee
Dear Shamrock of my native vale!

And *Hope*, once dead, triumphant cries,
 Though rent by hand of Destiny,
 The Gael shall yet all potent rise
 Linked in the chain of unity;
 And sweep the foe from land and sea
 And crown with *Freedom* Innisfail:—
Thus Hope to me, while kissing thee
Sweet Shamrock of my native vale!

A Shamrock from the Irish Shore.

Dear emblem of my native land,
 By kind, fond words kept fresh and green!—
 The pressure of an unfelt hand—
 The kisses of a lip unseen:—
 A throb from my dead *mother's* heart—
 My *father's* smile revived once more—
Oh, youth! oh, love! oh, hope! thou art
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore!
 —*Denis Florence McCarthy.*

Coix Lachryma.

(JOB'S TEARS.)

An ornamental grass with corn-like leaves.

Tears of Resignation.

DEAR Reader: Be not cast down, when the hand of God is heavy upon you.

We must measure the *greatness of our evils* by the violence of the remedies that the Physician of souls thinks necessary for our cure.

We may make our trials a source of love and confidence and consolation, saying with the Apostle, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory."

Blessed are *they who weep, they who sow in tears*, for they shall reap, with joy ineffable, the harvest of eternal life and felicity.

"Sweet hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye."

—Montgomery.

Thy Way, Not Mine.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by *Thine own Hand*,
Choose out the path for me.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As *best to Thee may seem*;
Choose *Thou my good and ill*.

—Horatius Bonar.

Columbine.

A plant of several species of the genus *Aquilegia*; as, *A. vulgaris*, or the common garden columbine.

"Columbines in purple dressed
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest."

—Bryant.

Anxiety.

“What avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fiction of our own?”

—Dr. J. Armstrong.

WEN do *not* die from hard work, *so much as* from the fret and worry which accompany it.

And, as I may well suppose, that you, too, *sometimes*, fret and worry yourself *more than is needed*, let me ask you just one or two questions:

“Do you not think, that God governed the world very well *before* you came into it?” “Undoubtedly,” is your reply. “And do you not think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone *out of it*?” “Certainly.” Then, pray, sir, excuse me, but do you not think that *you may trust Him to govern it as long as you live in it*?”

Coral.

Heavenly Love.

WE are like coral, which, in the place of its origin, the ocean, is a *pale green shrub, weak and pliable*; but once it is taken out of the depth of the sea, as out of the womb of its mother, it becomes *almost* a stone, and changes from green to a rich red. Thus, says St. Francis de Sales, when we are immersed in the sea of this world, the place of our birth, we are subject to extreme vicissitudes, and *pliable* on every hand—on the right, to *Heavenly Love* by inspiration; on the left, to earthly love by temptation. But if once drawn out of this mortality, we have changed the pale green of our timorous hopes into the rich red of secure enjoyment; *never more shall we be changeable, but shall abide forever fixed in Love Eternal.*

Coreopsis.

An American plant whose seed has two little horns at the end, which give it the appearance of some insect. One species is used to dye cloth red.

Be Always Cheerful.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. ix, 7.

CHEERFULNESS is of importance to any one that desires to be successful in life. It gives elasticity to the spirit. Spectres flee before it; difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities, which rarely fails of success.

"A joyful mind maketh age flourishing; a sorrowful spirit drieth up the bones."—Prov. xvii, 22.

The fervent spirit is always a healthy and happy spirit; working cheerfully itself and stimulating others to work.

It confers a dignity on even the most ordinary occupations.

The most effective work, also, is usually the full-hearted work—that which passes through the hands or the head of him whose heart is glad.

An old professor of mine was accustomed to say that he would rather possess a cheerful disposition—inclined always to look at the bright side of things—than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of ten thousand a year.

But even when considered from a more earnest standpoint of view, that of morality, *genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy and pure heart. Away, then, with all pessimism!*

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from the way."

—Anon.

Coronilla.

A genus of shrubby plants, having their flowers arranged in little heads or tufts resembling coronets.

May Success Crown Your Wishes !

BUT think on't: it is only those who are willing to tread the rugged road of *self-denial and toil* that need expect to *succeed* in any line of effort.

"But when we manage by a just foresight,
 Success is prudence, and possession right."

—Higgons.

The great multitude whose object in life is to gratify their desires, and *who live for mere enjoyment, will pass away*, and soon their memory will be forgotten.

Of Alexander the Great it is related that he desired his preceptor to prepare for him some easier and shorter way to learn geometry ; but he was told that he must *be content to travel the same road* as others. There's *no royal road* to learning. Even *genius* works—ay, *must* work, to seize and utilize its opportunities.

It is the old route of *labor*, along which are many landmarks and many wrecks. It is lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, step after step and mile after mile with the traveler, that *secures* what all desire—success.

Well, then, dear reader, labor on patiently, whatever may be your task.

Work wisely and steadily, and *in due time* you will be crowned with that success which you shall have so richly earned.

“’Tis ^{not} in mortals to command success;

But we’ll do more, Sempronius,—we’ll *deserve* it.”

—Addison.

For some it may be well to remember, and even to ponder, what Shakespeare says:

“Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by ’t?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty,
Still, in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not,
Let all the ends thou aim’st at, be *thy country’s,*
Thy God’s and truth’s; then if thou fall’st,
Thou fall’st a blessed martyr.”

—Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.*

Creeping Cereus.

A plant which grows like a vine clinging to the ground.

Modest Genius.

THE more a man really knows, the less conceited he will be, which alone I call true wisdom and humility.

The proud, self-conceited, but superficial person, who has obtained

a smattering of many things, but knows nothing well, may pride himself upon his gifts; but the sage and the man of true genius humbly confesses that "all he knows is, that he knows nothing," or, like Newton, that he has been only engaged in picking up shells by the sea-shore, while the great ocean of truth lies all unexplored before him.

Be humble, then, and modest, however great thy mental qualities may be, and remember that of the Wise Man when he says:

"In many things be as if thou wert ignorant, and hear in silence and withal seeking.

In the company of great men take not upon thee; and when the ancients are present, speak not much.

Before a storm goeth lightning; and before shamefacedness goeth favor, and for thy reverence good grace shall come to thee."—Ecclus. xxxii, 12-14.

The Crocus.

"On many a desolating pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

—Barton.

The Crocus is a genus of plants valued for their early flowering, and the brilliancy of their blossoms.

Cheerfulness.

THE way to happiness does not lie in attempting to bring our circumstances up to our minds, but our minds down to our circumstances.

"Many birds wear a finer coat than the lark," says an ingenious author, "nor is there any that dwells in a lowlier home; yet which of the feathered songsters soars so high, or sings so cheerily, or teaches man so well how to leave the day's cares and labors for the bosom of his family, as

when, neither envying the peacock his splendid plumage, nor the proud eagle her lofty realm, it drops singing into its grassy nest, to caress its young, and with its wings to shield them from the cold dews of the night?"

Oh! why delight to wrap the soul
 In pail of fancied sadness?
 'T were best be merry while we live,
 And paint our cheeks with gladness.
 What if hope tells a "flattering tale,"
 And mocks us by deceiving,
 'T is better far to be content:
 There's nothing made by grieving.

—*Laurence Labree.*

Cypress.

"The mournful cypress rises round,
 Tapering from the burial ground."

—*Lucan.*

As having anciently been used at funerals, and to adorn tombs, Cypress is an emblem of mourning and sadness.

Death.

"Thy day has come, not gone,
 Thy sun has risen, not set,
 Thy life is now beyond."

—*Horatius Bonar.*

DEATH is but life *to a genuine Christian*; it is not his last day, nor his worst day, but, in the highest sense, his best day, and the beginning of his better life. A Christian's dying day will be his *enlarging day*, when he will be freed from the prison in which he has long been detained, and

be brought home to his Father's House. A Christian's dying day will be his *resting day*, when he shall rest from *all sin, and care, and trouble*; his *reaping day*, when he shall reap the fruit he has sown in tears, and faith, and faithful works; his *conquering day*, when he shall triumph over every enemy, and even death itself shall die; his *transplanting day*, from earth to Heaven, from a howling wilderness to a heavenly paradise; his *robing day*, to put off the old worn-out rags of flesh and put on the new and glorious robes of light; his *marriage day*; his *coronation day*; the day of his glory, the beginning of his eternal, perfect bliss with Christ and His Elect.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

—Parnell.

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not, *good-night*, but in some brighter clime
Bid me, '*Good-Morning!*'"

—Anon.

Dahlias.

A genus of tuberous plants, with large, beautiful flowers, of two principal species (both natives of Mexico), of which there are many varieties differing in color. The Dahlia is named after Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist, and pupil of the renowned Linnaeus. Dahlia tubers are so delicate, that they must be dug up and placed in a greenhouse before the first black frost.

"The garden glows with Dahlias large and new."

—Ebenezer Elliott.

Mutual Assistance.

MAN, destined and conditioned for the society of his kind, proximately or remotely, is expected interchangingly to lend what aid he can prudently afford to his fellow-man in the strains and struggles of life. There will be, of course, diverse degrees in this generosity—ranging from the ordinary to the heroic—from that claimed by kith and kin to that demanded by any others, according to varying circumstances and exigencies; yet, in each degree, its manifestations should be ungrudging, whether in the really necessary help rendered in adversity or abject want, or in the large-souled succor and patronage granted at any time and instance to whomsoever it may be. Man must love his neighbor practically, and man's neighbor is everyone. . . .

This spirit of co-operative helpfulness in human affairs, by mutual counsels, prayer, or deeds—this community of interest shown in the ready interchange of kind offices kindly vouchsafed—refreshingly exhibits an intelligent, practical comprehension of the true solidarity of the race and invariably, though at times imperceptibly, insures a most beneficent reaction, in many ways, upon the temporal, and spiritual profit of all concerned. To this the large and oft-renewed Dahlias beckon us with their nodding plumes; while the very delicacy of their tubers warn us, lest even the roots of human sympathy may be nipped by the unsparing frosts of selfishness.

A facile writer, touching on this subject, has recently expressed himself in the following business-like manner: Mankind forms a joint-stock company in which, when one of the co-partners does something heroic or saintly, all the shares go up.

Whenever a noble work is wrought,
Whenever is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The Daisy, Wild.*

(DAY'S EYE.)



“Bright flower! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And, all the long year through, the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest through!

—Wordsworth.

The Daisy is a plant of the genus *Bellis*, of several varieties; the common daisy is the *B. perennis*.

“Daisies infinite,
 Uplift in praise their little glowing hands
 O'er every hill that under heaven expands.”

—Ebenezer Elliott.

“I Will Think On't.”

DEAR Reader: Do you ever, in earnest, think of what is of the very greatest importance not only to your temporal, but also to your eternal welfare?

***The Little Irish Maid.**

(ON SEEING THE DAISIES.)

She was a little Irish maid,
 With light-brown hair and eyes of gray,
 And she had left her native shore,
 And journeyed miles and miles away
 Across the ocean to the land
 Where waves the Banner of the Free,
 And on her face a shadow lay,
 For sick at heart for home was she.

Do you ever meditate on those great truths Christianity teaches us?

The Prophet Jeremias says: "*With desolation is all the land made desolate; because there is none that considereth in the heart.*"

There is no one that thinks in his heart on what is the chief source of all our evils. The greatest part of men seldom or never think either of their first beginning or their last end. They neither consider who brought them into the world, nor for what; nor reflect on that *Eternity* into which they are just about to step. Hence, all their pursuits are earthly or temporal, as if they were made only for this life, or were to be always here. *Death, Heaven, Judgment*, make but little impression on them, because they do not give these subjects a chance to sink deep into their souls by the means of *serious Consideration*.

When from the city's dust and heat,
 And ceaseless noise, they took her where
 The birds were singing on the trees,
 And flower-fragrance filled the air;
 And there, their leaf-crowned heads upraised
 To greet the pretty, gray-eyed lass,
 A million blossoms starred the road,
 And grew among the waving grass.
 "Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,
 And, with hands clasped, sank on her knees.
 "Now, God be praised, who East and West,
 Scatters such lovely things as these.
 Around my mother's cabin door
 In dear old Ireland they grow,
 With hearts of gold and slender leaves,
 As white as newly fallen snow."
 Then up she sprang with smiling lips,
 Though on her cheek there lay a tear:
 "This land's not half so strange," she said,
 "Since I have found the daisies here."

—*M. Eytinge.*

They run on, with their eyes shut, to the precipice of Eternity, and, perhaps only then begin to think, when they find themselves where there shall be no hope of redemption.

Ah! my dear reader, often should you think of these things and prepare—for the years of Eternity.

Our National Flower.*

Our national flower, our national flower,
 Of Freedom the emblem—which one shall it be?
 No rose of the garden, where proud wall stands warden,
 Nor pale hothouse lily, Republic, for thee!
 The stars on thy standard, like God's stars in heaven,
 Shine fully and freely, for each and for all;
 Then claim for thine emblem the flower—God-given
 Alike to both hovel and hall—
 The common *wild daisy*, the humble field-daisy,
 The daisy that blossoms for all.

No flower confined to the rich and the mighty,
 No flower withheld from the humble and poor,
 By blood of brave men on our star-and-striped pennon,
 As national emblem shall lift or endure!
 Then down with the bloom of proud hotbeds and closes,
 And up with the flower that grows o'er their wall,
 Far fairer than orchids and lilies and roses,
 The flower so modest and small—
 The pretty white daisy, the shy little daisy,
 The daisy that blossoms for all!

*The above spirited poem was composed—while on a visit to St. Louis—by the daughter of Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the founder and director of the celebrated band of musicians bearing his name. As can be seen, the argument of the talented writer's theme is based on the pronounced democracy, so to say, of the Daisy, which likens it to the character of our civil institutions and to the spirit of our people.

When, at the time of its first appearance, this poetical gem was presented to a bright Class in Literature, one of the students declared it a very "Daisy!"

The daisy we held of all flowers the sweetest,
 Our daisy-chains weaving, in child-days gone by,
 When girl, boy, together, in Youth's golden weather,
 We trod the bright meadows beneath the bright sky.
 The daisy we leaned o'er, fair maid and true lover,
 Young heart's thrilling shyly at love's tender call,
 To whisper one love-question over and over—
 "Well, passionately, not at all?"—
 The dear little daisy, the sweet little daisy,
 The daisy that blossoms for all!

The daisy that paled by the dear old farm-threshold
 That day we marched o'er it, to win or to die!
 While sister and mother, and one dearest other,
 Stood sobbing and praying, and calling "Good-Bye."
 The daisy we wore on our hearts thro' the thunder
 Of cannon and musket and whistle of ball—
 The daisy that clings where our heroes sleep under
 The Banner they raised by their fall!
 The dear old home-daisy, the tender white daisy,
 The daisy that blossoms for all!

The daisy that follows where'er our feet wander,
 From North-shore to South-shore, from East to the West
 The daisy—white blossom brides wear on pure bosom—
 The bud mothers lay on their wee ones to rest,
 The daisy, that flower is half and half-human,
 A mute, white evangel, earth-sent to recall
 Each sin-sullied man and each erring, sad woman
 To God, who so loveth us all!
 The true little daisy, the pure little daisy,
 The daisy that blossoms for all!

* * * * *

A noble Republic, hope, home of all peoples,
 Young, mighty, and brave as a lion at bay—
 America! nation whose holy libation
 Was hero-blood, martyr-blood!—lifting, to-day,

The Banner still red with the brave blood that won it,
 The tri-colored pennon of freedom's wide wall—
 This flower, as emblem, shall blossom upon it,
 The fairest and dearest of all—
 The little white daisy, the humble wild daisy,
 The daisy that blossoms for all!

Within her gold heart Truth and Justice are shining.
 Within her white petals Peace broods like a dove;
 From shore to shore reaching, threefold her roots' teaching—
 "Equality! Liberty! Brotherly Love!"
 As soars our own eagle in pride of strong pinion,
 This test of our emblem shall reign over all,
 Till Liberty lifts o'er a world-wide dominion,
 The one Flag that never shall fall!
 Her Flag and her Flower—*our National Flower,*
The Daisy that blossoms for all!

—Minnie Gilmore.

ST. LOUIS, September 20, 1890.

Dame Violet.

(DAMEWORT.)

A cruciferous plant of the genus *Hesperis* (*H. matronalis*), remarkable for fragrance, especially toward the close of day;—also called *rocket*.

"Early Violets blue and white
 Dying for their love of light."

—Edwin Arnold.

Vigilance—Watchfulness.

"Be sober and watch."—1 Pet., v, 8.

AS in the physical life, the infirm, by shielding their infirmities, prolong their lives for many years, even *outgrow* their weakness, and *outlive the strong and vigorous*, so in our moral nature, *the consciousness*

of weakness and the great effort made to overcome it, will strengthen and build up a robust character.

To understand ourselves, therefore, so as to be aware of our infirmities, and thus to guard against them *with constant watchfulness*, is, undoubtedly, the part of the highest wisdom.

Seneca, the ancient philosopher, said that, "We should *every night* ask ourselves, What infirmity have I mastered to-day? what passion opposed? what temptation resisted? what virtue acquired?" and then he follows with the profound truth that "*Our vices will abate of themselves, if they be brought every day to the shrift!*"

But, remember that, as many a noble ship has stranded *because of one defective timber*, when all the other parts were in excellent condition, *so thousands of men are destroyed by one vice or weakness*. So, then,

"Take your places, and be vigilant."

—Shakespeare.

The Dandelion.

"Thine the dandelion flowers,
Gilt with dew, like sun with showers."

—Clare.

This is a well-known plant of the genus *Leontodon*, with large yellow compound flowers.

Coquetry.

COQUETRY chiefly consists in making attempts to attract admiration, notice, or love, *with the design of deceiving*.

Hence, vain, trifling young people, who endeavor to attract admiration or love, *from a desire to gratify vanity*, are coquettes, to whom an earnest Christian author addresses the following reproof:

"Oh foolish and senseless people, think you to charm love in such a

manner as to be able to manage it at pleasure? You would play with it, but *it will sting and torment* you cruelly; and do you know that every one will mock and deride you for attempting to charm or tie down love, and on a false assurance to put into your bosom a dangerous serpent, which has spoiled and destroyed both your soul and your honor?

“Good God! what blindness is this, to play away thus at hazard, against such frivolous stakes, the principal power of our soul! Yes, my reader, for *God regards not man*, but for his soul; nor his soul, but for his will; nor his will, *but for his love*.

“Alas! we have not near so much love as we stand in need of: I mean to say that we fall infinitely short of having sufficient wherewith to love God; *and yet*, wretches as we are, *we lavish it away foolishly* on vain and frivolous things, as if we had some to spare. Ah! this great God, who has reserved to Himself the whole love of our souls, in acknowledgment of our creation, preservation, and redemption, will exact a strict account of all these *criminal deductions* we make from it, for if He will make so rigorous an examination into our idle words, how strictly will He not examine into our impertinent, foolish, and pernicious loves?”

Oh! there are some
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all
The warm soul's precious throbs;
To whom it is
A triumph, that a fond, devoted heart
Is breaking for them, who can *bear* to call
Young flowers into beauty, and then *crush* them.

—L. A. Landon.

Dead Leaves.

"After a season gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee."

—Montgomery.

Sadness.

SADNESS may be good or evil, according to its different effects.

"It is true," says St. Francis de Sales, "it produces *more evil* effects than good, for it has only two that are good, *compassion* and *repentance*; but it has six that are evil, viz.: anxiety, sloth, indignation, jealousy, envy, and impatience, which caused the wise man to say, *sadness kills many and there is no profit in it*,* because for two good streams which flow from the source of sadness, *there are six* very evil."

"The enemy," as St. Francis adds quite as truly, "makes use of sadness and temptation against the just; *for as he endeavors to make the wicked rejoice in their sins, so he strives to make the good grieve in their good works*; and as he cannot procure the commission of evil, but by making it appear agreeable, so he cannot divert us from good, but by making it appear disagreeable."

The prince of darkness is pleased with sadness and melancholy, because he is and will be sad and melancholy to all eternity; therefore, he desires that everyone should be like himself."

And if you, too, my reader, should at any time be seized with the evil of sadness, have at once recourse to prayer, because *prayer is a sovereign remedy*, lifting up the soul to God, our *only joy* and consolation!

Is any of you *sad*? Let him *pray*."—St. James, v, 13.

*Ecclus. xxx. 25.

Nay! why, dear heart, thus timidly shrinking,
 Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?
 Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
When they should only waft thee higher?

Upward—*upward* let them be waving,
 Lifting the soul toward her place of birth;
There are guerdons there, more worth thy having—
Far more than any these lures of the earth.

—Hoffmann.

Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.

A double-plumed herbaceous prickly plant of genus *Acanthus*.

Heroism.

“What makes a hero? An heroic mind,
 Expressed in action, in endurance proved,
 And if there be pre-eminence of right.”

—Henry Taylor.

THE world has its heroes in numbers without limit. But are they our great heroes? *Are these men who receive the world's honor, the truly brave?* “I hold with Burns, ‘a man's a man for a' that,’ and would like to prove to you,” says an intelligent writer, “what I so firmly believe, that *many of our greatest heroes are never known to the public*; those who for their principles, their God, or some dear one, have sacrificed fond ambitions and hopes and even their lives.”

Who, therefore, is *the greatest* of heroes? *He who knows how to overcome himself.* He, indeed, is a *great* hero; “he is greater than he who taketh a city.”

The boy who can endure the *haunting sneers* of his companions,

rather than cause his mother a heart-ache, is far more worthy of the title "hero," than many who, without flinching, can face the cannon's fire.

The man or woman, who day after day, and year after year, performs *faithfully and uncomplainingly* his or her life-work, is more to be honored, than many a king upon the throne of state.

He who can forget *self*, in *helping his fellow-creatures*, although he be ever so poor and lowly, is greater than the millionaire.

Indeed, the poet tells the truth, when he sings:

"Earth's *truest* and bravest heroes
 Fight with an *unseen* foe,
 And win a greater victory
 Than you or I can know.
 We little dream of the conflict
 Fought in each human soul,
 And *earth knows not* of her heroes
 Upon *God's* honor-roll."

—Anon.

Eglantine.

A species of rose (*Rosa rubiginosa*).

Poetry.

POETRY, says Coleridge, is the blossom and the fragrance of all knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language.

Poetry, therefore, may be a smile, a tear, a glory, as G. W. Prentice says, or a *longing* after the things of Eternity.

It lives in all created existences—in man, and in every object that surrounds him.

"A drainless shower
 Of light is Poetry; 'tis the supreme of power."

—Keats.

There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and the star.

It is the music of the universe.

The earth and the heavens are quickened by its thrill; and the heav-
ings of the great deep, *in tempest and in calm*, are but its secret and mys-
terious intonations.

The world is full of poetry,—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystalline,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonious too perfect and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

—James G. Percival.

Elm.

A tree of the genus *Ulmus*, of several species, much employed as a
shade tree, particularly in America.

“Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sate I by a goodly river’s side,
Where gliding streams the rock did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasure dignified.”

—Anne Badstreet.

Meditation.

MEDITATION, that is contemplative prayer, consists in dwelling upon the truths of religion, in order to awaken within our minds good resolutions.

Costly spices give out their aroma most freely when they are bruised in a mortar ; so the truths of religion have most influence upon the soul that ponders on them. One who meditates upon holy things is like a man striking fire with flint and steel ; he strikes the stony heart with the keen edge of the understanding until sparks fly out, that is, *good resolutions are elicited from the will*. By means of meditation we obtain many actual graces ; for as we receive light and warmth when we stand by a fire, so by meditation upon the truths of religion *the mind is enlightened, and the heart is inflamed with the love of justice*. It is a furnace wherein the fire of divine charity is kindled, a door whereby divine grace enters into the heart of man. A soul that practices meditation is like a cultivated field which produces abundant fruit, a well-watered garden in which flowers bloom luxuriantly. "*Happy is the man,*" says therefore the Scripture, "*who delights (meditates) in the law of the Lord. He shall be like a tree planted by the water-side, bearing excellent fruit, and whose foliage shall not wither.*"



The Old Elm Tree.

As
 I sat
 beneath
 an old elm
 tree the wind
 went whistling by.
 It bent its boughs
 and softly breathed the
 following with a sigh: "I
 have lived here for many a year
 and seen the summer come and
 go; the spring time with its flowers
 and rain, the autumn with its fruit and
 grain, the winter with its chilling blast
 when with snow and ice the clouds are over
 cast. In summer time beneath my shade
 have children often played; and oh, how oft,
 beneath my boughs have lovers renewed their
 plighted vows, and many a time the old and feeble
 have sought my shade to smoke their pipes or
 ply the needle, and thus it's been with smiles
 and tears I have watched them to come and
 go for three-score years, and many a tale
 I could tell of what in that time befell.
 But age is creeping o'er my
 head and I fear my
 roots
 are get-
 ting
 dead;
 and
 soon
 I'll w-
 ith-er
 and
 decay
 like
 those
 who sought
 my shade each day.

The Eucalyptus.

A genus of trees (of the Myrtle family) having many species, most of which are natives of Australia, where they attain great size and furnish good timber. They have full leathery leaves containing much volatile oil and remarkable for being placed upright so that both sides are equally exposed to the light. The Eucalypti are efficient deodorizers and powerful absorbents, and many regions, unhealthful from miasmal or malarial exhalations, or otherwise objectionable from unpleasant and unwholesome odors, have been rendered salubrious and safely habitable by a copious plantation of these precious trees. Unfortunately, they have not prospered in most parts of this country, where the common sunflowers offer a fairly satisfactory substitute for counteracting offensive and noisome effluvia.

“Grand Tree thou art, in ever stately bearing,
Thy leaves a healing with the nations sharing!”

—*M. E. Patterson.*

Lessening Misery.

THE wondrous chemistry of nature, by which the foul and noxious are transmitted into the fair and wholesome, through kind, mysterious agencies and processes, aptly reflects and illustrates the Infinite Wisdom and Beneficence of nature's Creator, who in many other ways draws good out of evil and turns gloom into light. . . . Be the noble Eucalyptus, even from its far off home, our mentor and our monitor. By scattering around those leaves of healing, *i. e.*, good books and journals; by breathing sage counsels into ears that else are likely to hear only wicked advice; by the bold and strenuous defense of all that really makes for the True, the Good, the Fair; and by the benign and potent means of exemplary lives, we may do much to counterbalance those malign influences which, like baleful

vapors from marshland or stagnant pool, constitute, in one form or another, —evil publications, vicious maxims, blatant blasphemies, unbridled license in living—the moral pestilence now ravaging our modern world.

We have it also in our power to diminish or mitigate the woe felt in other forms of human misery. By various kind tenders and good turns, designed as timely relief and solace for the needy and the troubled, we can disarm for these more than half the actual terrors, and well-nigh all the dark forebodings, of their lives. By our cheery word of encouragement and hopefulness, we can construct for the grieving and mourning a rainbow of promise across their pathway through this valley of tears.. Through our generous, sympathetic participation in the hardships of those laboring under any load of misfortune that would prompt to repinings and murmurings, we may convert a soul-pang into a pean of resigned thanksgiving, and change the dirge of a heart-burdened sigh into a joyous anthem of praise to God. Oh, the sweet effects of such kindness, that returns to bless the agent, after it has done its good work in others! Let us pray and *act* in behalf of the afflicted.

That graceful Periodical, *The Ave Maria*, furnishes the subjoined timely paragraph on this theme:

“May it not be a comfort to those of us who feel that we have not the mental or spiritual power which many others possess, to notice that the ‘living sacrifice,’ mentioned by St. Paul, is our ‘bodies’? Of course, that includes the mental power; but does it not also include the loving, sympathizing glance, the kind, encouraging work, the ready service to another, the work of our hands,—opportunities for all of which come oftener than for the mental power we are tempted to envy.”

Eupatorium.

The *Eupatorium elegans* is admitted to the greenhouse for its fragrant flowers, which are white; the *Eupatorium aromaticum*, *also admired for its odor*, has flowers of the same color, *which bloom in the fall*.—They are said to have been named for Mithridates the Great (also called *Eupator*, that is, of a noble father, or well born), king of Pontus, who, according to history, brought about a war with the Romans.

Delay.

“Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man’s pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom’s leisure;
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.”

—Robert Southwell.

THERE is surely no greater wisdom, says Lord Bacon, than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them: nay, *it is better to meet some dangers half-way*, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds that he will fall asleep.

On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low, and shown on their enemies’ back), and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on *by over early buckling towards them*, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must be very well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great and important actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; *first to*

watch and then to speed; for the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the council, and celerity in the execution.

Euphorbia Splendens.



On the wild rocky hills of Judea and in the immediate neighborhood of Jerusalem, this emblematic plant is found. It is a peculiar plant, thorny, with a few bright green leaves and an abundance of light rose blossoms.

The “*Crown of Thorns*” worn by the Savior is supposed to have been made out of this plant, and its thorny branches were frequently used for the chastisement of offenders. Indeed, some sacred *Historians* assert, that the *drink* given to our Savior before His death, was made from the juice of this plant.

Humiliation.

“Learn of Me, because I am meek and *humble* of heart.”

—*Jesus Christ.*

THERE are people who are ready to undergo pain, poverty and death itself, rather than bear the world’s contempt and humiliations.

Do you, perhaps, belong to that weak-minded class of Christians, also?

If you do, I would advise you in all earnest to look up, in spirit, to

Jesus, *the Man of Sorrows*, and consider what *He* had to undergo for our salvation.

King Herod, with his court, scorned Him; Pilate, the judge, condemned Him; Annas and Caiphas, both high-priests, reproved Him; the scribes and *Pharisees accused* Him; the soldiers took Him and bound Him; the tormentors whipped Him, *crowned Him*, and crucified Him; and all forsook Him.

Now, my dear reader, since Christ, our *Divine Lord*, has suffered so much for our sakes, why, then, should we not, *for His sake*, be willing to bear manfully and with truly Christian fortitude and resignation whatever of the world's contempt or ridicule God's fatherly Providence may permit to befall us!

“Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.”

—F. W. Faber.

Evergreen Clematis.

A genus of climbing plants, of many species.

Poverty and Toil.

TO be under the necessity of having to struggle with poverty and conquer it, is often of advantage for mortals.

“He who has battled,” says a certain author, “were it only with *poverty and hard toil*, will be found stronger and more expert than those who could stay at home from the battle, *concealed among the provision wagons*, or even rest unwatchfully abiding by the stuff.”

Scholars have found poverty tolerable, compared with the privation of intellectual food. Riches weigh much more heavily upon the mind.

Poverty, Horace tells us, drove him to poetry, and poetry introduced him to Varus, the Virgil, and Maecenas.

Obstacles are often great incentives.

It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures, rouses their energy and develops their character.

Burke said to himself: "I was not rocked and swaddled and dandled into a legislator. '*Nitor in adversum*,' i. e., '*I strive in opposition*' is the motto for a man like you."

Some men only require a great difficulty set in their way, to exhibit the force of their character and genius; and that difficulty once conquered, becomes one of the greatest incentives to their further progress.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;

A hardy frame, a hardier spirit.

King of two hands, he does his part

For every useful toil and art;

A heritage, it seems to me,

A king might wish to hold in fee.

—F. R. Lowell.

Everlasting.



A plant, whose flowers dry without losing their form or color.

Eternity.

“O’er life’s narrow verge
Look down—on what?
A fathomless abyss!
A dread Eternity!”

—*E. Young.*

SAINTE TERESA built a hermitage in her uncle’s garden, and sought to flee from every sound and sight; and when asked why she desired to dwell in solitude, answered the one word, “Eternity.”

I must live through all Eternity.

All that God has made is very beautiful, it is true; the sounds that fill the air, the sights that chain the eye, the affections that seize the heart, are sweet indeed; but they are passing, and the soul lives on forever!

You see the flash of the meteor, it is gone before you can say to your companion, “Look there!” A cloud-shadow darkens the plain, and it lies black, on the mountain beyond, ere you have done saying, “How sombre!” So pass the joys and sorrows of this life in the flesh!

Youth, full of hope and fire, is gone ere the heart knows what it hopes, or why it is warm. Manhood fades away ere the soul has set itself to begin the struggle of life; and old age freezes in death, while trying to lie down to a little repose. “The figure of this world,” all that appears to the eye, and ear, and touch, and taste, “passeth away,” swift as the north wind over the prairie—and eternal life *remains*.

You and I must live on in this same individuality that each of us calls I, forever and ever. All other thoughts are of little weight in comparison with this. We must live on, thinking, remembering, hating, loving, enjoying, or suffering, as eagerly as now, forever more.

Poets and artists grow enthusiastic over fame, and men speak of winning a place in history, as of something worth the labor of life; and lo! on the Day of Judgment all accounts will be made up, history will be closed, and shame and infamy, *in the sense in which we now use these terms*, will be buried and forgotten; yet *the Day of Judgment is but the opening of life*, the threshold of that house which is to be our home for aye, and that home will be of our own *choosing*, either in darkness or in light. *Which shall we choose? Which Eternity will you choose?* is the question which arrests thought at the outset of every reason-guided life. Put off answering it, and you simply put off the use of reason, but do not escape the responsibility. You cannot find the answer to it in sense, or feeling, or sentiment. I do not say that the world which seeks your heart and thoughts is not beautiful. *It is beautiful, but not beautiful enough for the soul.* Art, nature, pleasure, success in life, wealth, friendship, can charm the sense—*they cannot fill the soul.* “The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.”

The soul was not made to sit forever in the prison-house of mortal flesh, and look out upon the universe through the windows of sense. It is one day to be brought face to face with Truth and Goodness. “All is vanity,” not because there is evil in it, but because whatever there is of good and beautiful is not the kind for which the soul hungers. *It is figure; the soul wants substance. It is transient; the soul wants the enduring.* Let not this question of the soul wait longer for an answer. I ask this, not because God needs you, or the Church wants you, or society claims you, but, *because you need yourself.*

And, my dear reader, sailing on the sea of life, you and I meet here in these pages, for only a few moments, perhaps never to meet then again!

Oh, that *this warning cry* may now ring upon your ears, and echo back again on mine,—*to be heeded by both!*

On the Eternal Years.

BY REV. F. W. FABER.

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God and think
On the *eternal* years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it sometimes cheers,
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the *eternal* years.

Set hours and written rules are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the eternal years.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's word unto the ears,
But He will have thee rather brood
Upon the *eternal* years.

Full many things are good for souls,
In proper times and spheres:
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the *eternal* years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humble it is far for thee,
To face the *eternal* years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears,
Learn to be real from the thought
Of the *eternal* years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the eternal years.

The cross is quite enough for thee,
 Though little it appears;
 For there is hid in it the weight
 Of the *eternal* years.

And knowest thou not how bitterness
 An ailing spirit cheers?
 Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
 Of the *eternal* years.

*One cross can sanctify a soul;
 Late saints and ancient seers
 Were what they were, because they mused
 Upon the eternal years.*

*He practices all virtue well,
 Who his own cross reveres;
 And lives in the familiar thought
 Of the eternal years.*

Figmarigold.

A plant of several species, some of which are prized for the brilliancy and beauty of their flowers. The Marigold (ring-flower, gold-flower) is yellow; one kind is known as the Cowslip.

“The Marigold that goes to bed with the sun.”

Indolence—Sloth—Idleness.

“If I rest, I rust.”—*German Proverb.*

INDOLENCE is equally degrading to individuals and to nations. Sloth never made its mark in the world, and never will. Sloth never climbed a hill, nor overcame a difficulty that it could avoid. Indolence always failed in life, and always must. It is in the nature of things that it should

not succeed in anything. It is a burden, an incumbrance, and a nuisance—always useless, complaining, melancholy, and miserable.*

"Idleness," says Burton, "is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, *the chief mother of all mischief*. . . . the devil's cushion, his pillow and chief reposal. . . . An idle dog will be mangy; and how shall an idle person escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than that of the body; wit, without employment, is a disease—the rust of the soul, a plague, a hell itself. As in a standing pool, worms and filthy creepers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts in an idle person; the soul is contaminated. . . . Thus much I dare boldly say: he or she that is idle, be either of what condition you will, ever so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy—let each have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment—so long as he or she is idle, neither shall ever be pleased, ever well in body or mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, each wishing to be gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other."*

Sir Walter Scott, by his friends so much admired for his constant good humor, used to say (to them): "Dogged persistency at literary work (composition), I found an unfailing remedy against all discouragement." And we would say, especially to young persons inclined to melancholy:

"Ora et labora"—"Work and Pray."

"There is no remedy for time misspent:

No healing for the waste of idleness,

Whose very languor is a punishment

Heavier than active souls can feel or guess."

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Avoid that *Idleness*, also, which is "*busy*," indeed, but only with trifling, inane, and useless things.

*Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Flowering Reed.

One of a large family of plants, mostly aquatic plants.

Hope and Confidence in Heaven.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest:
The soul uneasy, and confined from *Home*,
Rests and expatiates in a *Life to Come!*"

—Pope.

WHEN the devil asked permission to persecute Job, God, wishing to show forth the faith of His servant, whilst forbidding the evil spirit to touch Job's life, gave the permission; and that holy man, who in *one day* lost his children and his goods, *seeing himself deserted and despised by his friends*, found courage, in reflecting on the dissolution of his body, to sing the glory of its resurrection. Whence came to him this *confidence*, in which he persevered, notwithstanding so many misfortunes? From Hope.

Yes; *Hope!* it is *it* that sustains life; *Hope* is the support of the exile, and the consolation of the poor.

"Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."

—Campbell.

Yet, does it not seem sometimes to *mislead* the confidence of man? When does it realize its promises? *Alas! where are they whom it has not seduced? Have we not ourselves been often disappointed in our expectations?*

"Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
 We are not where or what we long to be;
 But what and where we would be: thus art thou
 Our absent present, and our future now."

—Crashaw.

And so, in spite of the hardest trials, the Christian never ceases to hope, because his hope comes from God. It is thus, that its principal promises are realized only in Heaven.

"Dear Hope! earth's dowry and Heaven's debt,
 The entity of things that are not yet:
 Subtlest, but surest being."

—Crashaw.

It is therefore to *Heaven* that we should turn our eyes; it is *there* that we should, beforehand, contemplate *our crown*, and exult and leap for sheer joy and happiness at the very thought of the rest and bliss which *there* await us; for, in Heaven the sight of God alone will console us for *a whole life of adversity*.

"In God is our trust."

St. Paul had caught a glimpse of that spectacle, when he cried out: "Our present tribulation, which is but *momentary* and light, worketh for us above measure exceedingly *an eternal weight* of glory."—2 Cor., iv, 17.

"And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
 Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,—
 Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar:
 So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
 Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
 Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head."

—Keats.



For-get-me-not.

"A little modest flower,
To Friendship ever dear."

The Forget-me-not is a small herb, of the genus *Myosotis* (*M. palustris*), bearing a beautiful blue flower, and extensively considered the emblem of fidelity.

"When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one—
(All timidly it came—);
And standing at its Father's throne,
And gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tone:
'Dear God, the name Thou gavest me
Alas! I have forgot.'
Kindly the Father looked on it
And said: 'Forget-Me-Not!'"

—Anon.

True Friendship's Love.

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;—
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high."

—Holmes.

I SPEAK not here of that simple love of charity which we *must* have for all men; but of that spiritual friendship, by which two, three, or more souls communicate one to another their devotion and spiritual affections, and make themselves all but one spirit.

"Such happy souls," says St. Francis de Sales, "may justly sing: '*Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!*'"*

"For the delicious balm of devotion distils out of one heart into another, by so continual a participation," continues the saintly author, "that it may be said that God has poured out upon this friendship *His blessing and life everlasting*."

I consider all other friendships as but so many shadows in respect to this, and that their bonds are but chains of glass or jet, in comparison with this bond of holy devotion, which is more precious than gold."

Beautiful is the description which *St. Gregory Nazianzen* gives us of the incomparable friendship he had with the great *St. Basil*: "It seemed," says he, "that in us there was but one soul dwelling in two bodies; and if those are not to be believed, who say that all things are in all things, yet of us two you may believe, that we were both in each other; we had each of us one only pretension—to cultivate virtue, and to accommodate all the designs of our life to future hopes; going in this manner out of mortal earth before we died in it."

Of them it could be truly said, in a high and holy sense:

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Such was their friendship, and such ought to be ours!

Oh, there is nothing like a good friend! He that has found one, has found a treasure.

Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold and silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity.

"Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend, *fairest when seen
In darkest day*; and many sounds were sweet,

*Ps. cxxxii :1.

Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
 But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend:
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
 Some *I remember*, and will ne'er forget;
 My early friends, *friends of my evil day*;
 Friends in my mirth, *friends in my misery too*;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
 My counsellors, and comforters, and guides;
 My joy in bliss, my second bliss in joy;
 Companions of my young desires; *in doubt*,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
 Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
 Our burning words *that uttered all the soul*,
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire."

—Anon.

Foxglove.

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
 We two among them wading together,
 Shaking out honey, trading perfume."

—Jean Ingelow.

This plant, called, also, "purple finger-flower" (*digitalis purpurea*), is well adapted for the borders of walks and beds. The blossoms, which grow in a long spike, are many, and thimble-shaped, *with dots of a color differing from the flower in the interior*. The whole plant is a violent and dangerous poison when taken internally in any considerable quantity, producing delirium, convulsions and death.

Lying—Deceit.

“Stamps God’s own name upon a lie just made
To turn a penny in the way of trade.”

—Cowper.

BEWARE of the liar! The liar resembles the devil, for the devil is a liar and the father thereof.

The liar is displeasing to God. God is truth itself, and therefore He abhors the liar. Our Lord did not speak as sharply of any one as of the Pharisees. And why? Because they were hypocrites.

The liar forfeits the trust of his fellow-men.

A liar is not trusted when he speaks the truth; he is hated by God and man. Liars often do a great deal of harm.

The liar falls into many other sins. “Show me a liar and I will show you a thief.” Where you find hypocrisy, you find *cheating* and all manner of evil practices. A liar cannot possibly be God-fearing. The Holy Spirit will flee from the deceitful. All the piety and devotion of one whose words serve to conceal, not to express his thoughts, is a mere sham; do not, therefore, associate with such a one, lest he corrupt you with his ungodly ways. *Lying men are without honor!*—

“Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,
Utters another.”

—Anon.

Fraxinella.

A genus of plants, of several species, including the common ash-tree.

The Fire of Inordinate Passion.

TIS true, the thought of our heart is bent upon evil; or, as the Scripture says, "The imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth."

Or, whence are wars and contentions amongst us? Are they not hence? from our concupiscences, which war in our members?

But this our *inordinate concupiscence* should be *under* us and we should have dominion over it.

We should also *well* consider, that there is set before us, this day, life and good; and on the other hand, death and evil.

"Go not, therefore, after thy lusts," says the Wise Man, "but turn away from thine own will. If thou give to thy soul her desires, she will make thee a joy to thine enemies."

On the contrary, "Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, *not in contention and envy*; but put ye on the Lord *Jesus*, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences."—*St. Paul to the Romans*, xiii, 13-14..

Fire is good, but it must *serve*;
 Keep it thrall'd,—for if it swerve
 Into freedom's open path,
 What shall check its maniac wrath?
 Where's the tongue that can proclaim
 The fearful work of curbless flame?
 Listen, youth! nor scorn, nor frown,
Thou must chain thy passions down,
 Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire they must obey.

—*Anon.*

French Honeysuckle.

One of several species of flowering plants, much admired for their *beauty*, and some for their fragrance. (*Lonicera*,—Woodbine; False Honeysuckle, *Azalea*; French Honeysuckle, *Hedysarum Coronium*).

Around in silent grandeur stood
The stately children of the wood;
Maple and elm and towering pine
Mantled in folds of dark Woodbine.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

Love for Rural Beauty.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields:
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven:
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

—*Beattie.*

IF you are a parent, teach your children to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning to view the beautiful sunrise.

We are *prone* to make our lives too commonplace and monotonous, and to plod, as a modern writer expresses it, in a matter-of-fact-way, forgetting that there is anything higher than our every day tasks.

In this condition we only half live; our eyes are not lifted from the

dead level of mere existence, and our hearts are strangers to the refined enjoyments which might be ours.

“Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.”

—Cowper.

Cherish, therefore, a love for the beautiful; for often our spirits are so vexed with the cares and perplexities of life, that we *need* something to raise our mind above anxiety, and cause us to forget ourselves.

“God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small;
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

Then *wherefore, wherefore* were they made,
All decked in rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night?

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene’er his faith is dim
For, Who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.”

—Anon.



Fuchsias.

A genus of flowering plants, named in honor of Leonard *Fuchs*, a German botanist. *F. coccinia* is one of the most elegant of deciduous greenhouse shrubs; the young wood and leaves are tinged

with purplish red; the blossom is pendant. There are many beautiful varieties.

Taste—Domestic Tastes.

LET me tell you, by way of one or two instances, what taste is? No sooner have you passed the doorstep of *your friend's house*, than, without *prying*, you can detect whether or not taste presides therein. There is an air of *neatness, order, arrangement, grace, and refinement*, that gives a thrill of pleasure, though you can not define it or explain how it is. There are flower-pots placed to the light, or pictures hang against the walls, which mark *a home of taste*. A bird sings at the window, books lie around in convenient order and place, and the furniture, though not costly, is tidy, suitable, and may be even elegant.

Look into *another house*, and, perforce, you will see profusion enough, without judgment, ingenuity, or order. The expenditure has evidently been larger, and yet you do not feel "at home" there. The atmosphere seems to be full of discomfort. Books, hats, shawls, etc., are strewn about. Two or three chairs are loaded with various objects. The rooms are awkwardly arranged, at the best. Taste is wanting there.

What, then, is *taste* but those eternal powers,
 Active and strong, and feeling alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross
 In species? This, nor gems, nor store of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow,
 But *God alone*, when first His sacred hand
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

—*Akenside.*

Now, to subjoin a few words of encouragement and useful direction, let me tell you also:

The humblest cabin, the most unpretending home, may without any considerable outlay, exhibit evidences of good taste. To this, first of all, let a little daily industry be exercised in attending to the neatness both of what is within and what is outside of the house.

Then, some studious care should be taken as to the general effect produced by skillfully assorting and placing household objects,—judiciously varying at times their position. The esthetic tastes of others in their domestic arrangements, may be profitably noted and partly imitated.

Further, painting, or calcining, or papering, should not be spared, when obviously needed. Timely repairs should be made, which will save much expense later. Thrift and economy will enable the manager of every home to have the interior and exterior of the house present a trim appearance—with greensward and flower-bed to adorn the possible surroundings.

All this will gladden the eye of every one and be an object-lesson to children, in their training for an orderly future.

Gardenia.

A genus of plants, some species of which produce *beautiful and fragrant* flowers;—so called in honor of *Dr. Garden*.

Refinement.

WHAT is refinement? It is that shrinking from all that is coarse, gross, sensual, or connected with any form of vice or meanness. Finery, so often confounded with refinement, is the exaggeration of this quality, becoming weak, sentimental, fastidious, and ridiculous.

As soon as *self* comes in, refinement becomes finery. In fact, *refinement is the outcome of purity of heart*, showing itself in all our words and deeds, *in appropriate actions and in refraining*, and becoming a law unto itself, as to what the innate spirit of delicacy can accept or reject.

Self-indulgence and coarseness are disastrously ruinous to Refinement.

A woman, for instance, without refinement is an odious, unsexed creature. She will live in a horrible state of slovenliness, because she will not exert herself.

Refinement is that which makes life more noble, most spiritual, farthest removed from the animal; *and is it not* this which makes life most comfortable?

Garden Chervil.

A plant of the genus *Chaerophyllum*. Its name is derived from the Greek *Chairein* (χαίρειν), to rejoice, and *Phyllon* (φύλλον), leaf.

Sincerity.

"This, above all—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

SINCERITY is the true and perfect mirror of the mind. *It reflects the honest thought.* It is the foundation of character, and without that there is no moral grandeur.

Sacred are the lips from which have issued only truths.

Happy the man who neither paints nor patches, veils nor veneers.

Blessed is he who wears no mask.

Blessed is he on whose lips is not found iniquity, and happy the man who speaks right things; he shall be loved.

"Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear."

—George Eliot.

Geraniums.

A genus of plants having a beak-like torus, or receptacle, around which the seed-capsules are arranged, and membranous projections, or stipules, at the joints. Most of the species have showy flowers and a pungent odor.

Depression.

WITH regard to a certain form of depression which makes the heart feel sorely and heavily cast down, there are two rules which it seems to me important to observe.

The *first* is, to use whatever means God has placed within our reach to remedy the depression; not over-working the mind by burdens disproportioned to its strength; managing conscientiously the health of both body and soul; reserving always sufficient time for prayer, for reading, and also for cheering conversation with others,—that so we may refresh both mind and body in due proportion to their needs.

And, the *second*, “if our hearts are overburdened by some trouble which involves no secret entrusted to any one else, it is well,” says a Christian author, “to find a discreet and safe person to whom we can confide the whole matter;” for this greatly relieves and lightens the oppressed heart.

Often, hidden troubles swell the heart almost to bursting; whereas, if they can but have vent, it will be seen that they were not worthy of producing half the bitterness they have been causing us.

“For nothing,” says an experienced spiritual writer, “frees the soul more speedily from a certain darkness and gloom than the simplicity of making known our trouble, *in all humility, and at the expense of our own pride*; seeking for that help and consolation which should be afforded in the fellowship which God’s children have one with another.”

Where True Peace is Found.

Turn to God *when all else fails* you
In this vale of tears called Life;
He will comfort, He will cheer you,
When you're weary of its strife.

Drawing nearer to your Savior,
Show to *Him* your wounded heart,
Torn with anguish, care, and sorrow,
Bleeding yet from cruel dart.

Or, before the altar kneeling,
In some shadowy twilight gray,
While the air is hushed to silence,
At the closing of the day;—

Kneeling in the blessed stillness,
While the heart holds commune sweet
With the hidden God, the Savior,
In that hallowed, calm retreat.

Lo! His grace from Heaven descending,—
Floating on the mystic air,—
From the Godhead's throne of mercy,
Fitting answer to your prayer.

—Anon.



Green Ears.

The spike or head of a plant of Indian corn
or other grain, containing the kernels.

Usefulness.

THE "Green Ear" suggests the idea of *Usefulness*.

Seat yourself, for instance, on a grassy bank of early summer—say, with a field of wheat before you, with, perhaps, an adjoining one of barley.

All around you there are sure to be patches of wild-flowers;—pimpernal, and vetch, and speedwell, and blue-eyed forget-me-nots.

And in the very midst of the green corn, and in lovely contrast with its own verdure, are bright scarlet and crimson poppies—*Nature in her bridal dress*—the ruby blending with the emerald on her delicate finger; while not far distant, there is a background of gorse and broom, as if golden bracelets and necklaces and pendants, to complete her festal attire; butterflies, winged with purple and gold, wandering at will among colors bright as their own. *But what is the value of these?* Certainly, they are not useless; *nothing is so in God's great and glorious world.* Not a few of them are set there for their wealth of beauty; others are loading the summer air with their perfumes, like censers, swinging and scattering their odors all around. But they do not, mainly or significantly, suggest the lesson of *utility* which the *green corn* does.

The posies of wild-flowers and their winged visitors supply luscious thoughts of their own; *but the Green Ears are the indispensable and beneficent servants of the human family.* They are growing into what is required to meet the urgent necessities of our physical natures—"bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

My dear reader, seek, as "Green Ears," to be useful—to *do something for God, and for the benefit of those around you.* Try to stir some little ripples of *kindliness and sympathy* among the groups thronging through the vast fields that stretch before you. You are destined and designed not for ornament and show, but to do good to all as you may have opportunity of doing.

God's commending word at last is, "*Well done!*"—and it is to "the good and faithful *servant*" that it is to be addressed.

Patience.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

—Longfellow.

EMBLEMATICALLY, "Green Ears" is suggestive, also, of *Patience*. The Green Ear is not a mushroom,—or, like Jonas' gourd,—springing up in a night. If so, it would perish in a night.

All God's best, noblest works are slow and gradual.

The same, indeed, is the case with the highest works and triumphs of man, whether in literature or art, science or philosophy. Perhaps, the greatest painter that ever lived (Leonardo da Vinci) was the slowest and most laborious. He took sixteen years to complete his "Last Supper."

No lesson is, perhaps, more needed for some, especially *young* people, than quiet Patience and resolute endurance.

"With Patience bear the lot to thee assigned;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,—
For, know what man calls 'fortune,' is from God!"

—Rowe.

"In *patience* possess ye your souls."

Make up, then, your minds for the possibility, nay, the certainty of toil and drudgery and difficulty. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, patiently bearing till he receive the early and the latter rain."* How many there are who measure life and character by rapid success!—forgetting that character is *built* up; principle is *slowly* moulded, fostered, developed. Gradually you must live down bad habits;—*gradually* you must ripen in vigor of purpose.

"*First* the blade, *then* the ear, *afterwards* the full corn in the ear."
—St. Mark, iv, 28.

The Divine method and sequence is—"Out of weakness, made

*St. James, v: 7.

strong." And just as the Green Ear and stalk extract nutriment from *the chemical substances* of the earth, and by the gracious influences of rain and dew and sunshine, assimilate them, as we say; so it is for you to take all that is good and lovely—virtuous and beautiful—pure and truthful—around you, and work them, *weaving* them as golden tissues into your being. Such is the existence that will be *the useful and noble one* in the world:—such the "green"—the ever-green "life hid with Christ in God."

"Patience hath a perfect work."—St. James, i, 4.

Be Patient and Be Strong.

Be strong to-day; the world needs men
Of nerve and muscle, heart and brain,
To war for truth and conquer wrong.
The fight is on; the foes combine;
The order passes down the line:
"Quit you like men; be strong."

Be strong; the world has also need
Of feet to ache and hearts to bleed,
Burdens there are to bear along;
But, though the end we may not see,
'Tis not the meanest destiny
To bear and to be strong.

Be strong, *but not in self*. Go whence
The breathing of Omnipotence
Shall sweep the nerve-strings full and long;
And from their impulse shall arise
Those deep celestial harmonies
That comfort and make strong.

And *Patience*, too, must come to rest
Within thy striving, throbbing breast
That thinks to-morrow all too long—
Thus filling out in breadth and length
The perfect character—for strength
Unbridled is not strong.

Yes, right must win, since God is just;
Our hardest lesson is to trust,
 But His great plan still moves along.
To-day is but the chrysalis
That holds to-morrow; feeling this,
 Be patient and be strong!

Each has his mission. *If it be*
My lot to toil but not to see
 The fruits which to my toil belong,
I know One Whose all-seeing eye
My humblest task shall glorify.
And He shall make me strong!

—Walter Taylor Field.

Golden Rod.

“Then like a gleam of sunshine we behold the smile and nod
Of nature’s wandering gypsy-flower—the merry *Goldenrod*.”
—Alice Jean Cleator.

A tall herb common in the *United States*, bearing graceful heads of yellow flowers. The name is common to plants of the genus *Solidago*. The Golden Rod, as well as the Daisy and Mayflower, has been proposed for adoption as our “National Flower.”

“Still the Golden Rod of the roadside clod,
Is of all the best.”

—S. T. Clark.

Precaution.

“Be wise and circumspect.”

—Shakespeare.

OUR Savior Himself has put into our *daily prayer* the petition, "*Lead us not into temptation,*" and this has saved millions from daily ruin. We are every moment exposed to sin.

The world, the devil, and our own concupiscence, conspire for our destruction.

The *world* tempts us by its evil example and its false maxims ;

The *devil* assails us by impressing our senses and imaginations with images that suggest evil thoughts and bad desires ;

And *concupiscence*—that is to say, the inclination to evil, which is born with us, and follows us everywhere like a *domestic enemy* prompting us to sin—this enemy prevails on us to destroy our own soul and furnishes arms to the world and the devil to help in its destruction.

Temptation is *not* a sin.

The sin is *in yielding to it*, or in taking pleasure in its contemplation.

To resist temptation is a merit.

The crowns of many saints consist of these merits.

As there are countless temptations, so there are countless merits for those who strive.

If anyone has a besetting sin, how must he choose as between it and the loss of his soul ? The answer is plain. Your *choice now is for better or worse !* Resist sin *at once and continually*. It is the only safe plan, for every day *increases* the strength of an evil *habit*.

God, who will not permit us to be tempted above our strength, will ever vouchsafe aid to a sincere and *determined* will, and thus victory is secured over any temptation that may assail us, and even the most inveterate evil habit may thereby be broken.

Yet, go not rashly or wilfully into the *occasion of sins* "Let him that thinketh himself to *stand*, take heed lest he *fall*."—(1. Cor., x.)

And, "Watch ye and pray that ye enter not into temptation."—(St. Matth. xxvi, 4-1.)

WATCH, so as not to be surprised by the onslaughts of any tempters;
PRAY, so as to obtain strength from God to overcome them in valiant
combat.

“Be PRUDENT, therefore, and WATCH in PRAYERS.”—(1. Peter,
iv., 7.)

“*Beware*,” too, says a poet.

*“Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire;
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joy to death.”*

—Young.

“All that glistens is not gold.”

—Shakespeare.

Guelder Rose.

A species of *Viburnum* (*V. opulus*), bearing large bunches of white
flowers,—called also *snowball-tree*:—a native of Gelderland, a province of
the Netherlands, whence its name.

Old Age.

“Nor love thy life; nor hate, but what thou liv’st,
Live *well*, how long or short, permit to Heaven.”

—Milton.

AS youth has its pleasures, so old age has its recollections.

A French moralist has said that the paradise of youth is old age,
and that the paradise of old age is youth.

While we are young, the paradise of age comes slowly; but as years

flow on, birthdays come quicker and quicker. Then we look back at the paradise of youth, and cherish recollections of it.

Happy, then, is the man who *can* look back *with pleasure* upon the memory of *good* deeds and words.

The evening hours of a good man's life may even be *the most beautiful*, as the *finest leaves* of the flower are the last to disclose themselves.

While the flowers and leaves wither, the fruit grows.

While the body appears to decay, the mind ripens; while the body grows older, the spirit increases in perfection.

“Age is opportunity no less
Than Youth itself, tho' in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.”

—Longfellow.

The just man, therefore, need not say as if discouraged: “I am getting old and nobody cares for me.” On the contrary, people shall rise up before his hoary head, as the Scripture says, and honor his person, because *with him is wisdom and strength*. He has *counsel* and *understanding*, and his age is a *crown of dignity* he has found in the ways of justice.

The fruits of a well-spent life
Bring contentment and peace in old age—
Faithful to thy trust, duties well performed
Keep away the rust and drive back the storm.

—Anon.

Hawthorn.

"Gentle Hawthorn, thrive,
And, forever alive,
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
Unspoiled by the axe of Time."

—Ronsard.

This is a shrub or tree, having deeply-lobed shining leaves, small, rose-like, *fragrant flowers*, and a *fruit* called *haw*.

Hope and Confidence.

WHAT a very sensible and religious old man once wrote to a young student, who seemed to him inclined to take trifles as well as sorrows too much to heart, was doubtless good advice: "Go forward *with hope and confidence*. This is the advice given thee by an old man, who has had a full share of the burden and heat of life's day. We must *ever stand upright, happen what may*, and for this end we must *cheerfully* resign ourselves to the varied influences of this many-colored life. You may call this levity, and you are partly right—for flowers and colors are but trifles light as air—but such levity is a constituent portion of our human nature, without which it would sink under the weight of time. While on earth we must still play—as it were—with earth, and *with that which blooms and fades* upon its breast. The consciousness of this mortal life being *but the way to a higher goal* by no means precludes our *playing* with it *cheerfully*; and, indeed, we must do so, otherwise our energy in action will entirely fail."

Once on a time, from scenes of light,
 An angel winged his airy flight;
 Down to this earth, in haste he came,
 And wrote, in lines of living flame,
 These words on everything he met:
 "Cheer up, be not discouraged yet."

—John S. Adams.

Heath.

How oft, through grass and moss are seen
 Tanned bright for want of showers,
 Still keeps the ling* its darksome green,
 Thick set with little flowers.

Heath is a plant of the genus *Erica* (*E. Vulgaris*), bearing beautiful flowers. Its leaves are small, and continue green all the year;—also called *ling*,—common Heath.

Solitude.

ENTIRE *constant* solitude is a state which few are able to bear—which few should seek.

A man in solitude, whom sloth often warps, or whose conversation, directly or indirectly, is not always with God and His holy angels, is *his own most dangerous tempter and worst enemy*.

Aristotle, having defined man a social creature, or one born for society, added, that he who lives alone must be either a god or a beast. *But that philosopher was unacquainted with the happiness of religious contemplation.* The ancient Christian proverb is more exact, that *he who lives always alone is either an angel or a devil.*

*Heath.

This state, therefore, is not without snares and dangers; nor does a hermitage necessarily make a saint.

But when a person, by an extraordinary impulse or call—not through melancholy or misanthropy—embraces solitude with fervor, and strenuously applies himself to all the exercises of holy retirement, such a one, being disengaged *in his affections* from all earthly ties, *exchanges* the society of a vain and sinful world for that of God *and holy spirits*, and the contagious commerce of *foolish toys* for the uninterrupted glorious occupations of the angels, *and has certainly attained* the highest degree of happiness under Heaven.

Lacordaire, speaking of solitude, observes: "Solitude draws us together as much as a crowd separates us. This is why there is so little real intimacy in the world; whereas *men who are accustomed to live in solitude, dig their affections deep*. I have never lived with people of the world, and it is with difficulty that I can put any faith in those who live in a sea where one wave presses against another, without any of them acquiring consistency. The best of men are losers by this continual friction, which, while it rubs off the asperities of the soul, at the same time destroys its power of forming any strong attachment. I believe *solitude is as necessary to friendship* as it is to *sanctity*, to *genius* as to *virtue*."

It may be well to add, that one's fleeing to solitude, or electing to abide therein, should not be an *eccentricity*; nor should glum brooding or stolid listlessness characterize our solitary moments; but some becoming exercise, light or heavy, mental or physical, instructive or amusing, should then, as always, engage our waking hours. Otherwise, *Vae soli!*

And, again, woe unto him that is never alone, and cannot bear to be alone.

Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life.

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
 Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise:
 The morning's second mansion, *truth's first friend,*
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
 Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
 For injuries received, nor dost fear
 The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of change,
 Nor none of falsehood's savory lies dost hear;
 Nor know'st hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
 Nor its sad cure—*dear-bought* experience!

—Anon.

Helianthus.



The "*Sun-Flower*," so called from the form and color of its flower, which is a large disk with yellow rays, or *from its habit of turning to the sun.*

Let the Rose boast of her fragrance, the soft gales perfuming,

The tulip unfold all her fair hues to me:
 Yet, while sweet be their perfume, their rainbow dyes blooming,

I turn, noble *Sun-Flower*, with more love to thee.

—Anon.

"With zealous step he climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the Orb of Day."

—*Darwin.*

"Eagle of Flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays;—
Tho' fixed on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thy element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven!"

—*Montgomery.*

Good Intentions.

AS long as thou livest," says a pious author, "thou art subject to change, even against thy will, so as to be sometimes joyful, at other times sad; now easy, now troubled; at one period devout, at another, dry; one while fervent, anon sluggish; this day, heavy—the next, lighter.

But he that is wise, and well-instructed in *spirit*, stands above all these changes; *not* minding what he feels in himself, nor on what side the wind of mutability blows; *but that the whole bent of his soul may advance towards its due and wished-for end.*

For so he may continue one and the self-same *without being shaken by directing*, without ceasing, through all this variety of events, *the single eye of his intention towards God.*

By how much more pure *the eye of the intention* is, with so much greater constancy mayst thou pass through these diverse storms of human life."—

"If thine eye be simple, thy whole body will be lightsome."—St. Matth., vi, 22.

Take Christ Himself for your sublime model,—Christ, who never

shrank, like us poor mortals, from the scrutiny of His Father's eye, but always loved to center upon Himself the searching glance of Heaven.

A poet sings so truthfully :

"Real faith is like the *sun's* fair flower,
Which 'midst the clouds that shroud it, and the winds
That wave it to and fro, and all the change
Of air, and earth, and sky, does rear its head,
And looketh up, *still steadfast*, to its God."

—*Anon.*

"Much is little everywhere
If God the labor do not share;
So work with God, and nothing's lost;
Who works with Him does best and most!
Work on, work on!"

—*Anon.*

Heliotrope.

A very fragrant plant of the genus *Heliotropium*, called also *turnsole*, or *girasole*. The most frequent species is *H. peruvianum*.

"But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her golden leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamored bosom to his ray."

—*Thomson.*

Obedience to Divine Inspirations.

"Though man sits still and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moments unemployed,
To bless him, if he can."

—*Young.*

Nearly all the plants with yellow flowers turn themselves always towards the sun, and *follow* his course. But the Heliotrope turns *not only its flowers, but even all its leaves*, according to the course of this great luminary. In like manner, says the amiable St. Francis de Sales, all the elect turn the flowers of their hearts, which is *obedience to the Commandments*, towards the Divine will. But souls that are greatly possessed by holy love do *not only* keep their gaze fixed on the Divine goodness by obedience to the commandments, *but also by the union of all their affections, following the course of this Divine sun in all that He commands, counsels, or inspires*, without any reserve or exception whatsoever.

Religious Life.

Religious, *devout* life has *untold power*. Like the forces of nature, it is often hidden and obscure, but it holds and stirs the world. Men may refuse to listen to wise counsels and good advice; they are not able to evade the argument of a blameless and holy life.

"The aroma of it," says a truthful author, "fills all the atmosphere; its doctrine distils like the gentle dew, or like the small rain on the mown grass, its lines go out through all the earth, *its words to the end of the world*; there is no speech or language where its voice is not heard."

And your own religious life, my dear friend, *to be of any worth at all*, must be such a life!

Profession is well, but it is *only the gateway* to life—*only the sign* of the *inward* substance.

The Gospel was proclaimed to render, indeed, *possible to you* a devout life.

And you will be a *power among men*, not in proportion to your knowledge, or your natural endowments, but *in proportion to the real sanctity and fullness* of your religious life.

"Keep the world e'er outside thee;
 And be thy heart within
 Sacred to God and Duty,
 Unstained by thought of sin;
*Who are the most successful,
 They who do noisiest deeds?*
*Nay, he who self has conquered,
 And Christ's pure Gospel heeds."*

—Oswald Keatinge.

Hellebore.

An acrid and poisonous plant.

Calumny—Detraction.

"If slander be a snake, it is a winged one—it flies as well as creeps."

—Douglas Jerrold.

In Calumny, *Truth*, as well as charity and justice, is flagrantly violated; in Detraction, *charity and justice* are, indeed, grievously wounded, but truth is intact—save where there are *exaggerations*. Both forms of such evil speaking, in their *various* grades, are satanically mischievous and malicious. Either or any species of defaming others, may come, generally and *effectively* under the common appellation of Detraction.

Woe to detractors! St. Paul declares that *they shall not inherit the kingdom of God*.*

In effect, the detractor is a thief, who steals from the neighbor a good *more precious* than anything that can be a matter of *ordinary* theft.

*2 Cor., vi.

for, in the judgment of God Himself, *a good name is better than great riches*.—Prov., xxii.

St. Bernard, who compares the detractor to a *viper*, tells us that with a stroke of his tongue he kills three persons. He gives death to himself by sin. He gives death to him whom he detracts, either because he robs him of his character, which is his civil life, or by the hatred which he raises in his heart, and which deprives him of the spiritual life of his soul. Finally, he gives death to those in whose presence he detracts, by the part which they usually take in the detraction—whether at the time it is spoken or *later on!*

Ah! with how much reason does the Holy Ghost forbid us to keep company with detractors, when He says: “My son, *fear the Lord*, and the king; *and have nothing to do with detractors!*”—Prov. xxiv., 21.

“Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.”

—*Anon.*

Possidius, Bishop of Calama, in ancient Numidia (Algeria), and disciple of St. Augustine, relates that the holy Doctor was wont to warn every one, without distinction of person, who should be guilty of Detraction in his presence; and upon their persisting, he would even turn away and withdraw into his chamber.

Furthermore, to caution his guests and ordinary companions to refrain from detracting while at table, he had the following distich inscribed in a conspicuous place of his refectory:

*“Quisquis amat dictis absentum rodere vitam,
Hanc mensam indignam noverit esse sibi.”*

That is,

This board allows no vile detractor place,
Whose tongue shall charge the absent with disgrace.

It will be noted that the Latin *rodere vitam* suggests the English chillingly realistic term—*back-biting*.

Dear Reader, number, if you can, all the benefits—*both* spiritual and temporal—you may derive, by abstaining from Detraction, under each of its forms, whether coarse or subtle.

Hemlock.

An umbelliferous plant of the genus *Conium*, the most common species of which is *C. maculatum*.* It has active properties which frequently render it poisonous, but it is employed in medicine for its narcotic qualities.

Slander, Taking the Form of Wit.

Slander *that takes the form of wit* is more cruel than all others; for, as Hemlock is not in itself a very speedy poison, but rather slow, and one for which it is easy to find a remedy, but, when taken with wine, it is beyond all remedy; so slander, which of itself would go in at one ear and out at the other, fixes itself firmly in the minds of the listeners, when it is presented to them through some keen and sprightly saying. “They have,” to use the words of St. Francis de Sales, “the poison of asps upon their lips. The asp gives an almost imperceptible sting, and the poison produces a pleasing irritation which causes the heart to open and receive the venom, against which there is no longer any remedy.”

*The potion of hemlock administered to Socrates and others is thought to have been a decoction of *Cicuta virosa*, or water hemlock.



Holly.

A tree or shrub of the genus *Ilex*. The European species (*I. aquifolium*) is best known, having glossy green leaves, with a spiny, waved edge, and bearing berries that turn red or yellow about Michaelmas.

The *holly* is much used to adorn churches and houses at Christmas time, and hence is associated with scenes of *good-will* and rejoicing. It is an *evergreen* tree, and has a *fine-grained, heavy, white* wood. The American holly is the *I. opaca*, and is found along the coast of the United States from Maine southward.

Strength of Character.

Character is a great word—one of the greatest. Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to *live, as well as to think*.

Character is really the governing element in life, and is above genius.

“Character,” says Emerson, “is the habit of action from the permanent vision of truth. It carries a superiority to all the accidents of life. It compels right relation to every other man—domesticates itself with strangers and enemies.”

“Character,” says another, “is the result of two great forces: the initial force which the *Creator* gave it when He called man into being, and, also, the force of *all the influence and culture* that mould and modify the development of a life.”

A great character is *not* a man of *iron*, but of *live oak*.

Character is a thing that will take care of itself; and all character that does not take care of itself is either very weak or utterly fictitious.

A good man’s great, strong, noble character, shining in its righteous

eminence and irradiating a beneficent grace, implies the divine element and the celestial future of mankind. *Character is always known*; it gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.

Honesty.

A flowering herb of the genus *Lunaria* (*L. Rediviva*).

Honesty and Truth.

“Honesty is the best policy,”

though our motive for practising Honesty should be far higher than the temporal advantage which an honest course shall bring us.

“The *honest* man, though e’er so poor,
Is king o’ men for a’ that.”

—Burns.

TRUTH and honesty show themselves in various ways. They characterize the men of just dealing, the faithful men of business, the men *who will not deceive you* to their own advantage.

Honesty is the plainest and humblest manifestation of the principle of truth. Full measures, just weights, true samples, full service, strict fulfilment of engagements, are all indispensable to men of character.

Truthfulness, truth alone, I grant, may not constitute a great man, *but it is the most important element of a great character.*

It gives security to those who employ him, and confidence to those who serve under him.

“Unforced with punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were *simple*, and his soul *sincere*.”

—Dryden.

Truth is *the essence* of principle, integrity, and independence.
It is, undoubtedly, *the primary need* of every man.

“Who is the honest man?

He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself, most TRUE;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their DUE.

—Herbert.

Houstonia.

A little blue flower, very common in the New England States.

Content.

“Contentment opens the source of every joy.”

—Beattie.

ALL the different states of life have their inconveniences and troubles. Hence, the many complaints of those who, in their respective states of life, are never content, either with God, or with themselves. And, indeed, all such persons remind me of one who, on the stage of a theatre, having to personate a peasant, or a beggar, begins to murmur against the manager and to say: “Why have I been selected for this mean part? See that other actor decked out with crown and sceptre, and clad in purple and gold, while I must put on a ragged coat, and an old battered hat. He is almost always on the stage, and attracts every one’s attention, but I am not allowed to appear more than once or twice. Is he any better than I? Have we not made the same studies in the same school? Why can not I, then, represent a king as well as he?” What would you think of such complaints, my dear reader? Would they show good sense? “*What!* the

manager would say, "*do you want to upset the whole piece?* What have you to complain of? *You must act the part that is given to you*, and if you do it well, the audience will praise you as much as the others, *and more, too, if the others do not perform their parts as they ought.* If you are not satisfied, *you must leave the stage and not have anything to do with the piece.*"

My dear reader, what I have just represented to you under a bit of allegory, really occurs amongst us mortals every day, *on the great stage of life.* The characters are distributed by God, with as many differences and distinctions as there are diverse states in life. The Lord has done all according to the rules of art; "*He hath done all things well.*" But it is a great mistake of our corrupt nature, that we fail to discern and refuse to acknowledge the act of Divine Providence.

Each of us, to be truly and practically *wise*, must shut out all selfish fretting at our lot, and ever aim at tranquil resignation under the benign disposings and permissions of our Heavenly Father. Thus, too, each may prove himself to be, as he of whom Wordsworth sings:

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."

The example of our Divine Lord, and of His Blessed Mother, and of His many saints, will, with the grace of the Holy spirit, lead us to contentment even in a state of the greatest want. On our part, we should make strong endeavors to be content; or, at the very least, to cease, once for all, with whining or croaking!

Be satisfied, then, with your state of life and make no more complaints! Say with the Royal Prophet: "*Thou hast made all things in wisdom.*"* Thou arranges everything for the general good of all men, and so it is for us to be satisfied with the state in which Thou hast placed

*Ps. ciii :24.

us, to do our duty to Thy honor and glory, to fulfill Thy holy will, and to be always pleased and contented with Thy all-wise decrees.

Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in *Content*,
Than to be perched up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

“Our Content
Is our best having.”

—*Shakespeare.*

Hyacinth.

“The rains are gone, the storms are o’er,
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come, then, thou sweetly blossoming flower,
Come, lovely stranger, come away.”

—*Anon.*

This is a bulbous plant of the genus *Hyacinthus*, bearing beautiful spikes of fragrant flowers.

Symphthy.

“It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.”

—*Sir W. Scott.*

“Weep with them that weep!”

—*St. Paul.*

SYMPATHY is founded on love. It is but another word for disinterestedness and affection. *We assume another's state of mind*; we go out of self and, as it were, inhabit another's personality. We sympathize with him; we help him; we relieve him. *There can be no love without sympathy; there can be no friendship without sympathy.* Like mercy, sympathy and benevolence are twice blessed, blessing both giver and receiver. While they bring forth an abundant fruit of happiness in the heart of the giver, they grow up into kindness and benevolence in the heart of the receiver.

"We often do more good," says a distinguished author, "by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service *by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit* than we could ever render by the straining efforts of *personal* ambition.

A man may lose position, wealth, and even health, and yet live on in comfort, if resigned to bear physical pain and privation; but there is one thing *without which* life becomes a very burden: that is—*human sympathy*.

Man is dear to man: the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life
 When they can know and feel that they have been
 Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out
 Of some small blessings: have been kind to such
 As needed kindness, for the single cause
 That we have all of us one human heart.

—Wordsworth.

A most astonishing example of a truly '*divine sympathy*' we find, in Christ's parable of the prodigal son, where Jesus said:

"A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father: Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his substance. And not many days after, the younger son, gathering all together, went abroad into a far country, and there wasted his substance living riotously.

And after he had spent all, there came a mighty famine in that country, and he began to be in want.

And he went, and cleaved to one of the citizens of that country, and he sent him into his farm to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And returning to himself, he said: How many hired servants in my father's house abound with bread, and I here perish with hunger?

I will arise, and will go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee: I am not worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And rising up he came to his father. And when he was yet a great way off, *his Father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him fell upon his neck and kissed him.*

And his son said to him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son.

And the Father said to his servants: *Bring forth quickly the first robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry.*

Because this my son was dead, and is come to life again; was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry."

—*St. Luke, xv, 11-21.*

"Art thou weary, art thou laden,

Art thou sore distressed?

'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and, coming,

Be at rest!'"

—*St. Ephrem, the Syrian.*

Hyssop.

A plant; *Hyssopus officinalis*. The leaves have an aromatic smell, and a warm, pungent, taste.

The *hyssop of Scripture* is supposed to be a species of caper (*Cap. paris spinosa*.)

Cleanliness.

“Cleanliness from head to heel.”

—Swift.

CLEANLINESS is a duty to one's self, for the sake of health; and to one's neighbor, for the sake of agreeableness.

Uncleanliness is decidedly unpleasant to more than one of the senses, and a man who thus offends his neighbor is not free from guilt, though he may be unpunished.

But if these reasons were not sufficient, there is another far stronger than both, and that is *the influence the body has over the soul*, an influence, alas! for man, sometimes far too great.

We are convinced that bad personal habits have their effect on the character, and that *a man who neglects his body*, which he loves by instinct, *will neglect far more his soul*, which he loves only by command—sacredly authoritative, indeed, but so often, alas! ignored.

The Immortelle.

The Immortelle is one of the so-called "Everlasting Flowers."

Life Eternal.

WHEN I say "*Life Eternal*," I mean to express the eternal *Happiness* of the just in Heaven, which, without alloy of any sort, presents to us the pure and unmixed enjoyment of every good. It is, as the Scripture declares in the *most explicit* terms, an exemption from all evil. "They shall no more hunger and thirst," says St. John, "neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat;"* and again, "God shall *wipe away all tears* from their eyes; and death shall be no more; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow, shall be any more, for the former things are passed away."** But the glory of the blessed shall be without measure, and their solid joys and pleasures without number. The mind is incapable of comprehending or conceiving the greatness of this glory; it can be known only by its fruition, that is, *by entering into the joy of the Lord*, and thus satisfying fully the desires of the human heart.

Oh well-created spirit, who in the rays
Of life eternal does the sweetness taste
Which being untasted ne'er is comprehended.

—Dante's Paradise, iii, 37-39.

.
Oh joy! Oh gladness inexpressible!
Oh perfect life of love and peacefulness!
Oh riches without hankering secure!

—xxvii, 7-9.

*Apoc. vii, 16.

**Apoc. xxi, 4.

There is a light above, which visible
 Makes the Creator unto every creature,
 Who only in beholding Him has peace.

—xxx, 100-102.

.

Light intellectual replete with love,
 Love of *true good* replete with ecstasy,
 Ecstasy that transcendeth every sweetness.

—xxx, 40.

.

In presence of that light, one such becomes,
 That to withdraw therefrom for other prospect,
 It is impossible he e'er consent.
 Because the good, which object is of will,
 Is gathered all in this, and out of it
 That is defective which is perfect there.

—xxxiii, 100-105.

Indian Cress.

An orange blossoming vine.

Patience and Endurance.

“**T**HE brave man,” says a good writer, “will not be baffled, but tries and tries again.”

The tree—to speak again in similitudes—does not fall at the first stroke, but only by repeated strokes and after great labor.

And as comets are sometimes revealed by eclipses, so heroes are brought to light by sudden calamity. It seems as if, in certain cases, genius, like iron struck by the flint, needed the sharp and sudden blow of adversity, to bring out the divine spark. There are natures which blossom

and ripen amidst trials, that would only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort.

It is the struggle that is the condition of victory.

If there were no difficulties, there would be no need of efforts; if there were no temptations, there would be no training in self-control, and but little *merit in virtue*; if there were no trial and suffering, there would be no education in patience and resignation.

Thus failure, difficulty, adversity, and suffering, are not all evil, but often the very best source of strength, discipline, and virtue.

“Not all who *seem* to fail have failed indeed;
 Not all who fail have, therefore, worked in vain:
 For all our acts to many issues lead;
 And out of earnest purpose, sure and plain,
 Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
 The *Lord* will fashion, in His own good time
 (Be this the laborer’s proudly humble creed),
 Such ends as, to His wisdom, fittest chime
 With His vast love’s eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise;
 What though thy seed should fall by the wayside
 And the birds snatch it;—yet the birds are fed;
 Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead!”

—Anon.

Ivy.

A plant of the genus *Hedera* (*H. helix*), common in Europe. Its stem clings to walls and trees by rootlike fibers.

Marriage.

(HOW TO MAKE MARRIED LIFE HAPPY.)

THE following maxims, *if put into practice daily*, would do much to promote harmony and good feeling in the home :

“Never make a remark at the expense of the other ; it is meanness.”

“Never manifest anger.”

“Never speak loud to each other—unless the house is on fire.”

“Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment,—or even if rashly or maliciously done.”

“Never part *without loving words to think of* during your absence. *Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in this life!*”

“Let each *strive to yield oftencst* to the wishes of the other, which is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.”

Tennyson, in beautiful and prophetic words, sings thus of the perfect union of husband and wife :

“In the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
She in mental breadth, nor fail in childward care.
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music, unto noble words ;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ’d in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other e’en as those who love :
Then comes the *statelier Eden* back to man.”

Lagerstraemia, Indian.

"Eloquence is speaking out. . . out of the abundance of the heart."

—Hare.

"His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
A living sermon of the truths he taught."

—Dryden.

ST. AUGUSTINE writes: "Love God first, and then you may do what you choose." And with regard to eloquence, we may subjoin: "Love first, and then you may *say* what you please;" for *affectionate* speech fortifies the mind, moves obstacles, disposes to self-sacrifice, makes the unwilling willing, and elevates the character as well as the mind.

Anyone, therefore, who desires to become a good, successful Christian orator, as, for instance, St. Paul was, or St. Francis Xavier, ought to have, above all other things, *a heart full of charity and pity* for his people; pity for their sufferings, their miseries, their prejudices, their deplorable subjection to popular opinion, their ignorance, their errors. He, at least, should *try to do them good*; in a word, to *save* them. Therein lies our happiness, and we shall never have any other, because all other sources are closed to us. *There is the well-spring of the most delectable joys!*

Apart from *charity*, what remains? Vanity, unprofitableness, bitterness, misery, nothingness.

If I were here still further to speak on *how* to be eloquent, I should also remind the intelligent reader of Christ, THE GREATEST OF MORAL TEACHERS, Who in all His dealings with men brought His teachings *to the level of the lowliest* intelligences.

And such was the attractiveness of *His methods*, that He was followed

through cities, along the sea-shore, to the mountain heights, and into desert places. Such were *His beauty of illustration* and *His aptness in delineation* that men followed Him for days, thinking not what they should eat, and, in the evening's chill, overlooking wherewith they were clothed.

With the first disciples, His illustrations were taken from the sea and its varied phases. To the tax gatherers and lawyers, He spoke of the coin of tribute; with the tillers of the soil, the birds of the air, the seed, *the husbandman and his occupations*, formed the burden of His conversation and instruction. Yet, with such *simple* elements, so *great* was His force and *beauty of language*, that it was universally admitted: "*Never did man speak like this Man.*"

"If a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;—
 Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
 To one who long in guilt has trod,—
Go kindly to him, take his hand
With gentlest words within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand,
 Till all the demons thou dethrone."

—Anon.

A Preacher Such as St. Paul.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
 In doctrine, uncorrupt; in language, plain;
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man.

—William Cowper.

A professor of pulpit eloquence once said with much truth: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," *and that by its tones as well as by its words.* The dominant traits, whatever they may be, *that color the inner life* will also color the media of expression."—And again, "The great, *noble, holy, magnanimous,* consecrated soul, *educating every fiber of the body, training every attribute of the mind,* will speak the word of the Lord *most powerfully and win most trophies* for the world's Redeemer and His glorious Church on earth."

Larkspur.

A plant with *showy* flowers, usually of a vivid blue color.

Fickleness.



WHAT more, dear reader, could our loving God have done for you, than He *has* done? And yet, where, in return for all that, has been the steadiness of your fidelity and virtue? "You were young and as yet innocent," says just as truthfully, perhaps, as beautifully, an excellent English divine, "and you seemed to flourish as a green plant set by running waters; your growth tended upward towards Heaven, and your healthy branches spread on every side.

"A perfumed breeze of pleasure came, soft and enervating; it played and dallied with you, *and scarcely had you felt its touch but you bent beneath it*; its poison reached your core, and the sap of your virtuous energies was parched up.

"You, perhaps, fancied yourself strong and powerful, as the cedars of God, you believed you had twined your roots round the cleft rock of divine

revelation, and had lifted your head till it seemed to hold communion with the regions of Heaven; you had defied the results of temptation to shake you from your proud standing. But the storm came,—*the hour of tribulation*—the winds blew, the rains fell, and—what happened?—alas! your virtue bent down.”

But now, that being past, what *can* you do for the future? what *shall* you do? or rather, what *shall we* do?

As a man who has to walk upon a narrow pass with a precipice on either side, will fix his eye as steadily as possible at the point whereat he aims, and forbear casting it below or around him, so let us, *settling our looks upon the Heaven which we desire to reach*, hasten forward on our slippery path, and steady our steps, and save them more carefully from another perilous fall, by the *unity* of our purpose, by the *constancy* of our efforts, and—to say all in a word—by *patient cross-bearing*. And so, let's then, take up our Cross, and say to ourselves:

“Only a *little* while
Of walking with weary feet,
Patiently over the thorny way
That leads to the *golden* street.”

“Suffer if God shall will
And work for Him while we may,
From Calvary's Cross to Zion's Crown
Is only a little way.”

Anon.

Laurel.



"Sweet bay-tree."—

"The victor's garland."—

This is an evergreen shrub, of the genus *Laurus* (*L. nobilis*), having aromatic leaves of a lanceolate shape, with clusters of small, yellowish-white flowers in their axils; called also *Sweet Bay*. The fruit is purple. It is found about the Mediterranean, and was early used to crown the victor in the games of Apollo. At a later period, *academic honors* were indicated by a crown of Laurel, with the fruit. The leaves and trees yield an aromatic oil.

Oh glad triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of overruling kings:
From victory to victory
Thus climbing on, through all the heights of story,
From worth to worth, and glory unto glory;
To finish all, Oh gentle, royal tree,
Thou reignest now upon that flourishing head,
At whose triumphant eyes Love and our souls are led.

—Tasso.

Celestial Glory.

THIS glory—sometimes called *Kingdom of Heaven*—is nothing else than the clear vision of Almighty God and the possession of His infinite riches.

It is the land which is a region of the living, where none can die, and where all exchange an earthly for a celestial life.

It is a valley of delights, in which flow the milk and honey of divine consolations, without sighs or tears, or any occasions for them.

It is a land of benediction; it is endowed with a miraculous fertility, because it is continually watered with the "river of the water of life,"* like crystal, which proceeds from the throne of Almighty God and the Lamb; and on both sides of the river there are many trees of life, which bring forth fruit twelve times a year,† because they live perpetually, and bud forth new and most savory affections and tastes, with which they preserve continually, without weariness, their happy life.

"That clime is not this dull clime of ours;

All is brightness there!

A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,

And a far milder air.

No calm below like that calm above.

No region here is like that realm of love;

Earth's softest spring *ne'er* shed so soft a light,

Earth's brightest summer *never* shone so bright."

—*Horatius Bonar.*

Lent-Lily.

One of the first flowers that opens in spring is the fragrant *Lent-Lily*. It is of a yellow color, *the symbol of desire*, and hence it very appropriately represents the Just, who sprang up and bloomed during the lapse of the forty centuries previous to the advent of Christ. For, were not those forty centuries a real *Lent*, a season of hunger and *longing for* the promised Messiah?

Desires After Heavenly Things.

"**S**ON, the fire often burns, but the flame ascends *not without smoke*," says a spiritual author. "So also some people's *desires* are on fire *after heavenly things*, and yet they are not free from the temptation of

* Apoc. xxii, 1.

† Apoc. xxii, 2.

fleshly affection. And therefore it is not altogether purely for God's honor that they do what they so earnestly request of Him." Isn't such also oftentimes thy desire, which thou, perhaps, hast signified to be so strong? For that is not pure and perfect which is infected with selfish interest.

It's too true, indeed, what another writer says, that "We are *unwilling* to suffer the trials which God sends us, and would receive nothing from Him but continual consolations; but these, however, are only given to support us under dryness and desolation of spirit; He imparts them to us, to enable us to support His *apparent* rigor, which in reality is His goodness towards us, by which He spares not in time, that He may be merciful to us for Eternity."

Think not, therefore, dear reader, that thou art rejected by God, when thou dost experience nothing but disgust in His service, but do faithfully whatever thou wouldst *then* do to please Him, if thou didst experience the greatest delight in serving Him; and it shall be well with thee.

Humble thyself on such occasions; *think thyself unworthy* of the least consolation or support.

The Lord is pleased that thou shouldst serve Him without any sensible comfort, *and by this means conquer thy repugnance to good, and thy inclination for evil, through a pure desire of pleasing Him*, and a real dread of offending Him.

Ah! how abundantly will a happy Eternity repay thee for thy sufferings and fatigues in this life, if thou wilt but bear them now with confidence, fidelity, and patience!

Take courage, then, my dear friend, *a moment's suffering brings eternal joy.*

The ills of life, its troubles and its cares,
 Are priceless gifts, which every hour prepares,
 That we may turn them into gold,
 Make them bear fruit an hundred fold.
 With living Faith and Hope, thy kindly guides,
 And Grace celestial ever nigh,
 Plod on thy way and gaze on high,
 When courage fails thee, man, or woe betides;
Though sad and long thou may'st here toil and roam,
At last, in joy, thou'lt reach thy destined Home.
—Weninger.

Lilac.

A shrub of the genus *Syringa* (*S. vulgaris*), a native of Persia. The common Lilac is cultivated for its *fragrant* flowers, which are purple or white.

“The lilac spreads odorous essence.”

—Jean Ingelow.

Good Example.

“Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

—Goldsmith.

REASON and authority prove that virtue *ought to be* practiced. But facts alone prove that *it is* practiced; and this is why *examples* have more power to move our souls, and why our individual actions are of such fearful *importance for others as well as for ourselves*.

Therefore Christ, the Lord, Himself says: “Let your light shine before men, that they *may see your good works and glorify your Father* who is in Heaven.” (Matth. v, 16.)

And St. Paul says: "Let every one of you please his neighbor unto good, to edification."

And St. Peter says: "Have your conversation *good* among the gentiles: that whereas they speak against you as evil-doers, *they may by the good works, which they shall behold in you, glorify God* in the day of visitation."

"By example," says also very truthfully a pious author, "whatever grace God gives us is increased and multiplied; it attracts to itself whatever is the work of grace in others; and thus the gifts of God are changed into instruments of His service; neither gifts nor graces are given us for ourselves alone."

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

—Longfellow.



Lilies.

(AS EMBLEMS OF CONFIDENCE, GROWTH, AND PURITY.)

"The great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed
hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies, chosen thus and graced."

—Mrs. Hemans.

"Consider the lilies of the field," was one of the exhortations given by our Blessed Lord and Master, as He taught on the mountain side, when surrounded by the multitudes who followed Him from all parts of Palestine, in the early days of His public ministry. From every part of God's creation, lessons of deepest significance are to be learned by us; the

heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork; whilst the smallest floweret that grows at our feet, also displays the wisdom and might of Him Who made everything to subserve His own purposes, and unfold His own character of love and grace.

In the lily-flowers—from the sweet and lovely “lily of the valley” to the larger varieties known by the name of “*lilies*”—we learn, too, very sweet and precious lessons.

FIRST of all is Dependence on God or,

Confidence

in our Heavenly Father.

“Look to the Lilies how they grow!”
 ’Twas thus the Savior said, that we
 Even in the simplest flowers that blow,
 God’s ever-watchful care might see.

—*Moir.*

If He in His wisdom has so endowed the grass of the field with that which delights the eye, and ministers to the gratification of His creatures, how much more shall He, in His everlasting love, care for those who have faith in Him!

If the flowers that are short-lived, and bloom to-day in all their sweetness and fragrance, but wither and droop to-morrow, are clothed with such beauty and grace, how much more shall He clothe His people, and supply their every want, so that they need be anxious for nothing, but, casting all their care upon Him, may rest calmly and securely on His divine promises! Then, as we gaze on the little flowers, we learn to trust in simple faith that Mighty One Who upholds the universe in His hands, *and supplies the wants of every living thing*, but Who also bears the lambs in His bosom, and carries in His everlasting arms those upon whom He has set His love.

Lo, the *lilies* of the field
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of Heaven!
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!

Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle or the rose?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we poor citizens of air?
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily:
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!
 One there lives Whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny;

One there lives Who, Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall;
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime;
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow—
God provideth for the morrow!

—Anon.

“Consider how the lilies grow,” says another poetic author,*

*The Venerable Sister Mary Genevieve Todd, a fervent convert to the Catholic Church, was born Dec. 19, 1863, and died July 29, 1896, in the convent of the Sisters of Providence, at St. Mary's of the Woods, Ind., a few nights after composing the following beautiful stanza

“Now I lay me! Pale and trembling
 Are the clasped hands tonight,
 And the dim eyes fast are closing
 Ever more upon earth's light.
 One more tear for love and sorrow,
 One more sigh so long and deep,
 And within the Heart of Jesus
 She hath lain her down to sleep.”

“Consider how the lilies grow;
 Not an anxious care they know,
 Nodding gaily to and fro
 Through the summer hours.
 Toiling never,
 Trusting ever
 Happy, favored flowers.

Feeding on the rays of light,
 Drinking in the dews of night,
 Growing ever pure and bright,
 And so wondrous fair.
 Toiling never,
 Trusting ever
 Their Creator's care.

*Ah, my soul, in peace abide;
 He doth feed thee, He doth guide,
 And for all thy wants provide
 Far more tenderly.
 Doubt Him never,
 For He ever
 Loves and cares for thee.”*

Growth and Fragrance.

“And thou, oh virgin queen of spring!
 Shall from thy dark and lowly bed,
 Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
 Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;
 Unfold thy robes of purest white,
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,
 And thy soft petals' silvery light
 In the mild breeze-unfettered wave.”

—*Mary Tighe.*

"THE just shall spring as the lily."

This flower is very productive. One writer says: "No plant is more prolific than the lily, one root often producing as many as fifty bulbs."

Precious lesson we have here, as to what should mark the children of God! Some speak of the Eastern lily, that it has a tall stem, and grows *upwards*, seeking the blue heavens. The life of a child of God is from Heaven, and its course should be ever upward and heavenward, while the fragrance thereof should exhale as the scent of the Eastern lily.

Purity.

"The Lilies say: Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity.

—C. G. Rossetti.

We are Lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said:
"Lo! my thoughts of white."

—Leigh Hunt.

"Flowers! When the Savior's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That universal lesson for all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky;
Then, in the bosom of your *purity*
A voice He set as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick traveler ne'er might pass you by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And though oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste,
Yet the great ocean has no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour,
Than *yours, ye Lilies!* chosen thus and graced."

—Mrs. Hemans.

THE Hebrew name given to this flower signifies whiteness, or purity, and appears to have been given to it on account of its dazzling whiteness. Here again we have an emblem of Him who was the holy, spotless Son of God, and who appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration in raiment befitting His character, white and glistening as no fuller on earth can whiten them. But in the pure white of the lily, we learn also what the children of God should be, both in His eyes and before the world through which they walk.

Being called into fellowship with Him, we are made partakers of His Divine nature, and are, therefore, to reflect His character. He was the Holy One, and He says to us: "Be ye holy, because I am Holy."

This purity of character which belongs to the children of God, is also taught us in type of the Old Testament. In the branches of the golden lamp-stand in the Tabernacle there were inwrought flowers or lilies, thus teaching that those who are left to be light-bearers in the world, must have the lily character; or, in other words, that those who serve Him must be sanctified and suitable for the Master's use.



Lily of the Valley.

No flower so easily wins our love and keeps it forever as the *Lily of the valley*—the sweetest, most delicate flower.

"The Lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes."

—Thomson.

Christ, the Spotless Son of God.

"I am the Lily of the valleys."

—*Canticle of Canticles*, ii., 1.

IT'S Christ, the humble and spotless Son of God, that is, in Holy Scripture, called the Lily of the valleys.

Everyone knows that the *chief* beauty of the lily is its whiteness. Now, who could doubt that this whiteness is to be found in all its fulness in our Lord, for He has always possessed a purity and whiteness so far raised above angels and men that it is not capable of comparison. *Dilectus meus candidus*—my beloved is of unequaled whiteness (Cant. v.), says the sacred spouse in the Canticles, speaking of our Lord. And in the Book of Wisdom, Solomon says that He is the Splendor of the Eternal Light, *the spotless Mirror of God's Majesty* and the perfect Image of His Goodness.

The *second* quality of the lily is that it grows without cultivation or artificial means, as may be seen in certain countries. This shows the love our Lord bore to simplicity and humility, not wishing to be called by the name of garden flowers, which are cultivated with so much care and skillful devices.—

"Oh, *who like Thee*, so sinless, bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
 Oh, *who like Thee*, did ever go
 So godlike through a world of woe?"

—A. C. Cox.

Trust in God's Providence.

"God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

—May Riley Smith.

EVERYTHING comes to pass either with the knowledge and permission of God, simply; or besides, by the direct will and decree of God. There is really no such thing as *chance*. Men use the word chance, however, in speaking of trivial events that occur unexpectedly or in a manner to them inexplicable.

"Be assured," says St. Augustine, "nothing happens that is not first either commanded or permitted in the visible court of the Supreme Monarch."

When we consider things merely according to the outward senses,—for instance, *the blossoming of trees, plants, and flowers*, some of which are white, others yellow, while some are long and others short; when we consider these and countless other things that we see daily, we are *like little children* who hear the clock strike the different hours; they hear the noise it makes and think that it comes solely from the hammer which strikes the hours, because they know nothing of the works that are hidden inside the clock and regulate its movements. In the same way, too, we pay no attention to the beautiful machinery hidden in the Divine Nature, that ordains and arranges every visible thing, the smallest as well as the greatest, in number, weight, and measure, as the Prophet says.

"Not a hair falls from your head," says Jesus Christ, "without the knowledge and will of your Heavenly Father."* Not a sparrow flies through the air without the divine ordering, for "All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing."†

God is the only Father of this great household, Who arranges, moves and regulates all that happens in the whole world, at all times. And He takes as great care with the smallest creature, as with the greatest.

The Sacred Scripture says: "*He made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all.*"—Wisd. vi., 8.

*Luke xxi. 18.

†John i, 3.

Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,
 Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
 Gives one a kiss; another an embrace,
 Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet,
 And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretenses,
 She learns their feelings and various will,
 To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,
 And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—
 So Providence for us, high, infinite,
 Makes our necessities its watchful task,
 Harkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
 And e'en if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

—*Filicaja.*

Linden Tree.

“If thou lookest on the lime-leaf,
 Thou a heart's form wilt discover.”

—*Heine.*

A handsome tree, having panicles of light yellow flowers, and *large cordate* leaves.

Matrimony.

“**H**APPY,” says the *Scripture*, “is the husband of a good wife; for, the number of his years is double.”

A virtuous woman rejoiceth her husband and shall fulfill the years of his life in peace.

A good wife is a good portion; she shall be given, in the portion of them that fear God, to a man for his good deeds:

Rich or poor, if his heart is good, his countenance shall be cheerful at all times.”*

Therefore, if thou hast a wife according to thy soul, cast her not off.

“Husbands,” says *St. Paul*, “love your wives as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered himself up for it. . . . So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. *He that loveth his wife, loveth himself.*

For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church.”—Ephes. v., 25, 28-29.

“Let (therefore) everyone love his wife as himself; and let the wife fear her husband.”—Eph. v, 33.

A poet sings:

Take her, *but be faithful* still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now;
Remember *'tis no common* tie
That binds her youthful heart:
'Tis one that *only truth* should weave
And *only death* can part.

The joys of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years;
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free,—
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Then take her, and may fleeting Time
Mark only joy's increase;
And may your days glide sweetly on
In happiness and peace.

—Anon.

*Eccclus. xxvi. 1-4.

Yet—perhaps, you should pause and wait another while, *and take advice*, “the good counsels of a friend being sweet to the soul,” because

“First-love *too oft* is love without esteem,
Or mutual honor, seeking in a wife
No help, no shelter, but a soothing beam
To minister a sunshine to our life:
The growth of one wild hour! and thereof come
Dull-hearted unions and a listless home.
I have known men to whom it hath been given
To make one shipwreck on love’s rocky coast;
And they have lived to teach as though from Heaven,
That he is blest whose first-love hath been crossed.”
—F. W. Faber.

And, says Schiller,

“Where gentleness with strength we find,
The tender with the stern combined,
The harmony is sweet and strong.
Then prove, e’er wedlock’s wreath betwined
If heart to heart its fetters bind!
Illusion’s brief, repentance long.”

Live Oak.

“Hardy and noble tree.”
“Type of a nation brave and free.”

—Theodor Koerner.

The oak is a tree of the genus *Quercus*, of which there are many species. The live oak is *Q. virens*, and is very highly prized for ship-building.



For remembrance -
A. J. A.

Liberty.

"The greatest gift that, in his largeness, God
 Creating made, and unto his own goodness
 Nearest conformed, and that which he doth prize
 Most highly, *is the freedom of the will*,
 Wherewith the creatures of intelligence
 Both all and only were and are endowed."

—Dante, *Paradise*, v., 19-24.

THE name of "liberty," however, seems condemned to be often *ill* understood in nearly all its applications.

In the religious, moral, social, and political order, it is enveloped in such obscurity, that we *can perceive* the many efforts *which have been made to darken* and misrepresent it.

Cicero gives an *admirable* definition of liberty when he says, that *it consists in being the servant of the law*.

In the same way, it may be said, that the liberty of the *intellect* consists in being the servant of *truth*, and the liberty of the *will* in being the servant of *virtue*; if you change this, you destroy liberty!

If you take away the law, you admit force; if you take away the truth, you admit error; if you take away virtue, you admit vice.

"If you venture," says a modern writer, "to exempt the world from the *external law*, from that law *which embraces man and society*, which extends to all orders, which is *the divine wisdom* applied to reasonable creatures; if you venture to seek for an *imaginary* liberty out of that immense circle, you destroy all; there remains in society nothing but the empire of brute force, and in man that of the passions; with tyranny, and consequently slavery."

We should often ponder the words of St. Paul: "For you, brethren, have been called unto liberty; *only make not* liberty an occasion to the flesh, but by charity of the Spirit serve one another;"* *and the paramount*

*Gal. v, 3.

words of Jesus Christ: "The truth shall make you free."—St. John, viii, 32.



Living Rock.

Indestructibility of God's Church.

GOD'S Church on earth is indestructible; that is, it will remain till the end of the world, for Christ said: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matth. xvi, 18.

It is *peculiar* to the Church to *flourish most* when persecuted.

The members of the Church increase under persecution. The Church is a field, fruitful only when torn up by the plough. As a fire is spread by the wind, so is the Church increased by persecution.

The Church comes triumphant out of every persecution. Easter always follows Good Friday.

The more battles the Church has to fight, the more her powers are developed; and the more she is oppressed, the higher she rises. Such a privilege belongs to no institution save the Church, *and by that she may be recognized as the offspring of God, the Bride of Christ.*

"Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
 Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor Hell prevai-leth.
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

"Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
 Grant then Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in Thy Heaven."

Lucerne.

“Life’s truest emblem; for, when gone, ’tis gone forever.”

—*Anon.*

This is a leguminous plant of the genus *Medicago* (*M. sativa*), cultivated for fodder.

Shortness of Human Life.

“**M**EN pass away,” says a great French writer, “like the flowers which open in the morning and in the evening are withered and trodden under foot. Nothing can arrest the flight of time, which carries with it all that appears the most immutable. Thyself, dear reader, who perhaps rejoicest now in a youth so full of life and so fruitful in pleasures, remember that this beautiful period is but a flower which will be withered almost as soon as blown; *strength, health, joy, will vanish away like a beautiful dream, and nothing will remain to thee but their sad remembrance.* That time appears to be distant, alas! thou deceivest thyself; it hastens; soon it will be near; that time which approaches with such rapidity is not far from thee, while the present, which flies away from thee, is already far, *because it annihilates itself even in this very moment* and can never more return.”

Do not count, then, my dear reader, on the present, but *strengthen thyself in the rough and thorny path of virtue* by the contemplation of the future.

Prepare for thyself, *by purity of life and by love of justice*, an abode in the happy resting-place of peace.

Do not, therefore, I repeat, count on the present; *for at any moment death may come not only to overthrow all your plans, to disturb all your pleasures, to tear from you all your goods, but, what is infinitely more terrible, to lead you to the judgment-seat of Almighty God!*

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch high the grave above,—that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around,
 We read their monuments; *we sigh; and while*
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

—Young.

Song of Life.

"Time more swift than wind and billows
 Fleeth. Who can bid it stay?
 To enjoy it when 'tis present,
 To arrest it on its way,
 This, ye brothers, will the fleeting
 Of the winged days restrain;
 Let us strew life's path with roses,
 For its glory soon will wane!
 "*Roses!* for the days are merging
 Into winter's misty tide,
 "*Roses!* for they bloom and blossom
 Round about on every side.
 On each spray there blossom roses,
 On each *noble deed* of youth;
Happy he who, till its waning,
E'er hath lived a life of truth!"

—Herder.

Lupine.

A leguminous plant of the genus *Lupinus* (*L. perennis*), having showy racemes of flowers.

Gluttony.

"Their *sumptuous* gluttonies and gorgeous feasts."

—Milton.

IF ever you should be tempted by gluttony, remember *how poor and hungry* Lazarus was, who desired to feed on the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and could not get them;* yet he was carried, after his death, by angels into Abraham's bosom; whereas the rich glutton, *who was clothed in purple*, was buried in hell.

For it is impossible that hunger and gluttony, pleasure and temperance, should meet with the same desert in the end; when once death comes, *pleasures will be punished with miseries*, and miseries rewarded with pleasures.

What advantage have you reaped by all your former excesses in eating and drinking?

All you have got is *the remorse of conscience*, which will, perhaps, sting and gall you for Eternity.

What Milton says, is but too true,

“Some, as thou sawest, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more,
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire; of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear.”

Mallow.

A plant of the genus *Malva* (*M. sylvestris* and *M. rotundifolia*); so called from its emollient qualities.

Civility.

CIVILITY costs nothing and buys everything.

The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice.

St. Luke, xvi.

"Win hearts," says an old proverb, "and you have all men's hearts and purses."

If we would only let nature act kindly, free from affectation and artifice, the results on social good-humor and happiness would be incalculable.

The *little courtesies* which form *the small change of life*, may separately appear of little intrinsic value, but they acquire their importance and worth from repetition and accumulation.

They are like *the spare minutes*, or *the groat a day*, which proverbially reckon up immensely in the course of a twelve-month, or in a lifetime.

Marigold.

"She droops and mourns
Bedewed as 't were with tears!"

—*Anon.*

The Marigolds are tall, coarse plants. Flowers large, double, *in color yellow*, orange, and brown.

"Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent Marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids."

—*Keats.*

Jealousy.

"Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ."

—*Shakespeare.*

JEALOUSY is a mental disease which comes from the fear that we have of another getting possession of something that we love, and wish to keep for ourselves; the least interference with the object of our affection disturbs and disquiets the heart and mind exceedingly.

Nothing is more common in the world, among all states and conditions, than this malady.

Jealousy is found amongst musicians, painters, authors, sculptors—on account of their art; amongst parents, on account of their children, and their beauty, cleverness and talents; amongst women, on account of greater magnificence in dress; amongst students, on account of the highest places in the schools; in private houses, amongst children, if one of them is more caressed by the parents than the other.

Jealousy, as you see, is everywhere at work. *How is one to cure this malady?* There is one great remedy for it, and that is *Christian love*. Love one another sincerely, with a constant, true Christian love, which never suspects evil of the beloved one, as St. Paul says: Love suspects no evil.”—I. Cor. xiii, 5.

Michaelmas* Daisy.

Farewell.

A PERSON once said: I can make all sacrifices, impose on myself every privation, but I cannot say *adieu*!

Ah, in truth, for a loving heart this word is like a dagger-stroke; it kills when it is deeply felt.

Yet, we must say it, not only to all that we hold most dear, but even to our sweetest memories!

*The feast of the Archangel, St. Michael, a festival of the Catholic church, celebrated Sept. 29.

Oh man! have you ever reflected on *that farewell*, on *that* separation which breaks asunder *every* earthly tie?

The heart of man is so loving, its origin so divine, that it is *impossible not to see* that death is a *punishment*, and that this horrible separation in death is not the work of God, but of sin. Hence, to console ourselves, let us often consider that after having paid this debt to the justice of God, we shall one day *meet again* in Heaven—to be separated no more!

Farewell; how oft that sound of sadness,
 Like thorns of sorrow, pierce the heart,
 And hush the harp tones of its gladness,
 And tear the bleeding chords apart.
 Farewell! and if by distance parted
 We see each other's face no more,
 Ah! may we with the faithful-hearted
 Meet beyond this parting shore!

—Anon.

Mimosa.

"That courteous tree,
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy."

—Moore.

This is a genus of leguminous plants, containing many species, and including the sensitive plant (*M. sensitiva* or *M. pudica*);—so called from its imitating the *sensibility* of animal life, or from the great variety of appearance presented by the different species.

Sensitiveness.

IT is far better to leave a dozen intended offenses unnoticed, than to grow excited at a single unintended neglect or disagreeable remark. Misunderstandings generate more dissensions in life than are ever caused by premeditated malice. Hundreds of friendships are dissolved *through this selfish sensitiveness*, which everywhere scents insults. It is needless to refer to particular cases and examples of this kind. *All of us have something to correct in our own character, and we allow ourselves to be provoked far too easily.*

If we could in this point overcome ourselves a little more, human society would gain a great deal, and lose a very ugly peculiarity.

It is well, therefore, to let a certain neglect or an unpleasant remark about one's person pass by as good-naturedly as possible, and never to expose ourselves to feel offended where no offense was intended.

"A kindly speech; a cordial voice;
A smile so quick, so warm, so bright,
It speaks a nature full of light."

—Kate J. Hill.

Morning Glory.

A climbing plant of the genus *Ipomaea*, having handsome funnel-shaped flowers, usually purple or white, sometimes pink or pale blue.

"Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings,
With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings."

—Helen Hunt.

Affectation.

AFFECTATION, which, being the very contrary of Christian simplicity, is an awkward and a forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy—wanting the beauty that accompanies what is natural—generally arises from incipient, *often from full-grown*, vanity.

In a man it is simply contemptible, because *effeminate*; and the youth who purposely lisps or minces his words, or the unnaturally solemn man who looks you through as if he were casting up your little account of sin for you, are too obviously affected to retain long the respect of sensible people.

We know that nature has its many failings to be curbed, but we should also know that *where nature is not at fault, it is more truthful and wise to let it have its run*.

By the side of the affected man, even the bluntest looks noble, for the very reason that affectation arises *from a want of self-respect or excess of self-esteem*. For all affectation proceeds from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. No one is vain of possessing two legs and two arms, because that is the precise number of either sort of limb which everybody possesses.

The affected individual is always *full of self-consciousness*, and this is simple vulgarity.

A truly *polite person* is too busy in *considering the comfort and welfare of others*, to devote much time to thoughts of a purely *selfish* character.

Mountain Ash.

A genus of forest trees, *Fraxinus*. The common European Ash is the *F. excelsior*.

Prudence.

"Know—prudent, cautious, *self*-control,
Is Wisdom's root."

—Burns.

PRUDENCE comes from cultivated judgment; it means practical wisdom. It has reference to fitness, to propriety; *it judges of the right thing to be done, and of the right way of doing it, in the right time and place.*

It calculates the means, order, time, and method, of doing.

Prudence learns much from *experience*, quickened by knowledge.

"Look forward what's to come, and back what's past,
Thy life will be with praise and prudence graced;
What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess;
Thou then wilt be secure of good success."

—Denham.

Mountain Laurel.

Ambition.

" . . . Fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels."
" . . . the brightest fell."

—Shakespeare.

VAIN honor is but a short reeling," says St. Chrysostom.

The ambitious man regards the honor of men as a *great good* wherein, contrary to his hope for happiness and contentment, he find *disquietude and vexation* of mind.

Ambition renders man unhappy.

It sorely disturbs his mind.

For how great is his anxiety until he reaches the object sought for; and when he has obtained it, what cares and sorrows does he find heaped upon him!

When Urban VII. put on the pontifical vestments, he said: "Who would believe that this fine texture galls so much him who wears it!"

Moreover, ambition produces the same effect upon the mind, that drunkenness produces upon the body; each fresh indulgence increases the thirst. When failure withdraws the intoxicating draught, the disappointed man is inconsolable.

Let everyone, therefore, guard himself against a vice,—or passion, rather—to which man is so much inclined, and which renders him unhappy in time and may lead him into an unhappy Eternity!

Mountain Pink.

Aspirings after True Happiness.

TRUE Happiness, as *all agree* in describing it, consists in the certain and peaceful possession and enjoyment of a true, perfect and lasting good. If one of these qualities be wanting, there is no true Happiness.

A good thing may be great and beautiful in itself, but so long as you

have not certain possession of it, or cannot enjoy it, it cannot make you happy.

And supposing you actually enjoy some good, if it is not a real good, you are again at fault.

Further, the good must be a perfect one; for so long as there is the least thing wanting to you, or you feel the least uneasiness, you cannot call yourself happy.

Finally, it must be a constant, lasting good; the greater the joy and pleasure one has in a thing, the more is he troubled; even in the midst of his joy, at the thought of losing it in a short time.

So, then, no one can have true Happiness, unless he enjoys a true, certain, perfect, and lasting good. And where shall we find that? Only in JESUS; for He, in the Godhead, is the only Good, in and with Whom the boon of happiness may always be secured.

"You may seek for another happiness, I can find none but this," says St. Augustine.

JESUS is the only true and supreme Good, in Whom all imaginable goods are comprised, in their fullest perfection, without end or limit, fault or flaw.

Christ is *all things* to us. Or, tell me, will thy honor, oh man, feed thee? or thy money? or thy vile pleasures? or thy wine? No; *but Christ* is all things to us.

He is a lasting and constant Good, with Whom we can gain eternal joys and endless wealth.

Onward, (therefore), onward will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a Heaven of earth.

—*Montgomery.*



Musa sapientum.

Musa Sapientum.

A genus of tropical plants, including the banana and plantain.

True Philosophy.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth,
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy."

—Shakespeare.

BACON expressed a profound truth when he said that a *little* philosophy carried its possessor *from* Religion, and a *great deal of true Philosophy leads him to it*. "A careful study of the objections brought against Christianity," says Balmes, "lays bare a truth confirmed by the history of almost nineteen centuries; the most weighty objections against our Holy Religion, instead of proving anything against it, *involve a proof which confirms it*. The secret for discovering this proof, is to go to the bottom of the objection, and examine it under all its aspects. Original sin is a mystery, but it explains the whole world; the Incarnation is a mystery, but it explains the traditions of the human race; faith is full of mysteries, but it satisfies one of the greatest necessities of reason; the history of the creation is a mystery, but this mystery clears up chaos, throws light on the world, and is the key to the history of mankind; all Christianity is a collection of mysteries, but these mysteries are connected by a secret union with all that is profound, grand, sublime, or beautiful in heaven or earth; they are connected with the individual, with the family, with society, with God, with the understanding, with the heart, with languages, sciences and art. The investigator who rejects religion and even seeks means to oppose it, finds it (religion) at the entrance as at the outlet of the mysterious ways of life; at the cradle of the infant as in the shadow of the tomb; in time as in eternity; *explaining everything by a word; listening unmoved to the*

wanderings of ignorance and the sarcasms of unbelief, patiently awaiting till the courses of ages shall acknowledge its truth, which existed before all ages."

"Divine philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue, the right,
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees."

—Gifford.



Mustard.

A plant of the genus *Sinapis*. Its seed has a somewhat pungent taste.

Fruitfulness, or Fertility of the Church.

THE mustard-seed, though small, grows in Palestine to be very high, spreads wide, and contains a very prolific power. In like manner the Church and doctrine of Christ, though at the beginning very small, increased so fast, and in time arrived at so large a growth as to surpass all other religions, so that the princes and wise men of the world sheltered themselves under the protection of Christianity, as the birds dwell under the branches of the tree.—(Matth. xiii, 31-33.)

The signs and wonders which the confessors of Christ did, but, above all, the imperturbable serenity of mind and cheerfulness of heart *with which they suffered the most cruel torments and the most painful deaths*, convinced the pagans that only the God of the Christians could be the true God. And so it often happened that, whilst the Christians were suffering these most horrible tortures, many of the pagan spectators were heard to cry out: "We also are Christians; kill us together with them!" and thus

the blood of the martyrs was the "fruitful seed from which new Christians constantly sprang up."

There are also, even in the smallest sentences of the evangelical doctrine, concealed, as in the *mustard-seed*, great and powerful truths; *for how many have been converted and become saints by one single sentence of the Gospel*, well pondered and put into practice!



Myrrh.

"I yielded a sweet odor like the best myrrh."

—Ecc. xxiv, 20.

Myrrh is a transparent gum-resin, usually of an amber color, of an aromatic odor, and a bitter, slightly pungent taste. It is used for its odor and for its medicinal properties.

Self-Denial.

WHILE self-indulgence is in some or other degree, sinful, nay, even criminal; self-denial is a virtue which the Christian religion requires of us all.

I know, if Christ had taught us contempt of the world, and had *not* given us an instance of it *in His own person*, it could hardly be expected that we should follow His doctrine of self-denial.

But what an example we now find in Him, since He had not where to lay His head in life, nor a rag to cover Him in death, nor anything but a borrowed gown in burial.

What manner of persons ought we all to be in unselfishness when we have such a Lord! He hath not said to us in matters of self-denial, "Take up thy Cross *and go*," but, "*Come take up thy Cross and follow Me.*"

Would'st thou inherit life with Christ on high?
 Then count the cost and know
 That here on earth below
 Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord, and die.
*We reach that gain, to which all else is loss,
 But through the Cross!*

—Anon.



Myrtle.

A plant of the genus *Myrtus*, of several species. It has small, pale flowers from the axils, singly on each foot-stalk.

“Dark-green and gemmed with flowers of snow,
 With close uncrowded branches spread
 Not proudly high, nor meanly low,
 A graceful Myrtle reared its head.”

—Montgomery.

Love.

GOD, our Lord and Creator, should be the *first* object of all our love, because *He alone merits* all our love, since in Him alone, is found in limitless measure whatever is amiable, perfect, and attractive, in all creatures united.

All the *beauties* and *shining qualities* of the most perfect intelligence are no more to be compared with God, than so much darkness and deformity.

God was the first to love us: *I have loved you*, He says, *with an eternal love*. He loved us before we were able to know Him; even before we were born. He has placed us in this world; He has given His only

Son to redeem us, and His Adorable Son has laid down His life to save us.

All that we have comes from God. He has made us what we are, and He has given us all that we possess. There is not a *tender mother* in the world who has done so much for her child as God has done for each of us; there is not a mother who has so much love for her only son as God has for each of us.

For all these favors, He demands only our hearts.

He promises us the greatest happiness, if we love Him and are faithful to Him.

"My son, My daughter," says He, "give Me your heart; be faithful to Me until death, and I will give you a crown of Eternal Life."

But, my dear reader, if we desire to love God as we ought to love Him, we must never lose sight of what the beloved disciple, St. John, says: "*If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.*"*

But *how* should we love our neighbor?

The great rule for the love of our neighbor consists in *judging him by ourselves* and *practicing* this important maxim which the Holy Scripture and reason itself teach us, *Never to do to another, what thou would'st hate to have done to thee by another.*

And, also, Do to others the good which in reason they would have done to you.

That's the golden rule. Let us go by it faithfully and love our neighbor as ourselves; yet, let us *rest above all and delight only* in God, our great Maker and Lord.

"I love," sings sweetly and touchingly the English poet, F. Quarles:

"I love—and have some cause to love—the earth:

She is *my Maker's creature*; therefore good:

She is my mother, for she gave me birth;

She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;

But *what's a creature*, Lord, compared with Thee?

Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

*1. St. John, iv, 20.

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
 Her shrill-mouthed Choir sustains me with their flesh,
 And with their polyhonian notes delight me:
 But *what's the air* or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow creature,
 My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
 She walls me round; she makes my diet greater,
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
 But, *Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,*
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
 But *what is Heaven*, great God, compared to Thee?
Without Thy presence, Heaven's no Heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection reflection;
 Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
 Without Thy presence, Heaven itself no pleasure;
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven, to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast,
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 The brightest beams of glory are—at most—
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But *nightly glow-worms*, if compaared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
 Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness;
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;

*Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.*

*In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish not sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of Heaven, Heaven unpossessed by Thee."*



Narcissus.

The Narcissus has a snow-white flower, with a yellow cup in the center, fringed on the border with a brilliant crimson circlet. It is sweet-scented, and flowers in May. The cup in the center was fabled to contain the tears of the ill-fated Narcissus, a beautiful youth of Bœotia, of whom it had been foretold that he should live happily until he beheld his own face.

One day, when heated by the chase, Narcissus sought to quench his thirst in a stream; *in so doing he beheld the reflection of his own features, of which he immediately became enamoured.* He was spell-bound to the spot, where he pined to death, and was metamorphosed into the flower that now bears his name.

Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those *self-admiring* eyes.
To the cold shades his fitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves *itself* admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn;
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crowned.

—Addison.

THE Narcissus is now adopted as an emblem of
Egotism.

which is the acting out of *self-conceit*, or *self-importance*, in words and exterior conduct.

“Brazen helm of Daffodillies,
 With a glitter toward the light.”

—E. B. Browning.

The *egotist* is a man who makes *himself the darling theme* of contemplation.

He admires and loves *himself to that degree* that he can talk of nothing else. He doffs his hat when he speaks of himself!

He is eager, also, to catch the notice of others, while he ought to ponder well and practise what the enlightened author of “The Following of Christ” says:

“Glory *not* in riches if thou hast them; *nor* in friends because they are powerful; *but in God who gives all things, and desires to give Himself above all things.*

Boast not of thy stature, nor beauty of the body, which is spoiled and disfigured by a little sickness.

Do *not* take a pride in thy talents or thy wit, lest thou displease God, to Whom appertaineth every natural good quality and talent which thou hast.

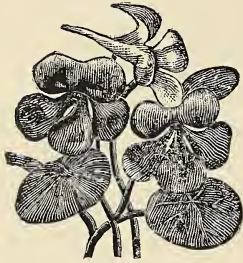
Esteem *not* thyself better than others, lest perhaps thou be accounted worse in the sight of God, who knows what is in man.

Be *not* proud of thy own works; for *the judgments of God are different from the judgments of men*; and often-times, that displeaseth Him, which pleaseth man.

If thou hast any thing of good, believe better things of others, that thou mayst *preserve* humility!

It will do *thee no harm* to esteem thyself the worst of all; but it will hurt thee very much to prefer thyself before any one.

Continual peace is with the humble, but in the heart of the proud,
are frequent envy and indignation."



Nasturtiums.

(TROPÆOLUM MAJUS.)

The *Tropæola Majora*, or Nasturtiums, are among the very cleanest and prettiest and best Climbers. They bear hot and dry weather very well, and are not much troubled by any insect, for the stems and leaves contain a pungent juice insects do not like. There are several varieties, differing as well in the color of the foliage as in the flowers. The leaves of some are very light transparent green, while in others they are very dark, almost purplish. The flowers are of almost all shades of yellow, scarlet, striped and spotted. The *climbing Tropæolum* is an excellent plant for baskets, vases, etc.

Patriotism.

"A GREAT deal of what passes by the name of Patriotism in these days," says a very truthful writer, "consists of the merest bigotry and narrow-mindedness; exhibiting itself in national prejudice, national conceit, and national hatred. It does *not* show itself in *deeds*, but in *boastings*—in howlings, gesticulations, and shrieking helplessly for help—in flying flags and singing songs—and in perpetual grinding at the hurdy-gurdy of long-dead grievances and long-remedied wrongs. *To be infested by such a patriotism as this, is perhaps among the greatest curses that can befall any country.*"

But as there is an ignoble, so is there a *noble*, Patriotism—the patriotism that invigorates and elevates a country by *noble* work—that

does its duty truthfully and manfully, that lives an honest, a sober and an upright life, and strives to make the best use of the opportunities for improvement that present themselves on every side; and at the same time, a patriotism that cherishes the memory and example of *the great men* of old, who, by their sufferings *in the cause of religion or of freedom*, have won for themselves a deathless glory, and for their nation *those privileges of free life and free political institutions* of which they are the inheritors and possessors.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—*Montgomery.*

Nettle.

A plant of the genus *Urtica*, covered with minute sharp hairs, containing a poison that produces a very painful sensation.

Slander.

" 'T is slander;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters."

—*Shakespeare.*

A GOOD name, as an old proverb runs, is rather to be chosen than great riches, or than precious ointment.

'Tis the immediate jewel of the soul
The purest treasure mortal times afford.

Give me this, and I can face the frowns of fortune—can be pointed at as the child of poverty, and still know what it is to be happy. Take this away, and you strike a dagger into my soul; you render life itself a burden. The frowns of the world, the finger of scorn, and the hiss of contempt, are more than a man can endure.

"Yet," says a brilliant writer, "dear as reputation is, and in my soul's just estimation, prized above all price, it is not too sacred for the slanderer to tarnish and destroy. He can take from me the confidence of my fellow-citizens, the respect of my friends; can blast my reputation with his pestilential breath, and feel *not a pang* of remorse.

"He glories in nothing so much as the slaughter of character!" He would blight the fairest flower in the garden of innocence; demolish the loftiest temples of human purity, and place his broad stamp on the holiest servant of the living God."

The slanderer has not a single pretext or excuse, to palliate his offense. A desire to gain may urge some men to the commission of crime; the incendiary may be led by hope of theft or escape, to commit arson, and the assassin may be excited by the base passion to perpetrate deeds of darkness and of death; but the man who attacks me with slander, has no hope of personal good; and if he robs me of character, he

"Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But leaves me poor indeed."

Yet, what if certain party tricksters, by basely feeding, ghoul-like, upon a political opponent's good name, *do, indeed, climb* to place and power over his prostrate fame? Ah, but such are *fiends*, not *men*!

He gratifies the malice of his heart, adds more to the family of

wretchedness and enjoys a secret pleasure—yea, even triumphs as he reflects on the infamous achievement.

No wonder, that the Wise Man says: "Of three things my heart hath been afraid, and at the fourth my face hath trembled: . . . a false *charge*, all are more grievous than death."—Ecclus. xxvi, 5 and 7.

Is it worth while that we *jostle a brother*,
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
It is worth while that we *jeer at each other*,
 In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
 God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
 When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
 Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
 And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
 On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
 We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
 Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
 Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
 And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
 Some poor fellow down in the dust?
God pity us all! . . . Time eftsoons will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

—Joaquin Miller.

Nightshade.

Trample not on a virgin flower;
I am the maid of the midnight hour;
 I bear sweet sleep
 To those who weep,
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

—Anon.

The Nightshade is a plant of rose-colored flowers, growing in damp and shady places.

Dark Thoughts.

TO anyone who, at times, is afflicted with dark, gloomy, melancholy thoughts, I would boldly say:

Where is your faith?

Have patience, and be of good courage; comfort will come to you in its proper season. It is just a temptation that troubles you, and a vain fear that frights you.

What, tell me, does that solicitude about future accidents bring you, but only sorrow upon sorrow?

Think of what Christ says: "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."*

"It is a vain and unprofitable thing," says a very pious author, "to conceive either grief or joy for future things which perhaps will never happen.

But it is incident to man to be deluded with such imaginations, and a sign of a soul that is as yet weak, to be so easily drawn away by the suggestions of the enemy.

*Matt. vi.

For he cares not whether it be with things true or false that he abuses and deceives you, whether he overthrow you with the love of things present, or the fear of things to come.

Let not, therefore, your heart be troubled, and let it not fear.

Believe in God, and trust in His most tender mercies.

When you think, He is far from you, He is often nearest to you. Hence, dissipate all moodiness, dispel every dreary foreboding.

When you judge that almost all is lost, *then* oftentimes it is that *you are in the way of the greatest gain of merit.*

All is not lost when anything falls out otherwise than you would have it.

You must not judge according to your present feeling; nor give yourself up in such manner to any trouble, from whence soever it comes; *nor take it so as if all hope were gone of being delivered out of it."*

"Under the storm and the cloud to-day,

And to-day the hard peril and pain—

To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away,

For the sunshine shall follow the rain.

Merciful Father, I will not complain,

I know that the sunshine shall follow again."

—Joaquin Miller.

Oak-Leaved Geranium.

True Friendship.

"Friends, *but few on earth*, and therefore dear;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
So much desired and coveted by all."

—R. Pollok.

NOT all friendly people are friends. Not many true friends come in a life-time, and young persons ought to discriminate and sort carefully all candidates for their affection, and cherish fondly those that are thus judiciously chosen.

Some can roll together like marbles, with a soft gentle touch, and roll away again without making any impression on one another. Friendly persons are a great deal pleasanter to *meet* than most others, but their intercourse, their acquaintance, may be very different from those of David and Jonathan.

There are, on the other hand, some persons who seem made for one another; they exhibit such mutually sympathetic natures; their characters are so similar. Loyalty to such friends is a lofty virtue; treason to them is a crime that *God in His infinite love* may pardon, but man cannot easily forgive.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

This apt quotation has often been used to emphasize divine love, but it was originally a philosophic statement, perhaps the outcome of Solomon's own experience.

There are in this world friendships that seem even more deeply rooted than the delightful relationships of the family.

"Better is a neighbor that is near than a brother that is far off," is another proverb.

My Friend.

What do I care that his hair is gray,
 His forehead crossed with many a line,
 That his step is slow, and his years I know
 Are three times mine?
 That his once bright eye has begun to fade,
 And his once straight form to bend,
 What do I care? *His heart is there—*
 'Tis for that that I love my friend.

'Tis not only years that have dimmed his eye,
 And turned his hair from its bright hue—
 They have left their trace on the gentle face
 So kind and true—
 But the saddening touch of Sorrow's hand
 Those mournful lines have penned;
 Yet still I find *the noble mind—*
 'Tis for that that I love my friend.

And what do I care that others scorn
 His humble mien and furrowed face?
 To me rests there a beauty rare,
 The holy grace
Of a pure life lived by the Master's side,
 Serving him to the end;
And my heart I raise in grateful praise—
 Thank God, that I have my friend.

—Anon.

There is no sneer more contemptuous than that which we sometimes witness directed against the friendships of youth.

Let our young people, after prayerful selection, recognize the immeasurable value of the affection of a fellow-being.

True friendship waxes warmest in times of trial.

A funeral will bring all your kindly neighbors to your door with words of sympathy, provided the disease which took away your friend was

not contagious or infectious. But an infection, or a contagion, or a cruel misrepresentation which those who do not know you are ready to believe, or the loss of money and social prestige, or the disgraceful act of some friend, which has "got into the newspapers," or a big blunder of your own—any of these will immediately act as a social sieve, *and those whose friendship is not really great will fall through like dust, while the few true friends will remain.*

"A friend is gold: *if true*, he'll never leave thee;
Yet both, without a touchstone, may deceive thee."

—Anon.

*Choose your friend wisely,
Test your friend well;
True friends, like rarest gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, summer him,
Know your friend well.
Oft bosom companions
Are dangerous things;
Rifling your honey,
But leaving their stings;
Creeping and crawling,
Like bees without wings.
Leave not your secrets
At every man's door;
High tides will shift them,
Like sands on the shore—
Sift them and shift them,
No higher, No lower.
Take advice charily;
Many a man
Dates back his ruin
To change of his plan.
*Choose your friend wisely,
And well, if you can.**

—Anon.

Let all friendships be founded and maintained in the love of God, and they will be *lasting*, proof against any difficulty that may arise; they will also be most consoling and *safe*.



Oleander.

There the Oleander telleth thee,—beware!

The Oleander is a beautiful evergreen shrub, having clusters of fragrant red or white flowers. It is a native of the East Indies, but the red variety has become common in the south of Europe; called also *rose-bay* or *South-sea rose*. The plant, especially the bark of the root, is medicinal.

Beware!—Caution.

BEWARE—in all sincerity and truth, let me tell you again, *beware*—of all the many *snares and dangers of this wicked world!*—For as you, perhaps, know by your own sad experiences, *these dangers are great*,—so great, that the royal prophet says, “God shall rain down snares upon the wicked.”—Ps. x:7.

What a vast number of snares must the prophet see in the world to compare them to drops of rain! He says “upon the wicked,” because, being so little watchful over their hearts and their thoughts, so unconcerned about avoiding *the occasions of sin*, and thinking so little of providing themselves with *spiritual remedies*, and, what is worse than all this, walking continually in the midst of *the flames of the world*, how can they help but walk among innumerable dangers? It is on account of these many perils the prophet says, that “God would rain snares upon the wicked.”

Snares in youth and snares in old age, snares in riches and snares in

poverty, snares in honor and snares in dishonor, snares in company and snares when a man is alone, snares in adversity and snares in prosperity; in fine, every one of a man's senses, as the eyes, the ears, the tongue, and the rest, lay snares in his way. There are so many, in short, of these snares, that the prophet Jeremias cries out aloud, saying, "*Snares upon you, Oh inhabitants of the earth!*"

Would God but open our eyes a little, as He did St. Anthony's, we should see all the world full of snares, *entangled one in another*, and we should cry out with him, "Oh, who shall be able to avoid them all?"

It is this that threatens daily the destruction of so many souls!

Ah, dear reader, since this world is full of so many snares and pitfalls and precipices, *and is burning* in the flames of so many vices, shall we, can we ever think *ourselves* secure? "Can anyone hide fire in his bosom, and his garments not burn? Or can he walk over hot coals and his feet not be burnt?"*

"He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled with it, and he that hath fellowship with the proud, shall put on pride."—Eccl. xiii, 1.

And, what the poet says, too, after St. Augustine, is good advice:

"Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, that *run away*."

—Carew.

*Prov. vi: 27, 28.

The Olive-Tree.



“Fair olive-tree in the plains.”

The common olive-tree grows in warm climates, and rises to the height of twenty or thirty feet, having an upright stem or trunk with numerous branches.

This tree is much cultivated for its fruit.

Christ, Our Savior.

AS the olive-branch is an emblem of peace, so is the olive-tree a true symbol of Jesus Christ, who is “the *Prince of Peace*,” as the prophet calls Him. The fruit of the olive-tree yields the oil for sacred unctions, and Christ is “*The Anointed*.”

Jesus, *advancing towards the Garden of Olives*, was the true Olive-Tree, the prolific Olive-Tree, for there, by the opening of His veins, and by the effusion of His blood, He grafted us upon His own stem, and united and incorporated with Himself the wild and barren olive-trees, *which are our souls*, in order to make them fructify by His own virtue, through the supernatural sap of His grace and of His love.

Christ is the *True Olive-Tree* that ever rises in a stately and majestic manner, to rejoice the Church on earth, and just as admirably ascending from *Mount Olive*, He rejoiced the Church in Heaven forevermore.

Orange Blossoms.

The blossoms of a tree of the genus *Citrus* (*C. aurantium*.)

"The fragrant orange flowers,
Fall to earth in silver showers."

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

Chastity.

CHASTITY consists in preserving the mind and body free from *everything* that might stain their innocence.

Who wonders, therefore, at what the Wise Man says:

"Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory, for the memory of it is immortal: because it is known both with God and with men."
(Wisd. iv., 1.)

Chastity possesses an indescribable attraction and intrinsic sweetness; it affords enjoyments far more delightful than sensual pleasures. Purity is also health to the body; virginal purity is an earnest and foretaste of the immortality of the glorified body. He who lives chastely generally enjoys better health and lives to an advanced age. Sometimes God, in His wise providence, withdraws pure souls from earth in their youth; if so, He takes them away lest wickedness should alter their understanding or deceit beguile their souls. (Wisd. iv., 11.)

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

—*Milton.*

Ox-Eye.

A plant of the genus *Helenium*.

Patience.

“Patience hath a perfect work.”—St. James i., 4.

YOU are discouraged, my friend, perhaps, because you do not see much fruit of your work?

Never mind! Don't get down-hearted, don't lose your patience! Take up the Scripture and read what it contains concerning Noah. He was a man *who toiled and worked a hundred years*, while building the Ark, and didn't get discouraged; or, if he did, the Holy Ghost didn't put it on record.

Say to yourself: “If the Lord wants me to work without fruit, I will work on: I will do *the best I can* and leave the result with God. I will wait patiently upon the Lord.”

God's servants *must expect* temptations; and *must arm themselves* with patience and confidence in His help.

“Humble thy heart and *endure*,” says the Scripture, “incline thy ear, and receive the words of understanding; and make not haste in the time of clouds.

“*Wait on God with patience; join thyself to God, and endure*, that thy life be increased in the latter end.

“Take all that shall be brought upon thee; *and in thy sorrow endure*, and in thy humiliation keep patience:

“*For gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation.*

“Believe God, and *He will recover thee*. . . *believe Him*; and your reward shall not be made void.”—Ecclus. ii., 2-3.

"Do not, therefore, lose your confidence, which hath a great reward. For ye have need of *Patience*, that doing the will of God, ye may receive the Promise."—Heb. x., 25-36.

Be patient, *oh, be patient!* put your ear against the earth,
And listen there *how noiselessly* the germ of seed has birth;
How *noiselessly and gently* it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground and the blade stands up in day.
—*Anon.*



Palm.

A perennial endogenous tree of several different genera. A branch or leaf of the palm, was anciently borne or worn as a *symbol of victory* or rejoicing.

"The palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rain falls."

—*Longfellow.*

Heavenly Victory.

"I was exalted like a *palm-tree* in Cades."

DEAR Reader:—How numerous are the afflictions, how painful the grief, whereby our days are embittered! How heavy our labors! how dire and fierce our combats! But a crown is preparing for all who acquit themselves well and persevere to the *end*—"the Crown of Justice."

Many sick persons long for few days of rest, and it is not granted here. But an Everlasting Repose will be vouchsafed to the long-suffering.

In Heaven reigns eternal peace; eternal rest is given unto the Saints by the Lord.

"After this I saw a great multitude," says St. John, "standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and *palms* in their hands."* And again: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; death shall be no more; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more; *for the former things are passed away.*"†

When the prodigal son, after a life of misery and want, returned to his father's house, and received his embrace, and found a banquet prepared in honor of the son who had been lost, and was found again, *his heart was overwhelmed with joy on remembering the past—the days spent in a foreign country.*

But what is this in comparison with our glorious joys in Heaven? There we shall rest as *victors* in the embrace of *our Father, near the heart of our Savior*; the Angels and Saints will converse with us, treating us as their brethren and sisters.

And our joy shall never have an end.—Do we call to mind, by soothing anticipation, the Recompense in store for *Fidelity*,—as we languish under the oppressive cares, or are rudely tossed amid the anxious strifes and doubtful struggles, of our term of probation?

If an earthly home possess such attractions, what must be said of the Heavenly?

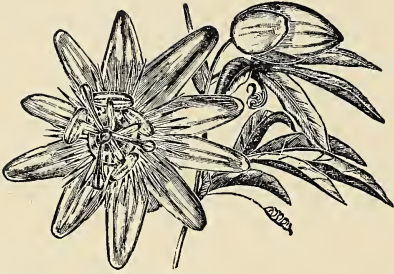
Oh conquerors of Death and Hell!
Hail! *victors*, highly crowned in Heaven,
Hail! company of all the Blest!
No; ne'er to mortal man 'twas given
To picture, e'en in gorgeous dreams,
The fulness of celestial streams,
That drown the thought of happiness
In glad reality of bliss.

—Weninger.

*Apoc. vii :9.

†Apoc. xxi :4.

Passion Flower.



A beautiful running plant, with curious blue flowers.—It is supposed to represent the instruments of the Crucifixion: hence its name.

“Art thou a type of beauty, or of power,
 Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
 For each thy name denoteth, Passion-flower!
 Oh, no! thy pure corolla’s depth within
 We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign
 ’Twixt God and man; *a record of that hour*
When the expiatory act divine
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower.
 IT IS THE CROSS!”

—Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Religious Zeal.

THERE is a three-fold apostolate of zeal, which extends more or less to *all the faithful.*

St. Peter reminds them that they are “a priestly people,” and the Holy Ghost says, by the voice of the Wise Man: “*The Lord has trusted to thee thy brother.*” Who can calculate the good effected by *unconsecrated missionaries in this three-fold apostolate?*

Who can estimate all the good produced by the *words and admonitions* of pious fathers and mothers, of husbands and wives, and of the *many* fervent Christians, all trying in their own sphere to spread the true faith, to lead back the straying sheep to the fold, to enlighten all those who “sit

in darkness and in the shadow of death," to convert sinners; in fine, to encourage genuine piety, and the desire of perfection among the faithful themselves.

The mission of *good examples* is still more extensive.

Consider the examples of virtue given by our great Fathers in the Faith. Though for ages they have slept in the tomb—their dust mingled with its mother earth, and their voices hushed forever—their glorious example is preaching still, and exhorting all to follow in their footsteps.

But the most extensive and consoling apostolate of all is that of *desire*. It knows no limit of time or space, because our desires are independent of exterior circumstances and wholly subject to our own control. It may roam the world, and include in its *ardent prayers* every good work, all the interests of God.

Oh, my dear reader, we ought to thank God and rejoice, that He has so ordered things that, by so many ways and means, and in every place and in any condition of life, we may co-operate in *the glorious work* of saving others. Let us, then, bestir ourselves to action.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. *Wherefore let thy voice*
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by *gold chains* about the feet of God."

—Tennyson.

Petunia.

THE Petunia (*Petunia argentea*) is a native of South America, and belongs to the Nightshade Family. Of late years foreign florists have taken great pains to improve it by hybridizing, and have succeeded in producing some that are most exquisite in color, being plain, blotched, or striped, and nearly as double as a rose.

Keep Your Vows and Promises!

"I am combined by a sacred vow."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Knights of love, who never broke their vow,
Firm to their plighted faith."

—*Dryden.*

A vow (solemn promise), as you most probably know, dear reader, is a promise to do some *greater good*, made *willingly to God*, with the intention of doing Him honor. *It is more than a simple resolution.* By it we bring ourselves toward God, to do the thing promised under pain of sin. The obligation to perform that which we have promised, *extends to all the circumstances promised*, the time, place, etc.

The Church alone *can release* from this obligation to God, because she represents Him and speaks in His Name, but she *only* does so *for legitimate* reasons.

Therefore, anyone who is desirous of taking a vow, ought to *consider well beforehand* whether he will be able to keep his word.

A man who wishes to build, first makes an estimate of the cost, to see whether his means will allow him to complete the structure (Luke, xiv, 28). So, no one ought to make a promise for any great length of time, without first testing his ability to keep it.

He ought to remember, too, that

“Every word man’s lips have uttered
Echoes in God’s skies;”

—Procter.

and that

“The man that is not in the enemies’ pow’r,
Nor fetter’d by misfortune, and breaks promises,
Degrades himself; he never can pretend
To honor more.”

—Sir Robert Stapleton.

Phaseolus.

One of the plants that have been *utilized by man for food*, the Phaseolus, is familiar to all under the name of Bean. Some few are indigenous to the soil, but most of those grown, either for food or ornament, are from foreign lands.—The Phaseolus multiflorus, or Scarlet Runner, is an annual from South America. The blossoms are a brilliant scarlet, in which there is a slight dash of orange. There is also a variety with white and lilac flowers.

Opportunity.

“The golden opportunity
Is never offer’d twice; *seize then the hour*
When fortune smiles, and duty points the way.”

—Anon.

THERE’S a time for all things.

And to *improve* the golden moment of opportunity, and *catch the good that is within our reach*, is the great art of life.

Wise men, therefore, *plough deep* while sluggards sleep.

"Life," says Bishop Spalding, "is good, and *opportunities of becoming and doing good* are always with us. Our house, our table, our tools, our books, our city, our country, our language, our business, our profession, —the people who love us and those who hate, *they who help and they who oppose—what is all this but opportunity?*"

"The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And *not neglected*; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, *Heaven's* offer we refuse,
The proper'd means of succor and redress."

—*Shakespeare.*



Pine, Spruce.

Hope in Adversity.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

—*Pope.*

HOPE is the *support* of our will.

It is Hope that ever places a goal before our efforts, consoles us in misfortune, and encourages us in success.

All men, each in the path marked out for him by Providence, walk in the light of that lamp. Thanks to *this consoling sentiment which always promises us a more prosperous to-morrow*, we bear the evils, the trials of our present life, which are sometimes so forbidding and so bitter that we are *tempted to sluggish discouragement* or even to give up in blank despair;

but hope gaily advances to meet us with outstretched hand, promising us happiness or success, and we seize it with joy.

Besides, the Christian who does not deceive himself as to the destiny of man, and who places his hope higher than earth, accepts the miseries here below as a chalice of expiation; he knows that God *will reward him in supreme felicity for his sorrows and sufferings here below*, and he rejoices in having to suffer.

How sublime, then, is the hope which thus produces resignation, represses every murmur, disposes the heart to sacrifices of every kind, and sheds over the ills of fleeting time *the balm of eternal consolation*.

What though from life's bounties thou mayest have fallen?

And what though thy sun in dark clouds may have set?

There is a bright star that illumines your horizon,—

It telleth thee loudly—"THERE'S HOPE FOR THEE YET!"

This earth may look dull, old friends may forsake thee,

And sorrows that never before thou hast met

May roll o'er thy head, yet *the bright star before thee*

Shines to remind thee,—"*THERE'S HOPE FOR THEE YET!*"

'Tis but folly to mourn, though fortune disdain thee,

Though ever so darkly thy sun may have set,

'Tis wisdom to gaze at *the bright star before thee*,

And shout as you gaze,—"*THERE'S HOPE FOR ME YET!*"

—*John S. Adams.*

And, prayerfully, with resignation, writes another poetical genius:

"Lord, though I dread with countless fears unspoken

The path that stretches out before me now,

Shrouded in gloom, its silence yet unbroken,

In answer to Thy call my will I bow,

My God, I trust Thee!

"My human courage fails, and doubts oppress me,

I cry aloud to Thee in anguish sore;

I cannot see Thee, but Thy hands caress me,

And at Thy touch my fears are soothed once more,

My God, I trust Thee!

"My weakness pleads to Thee, my tears are flowing,
And still Thou pointest to this unknown way;
Ah! it is thus that Thou Thy love art showing,
And so with trembling lips I humbly say,
My God, I trust Thee!"

—*Caroline Harris Gallagher.*



The Pink, Red.

Of the genus *Dianthus*. Among the species, varieties, and sub-varieties of this genus are included Carnations, Camelias, Japonicas, French Pinks, Sweet Williams, the Cardinal Flower, etc., etc.

"The Pink can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favorite flower."

—*Goethe.*

Maternal Love.

"Through the world where'er you go,
You find *no* second mother."

—*Scherb.*

FOR,

"A mother's love!—how sweet the name!
What is a *mother's* love?
A *noble, pure, and tender flame,*
Enkindled from above."

—*Montgomery.*

"A sister's love is warm and kind,
A brother's strong as hand of time;
And sweet the love of kindred mind,
But mother, these are not like thine."

—*Anon.*

There are two kinds of love—love which receives, and love which gives; and as “it is more blessed to give than to receive,” a mother’s love, *which is always giving*, is the choicest love of all.

Children honor most the mother that loves most, and religious daughters make pious mothers. One hundred and twenty clergymen being assembled together, were invited to state the human instrument of their change for the better. How many attributed, under God, to their mother, the granting of that mercy? Above one hundred! *Her children rise up and call her blessed.*

It may seem but a thankless toil or a lowly destiny to care for little ones, and bear the weariness and pain that waits upon a mother’s lot. But *that mother* who sees her children born again through her instrumentality, and made *a blessing to the world*, in answer to her prayers, *has not labored in vain nor spent her strength for naught.*

When all the world grows strange,
Still shall her arms enfold thee;
When smiling fortunes change,
Still shall her words uphold thee.

When all thy hopes shall fail,
And leave thee naught but care;
And when thy cheek grows pale,
Or wasted with despair;—

When desolation meets thee
Without an arm to save:
When death himself shall greet thee,
A victim for the grave;—

Then *Mother* shall caress thee
With all an angel’s care;
Then shall she softly bless thee
With e’en an angel’s prayer.

—Anon.

"Forget" Thee, Mother?

*"Forget" thee, mother? What? forget
The eyes that first gazed into mine?
That watched me, when my life was young
With watchfulness almost divine?
"Forget" thee? What? forget the lips
That to mine own so oft were pressed?
That moved for me in many a prayer
While sweet I slumbered on thy breast?
"Forget" thee, mother? What? forget
The tender pathos of that voice,
That made, as never other could,
My tears depart, and soul rejoice?
"Forget" thee? Yes, I shall forget
Thy face, thy voice, thy lips, thy eyes!
But not till Death's unsparing hand
Upon me falls, and memory dies!*

—Anon.

The Plane Tree.

This majestic tree rises with a straight, smooth, branching stem to a great height, with palmated leaves, and long, pendulous peduncles, sustaining several heads of small, close-sitting flowers.

Genius.

*"All the means of action—
The shapeless mass, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is GENIUS!"*

—Longfellow.

A MAN endowed with uncommon vigor of mind—especially superior power of invention or origination of any kind—is called a Genius.—What we call *Genius*, is generally connected more or less with the exercise of imagination, and reaches its ends by a kind of intuitive power.

Balmes, who was a man of genius himself, says that men of *true* genius are distinguished by the unity and extent of their conceptions. If they treat a difficult and complicated question, *they simplify it, consider it from a high point of view, and determine one general idea which sheds light upon all others.*

If they have a difficulty to solve, *they show the root of the error*, and with a word they dispel all the illusions of sophistry.

If they use synthesis, they first establish *the principle which is to serve as its basis*, and with one dash trace the road to be followed in order to reach the wished-for-result.

If they make use of analysis, *they strike* in its secret resort *the point* where the resolution into the constituent parts is to commence; they at once open the object, and reveal to us its most obscure mysteries.

If there is question of a discovery, while others are seeking here and there, they strike the ground with their foot, and exclaim: "*The treasure is here.*" They make no long arguments, *nor evasions*; *their thoughts are few, but pregnant*; their words are not many, but *in each of them is set a pearl* of inestimable value.

But, ye men of genius, remember, *the day will come and the hour*, when you shall have to render a strict account of all the grand gifts you may have received from the Lord.—Oh, that you may be able to do this with joy and not with grief, else the reckoning will be fearfully against you!

Poplar, White.

"Its leaves, *like Time*, in constant motion."

Time.

TIME is short and irresistible in its course. It is, also, most rapid in its flight, and when gone is irrecoverable.

"Our time," says the Wise Man, "is the passage of a shadow."

"Man's days," says the royal prophet, "pass like a shadow." "Our days on earth are a shadow," says Job. This holy man was a competent judge on the subject: he had attained the patriarchial age of two hundred and forty years; yet he exclaims: "My days have been swifter than a runner; they have passed by as ships carrying fruits, as an eagle flying to his prey."

Irresistible, however, and rapid as time is, it is *limited* in extent. And yet, we generally make very small account of *the value* of time!

Oh, dear reader, let's be wiser in future; *let us employ better our precious time*, in doing good deeds, in shunning sin and working out our salvation.

Let us hail every new day with avidity, *and earnestly fill up all its hours*, ever remembering, as we see its evening shades fall around us, that *the night is coming*, in which no man can work!

We cannot stay thy footsteps, Time!
 Thy flight no hand may bind,
 Save His Whose foot is on the sea,
 Whose voice is on the wind;
*Yet when the stars from their bright spheres,
 Like living flames are hurled,
 Thy mighty form will sink beneath
 The ruins of a world!*

—Anon.

"Redeem mine hours; the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief
When Time and thou shalt part forever."

—Sir Walter Scott.

Poppy.



"We are slumberous Poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What, perchance, our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show."

—Anon.

The Poppy is a plant of the genus *Papaver*, of several species, from one of which *opium* is collected.

Consolation of Sleep.

FOR *instance*: when men work late, their exaltation of mind continues long after they have retired to rest. The brain continues throbbing, to the banishment of sleep.

Like a mill, it goes on grinding, grinding, though without grist! Will has no power over it, and it dreams and thinks, uncontrolled and incoherently. The brain can only recuperate its power, and bodily waste can only be repaired, by perfect rest,—by sound sleep; but when there is no sleep, but only half-wakeful dreams, the brain and body are alike unrested and unrefreshed.

What a *blessing*, then, is sleep!

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!"

—Young

It is one of the happiest boons of youth, and we never know its value until we have lost it.

Sleep wraps one all round like a blanket.

No wonder, that a poet sings:

“Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of art, the balm of woe,
The poor man’s wealth, the prisoner’s release,
The indifferent judge *between* the high and low.”

A Legend of the Poppy.

At Nazareth once the Child lay ill!
His face was white and drawn and still;
While Mary, full of anxious grief,
Simples prepared for His relief.

But naught availed; then Joseph said,
Bending above the little bed:
“To a physician I shall go;
We cannot see Him languish so.”

But Mary answered: “Joseph, stay!
You have been laboring hard today.
Let me go!” With one kiss upon
The Boy’s white forehead, she was gone.

Quickly across the fields she sped;
The Grain had just been harvested;
Her sandalled feet were pierced by stones—
She only thought of Jesus’ moans.

Returning soon with cordial fine,
She gave it to the Child Divine;
Swiftly it flowed through every vein,
And morning found Him free from pain.

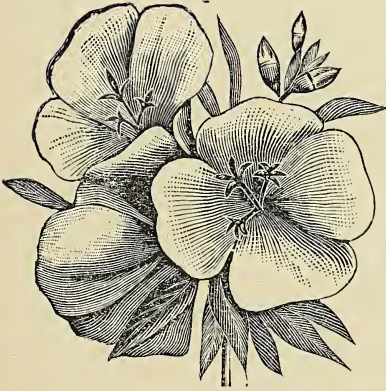
Then Mary said: “Come, my sweet Boy!
The fields are full of life and joy!
Let us go forth, and flowerets wild
I’ll wreathe in garlands for my Child.”

Slowly they wandered, hand in hand—
 The fairest two in all the land—
 Until, the meadows roaming through,
 They saw a blossom strange and new.

The Child stretched forth His arms, "More, more!"
 He cried—"They ne'er were here before,"
 The mother said. But Jesus knew
 Those wondrous flowers of crimson hue

Had sprung from every blood-red stain
 Dropped on the field of gathered grain,
 When, speeding on her errand fleet,
 The stones had pierced His mother's feet.

—*Hope Willis.*



Primrose.

Welcome, pale Primrose!

How much thy presence beautifies the ground;
 How sweet thy modest and unaffected pride
 Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!

—*J. Clare.*

Cheerfulness.

BE cheerful, my friend, ever cheerful!—In answer to the question, How are we, for instance, to overcome *temptations*? a devotional writer says:

"Cheerfulness is the first thing, Cheerfulness is the second, and Cheerfulness is the third."

Cheerfulness furnishes, too, the best soil for the growth of goodness and virtue.

It gives brightness of heart and elasticity of spirit.

It is the companion of charity, the nurse of patience, the mother of wisdom.

It is also the best of moral and mental tonics.

The *Scripture* says:

"A glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by grief of mind the spirit is cast down."—Prov. xv., 13.

And again: "A joyful mind maketh age flourishing: a sorrowful spirit drieth up the bones."—Prov. xvii., 22.

Well, then, my dear and faithful reader, this being so, *rejoice! be glad!*

Again I tell you with the Scripture: "Rejoice . . . and let thy heart be in that which is good, but know that for all these God will bring thee into judgment.—Remove anger from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. *For youth and pleasure are vain.*"—Eccl. xi., 9-10.

Pussy Willows.

"When the early comers,
Harbingers of Spring,
Modest pussy willows
In their cradles swing,

"What a sight to see them
Rocking to and fro."

Catharine Walsh.

The Approach of the Last Day.

THE Last Day, or the Day of Judgment, is unknown to us, though certain signs have been revealed which are to herald its approach.

Christ Himself gave some *signs of the approach of the Last Day*

(Matt. xxiv., 3, etc.), so that Christians might remain steadfast and courageous. The signs are:

The Gospel shall be preached to the whole world (Matt. xxiv., 14).

The greater part of mankind will be without faith (Luke xviii., 8; 2 Thess. ii., 3), and immersed in things of earth (Luke xvii., 26, etc.).

Antichrist will appear, whom our Lord will kill with the spirit of His mouth on the Last Day (2 Thess. ii., 8).

Types and forerunners of Antichrist have existed from time to time (1 John ii., 18), "for the mystery of iniquity already worketh." (2 Thess. ii., 7.)

Enoch and Elias will return and preach penance (Matt. xvii., 11).

The Jews will be converted (Osee iii., 4-5).

Dreadful *signs* will appear *in the heavens* and great tribulations will come upon mankind: "The sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be moved." (Matt. xxiv., 29.)

"And then they will see the Son of Man coming on a cloud with great power and majesty. *But when these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads: because your redemption is at hand* See the fig-tree, *and all the trees*: when they now shoot forth their fruit, ye know that the summer is nigh. So also, *when ye shall see these things come to pass*, know that the kingdom of God is at hand." (Luke xxi., 25-31.)

"Thou attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
Thy summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal."

—Milton.

Quamoclit.

A genus of climbing ornamental plants, allied to the convolvulus; found in the hot parts of America; also in India and China.—*The Bending-Bean*.

The Busy-body.

ANYONE who, without *intending* to defame another, starts reports capable of destroying or diminishing affection among relatives, confidence among friends, or order between superiors and inferiors—whence arise quarrels, hatred, divisions, and a multitude of other evils,—is a busy-body, and makes himself guilty of a great sin, which—it cannot be denied—is even *greater* than detraction or contumely; *for a friend is better than honor*.

We cannot, therefore, my dear reader, too carefully *avoid stories* that may be followed by such sad consequences.

“If you chance to hear a word spoken against your neighbor,” says the Scripture, “*let it die in your bosom*, and be sure that it will not kill you.”—Ecclus. xix.

A GOOD RULE.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, *three gates of gold*.

Three narrow gates—first, “*Is it true?*”
Then, “*Is it needful?*” In your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, “*Is it kind?*”

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through *these gateways three*,
Then you may tell the tale, no fear
What the result of speech may be.

—Anon.

Queen's Rocket.

A plant of the genus *Eruca*. The name is also applied to plants of the genus *Hesperis*.

Fashion.

A *DELIRIUM* of fashion, who can deny it?—exists. Women, perhaps, more so than men, are often ranked *by what they wear, not by what they are*. Extravagance in dress, not to say *indecentcy of dress*, has taken the place of simple womanly beauty. Wordsworth once described the “perfect woman nobly planned.” *Where will you find the perfect woman now?* Not in the party-colored, overdressed creature, the doll in shreds and patches—with false hair, false complexion, false eyebrows, false everything!

And the evil does not stop with the moneyed classes. It descends even to the poorer classes. They, too, want to live up to the style and fashion of the day, no matter whether their income allows them to do so or not.

Nay, the folly of fashion and dress is carried to such extremes, nowadays, that it becomes even *dangerous* to morality.

For a great number of young ladies dissipate the usefulness and *seriousness of their calling, principally* through vanity.

A number of young women, among the *less* wealthy classes, would have been models of purity and moral worth, had not their virtue, or at least their modesty, been bought for the low consideration of a silk dress, or a box of trinkets.

Oh! could we look over the records of houses that have no good fame: we should find there many a once fair record that might trace the *primary* cause of its present degradation, to *the love of fineries* and of dress.

No wonder, indeed, that St. Peter, writing on this topic, says, “Whose (the women’s) adorning let it not be the outward plaiting of the

hair, or the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel: but the hidden man of the heart in the incorruptibility of a quiet and meek spirit, which is rich in the sight of God.”—I. Peter iii., 3-4.



Red Catchfly.

A plant, of different species, having the surface of the leaves, etc., covered with viscid secretions, which catch and hold flies; such as the *Silene*.

Youthful Love.

Ah, five and twenty years ago,
Had I but planted seed of trees,
How now I should enjoy their shade,
And see their fruit swing in the breeze.

—*Oriental.*

DEAR young reader:—Don't say with the wicked: "Let us crown ourselves with roses, before they be withered;" on the contrary, *despising* the delusive charms of youthful pleasure, you should love 1, God; 2, obedience, and 3, useful labor.

"*Fear God,*" saith the Holy Ghost, "*and keep His commandments; for this is all man;*" that is to say, this is the whole duty, virtue, perfection, and happiness, of man. It is for this reason also that the fear of the Lord is called in Sacred Writ, *The beginning, the fullness, and the crown of wisdom.*

He, then, who fears the Lord, is truly wise and virtuous.

Now, this fear of God is not *servile*, that is to say, a fear which merely fears *punishment*, without detesting sin; but it is a salutary dread which removes sin—a *filial*, childlike fear that is *part of one's love for God.*

To fear God then is to fear sin, which offends God, our Father. Here you see *true* virtue, and all that is not directed by this rule, is but *false* virtue. Those who fear not to offend God, and fear only the primitive consequences of sin, are by no means virtuous, or at most, they possess but false and hypocritical virtue.

Often, then, my dear young reader, beg this fear of Almighty God, for when you possess it, you will be happy, you will be protected and receive the blessings of Heaven.

All the malice of men and devils will not be able to disturb you.

Next comes *Love of obedience*, which means: "*Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayst be long-lived.*"*

It is God who gives you this command; note well that this is the only commandment, to the observance of which the Lord has attached a recompense on earth; judge from this, my dear young reader, how much He desires that children should render due honor to their parents.

Now, the *respect* you ought to have for your parents, consists in receiving their advice, remonstrances, and corrections, with docility; in dreading to cause them any uneasiness; in concealing their defects; in never speaking ill of them; and in never using harsh or disrespectful words to them.

Ah, what a crime it is for a child to despise those who have given it life!

Take delight, therefore, in rendering to your parents the *respect, love, and obedience*, which are due to them; by so doing you will fulfill the law of God, and be the happiness and consolation of your beloved parents.

Another important duty of youth consists in being ever engaged in some *useful work*, outside the time of needed relaxation and repose.

For, if this period of life be not spent in something useful, *there is every danger of contracting vices* that will remain until death; and because

*Exod. xx:12.

the time of youth is most proper for instruction, the first years of our life being those in which we are to *learn*—and may the more easily acquire—*virtue, knowledge, and the arts* which are to occupy the remainder of our days. If this time be lost, or permitted to pass uselessly away, it can never be regained.

Time once past never returns!

There are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pain,
 But when youth, the dream departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

—Richard H. Stoddard.

THE UNSOWN SEED.

I saw a garden, in springtime,
 Prepared with greatest care,
 And I thought when comes the summer,
 Rare flowers will be blooming there.
 But summer found in the garden
 Full many a noxious weed.
 With never a flower among them,
 For none had sown the seed.

I saw a life that gave promise
 Of harvest rich and rare,
 Had the fertile soil been tended,
 And the seed been planted there.
 Neglected and unplanted—
 O'ergrown with sin's foul weeds—
 Oh, the flowers we might gather,
 Did we only sow the seed!

Oh, the precious moments wasted!
 The deeds of love undone;
 The *bitter thoughts* we cherished
Come back to us one by one;

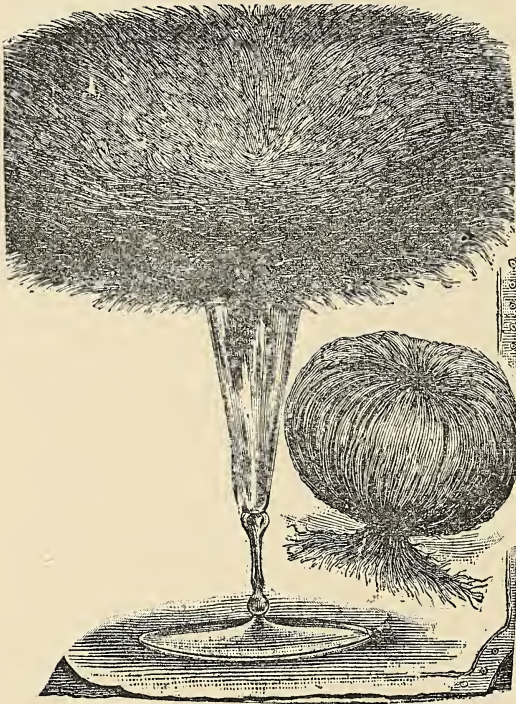
*And we sigh for the vanished spring-time
Of which we took no heed.
Oh, the harvest we might gather,
Did we only sow the seed!*

*Had we sown the seeds of virtue,
Of holy love and truth,
Of charity and kindness,
In the spring-time of our youth;
In the autumn we'd have gathered
A harvest rich and rare—
A harvest of fragrant flowers
Been blooming for us there.*

*We'd have never cause to murmur
At the hardness of our lot;
Our lives full of contentment—
In palace or in cot—
Did we improve the golden spring-time,
Root out each noxious weed—
What a bountiful harvest waits us,
Do we only sow the seed!*

—Clara M. Howard.

The Resurrection Plant.



Among the many curious and wonderful productions of the vegetable world few excite more interest than the Resurrection Plant, or Moss (*Selaginella lepidophylla*) of Mexico. Its native haunts are the arid mountain sides, and during dry weather the plants present the appearance of a lifeless, tightly rolled up ball; but as soon as the rain begins to fall, and the earth about the roots becomes saturated with moisture, the ball begins to rapidly unfold and is soon spread out into a mat, or rosette, of beautiful green

fronds, and remains so until the ground begins to dry, then it slowly rolls up and calmly sleeps until the next rainfall. But the most wonderful thing about this curious plant is that it may be dug up and kept dry, like a ball of yarn, for years, *and whenever it is placed in a vase or saucer of water it will in a few moments unfold its beautiful green interior to view.* Taken out of the water it will roll up again, to all appearances perfectly dead, and may be put away for any length of time until it is wished to repeat the experiment.

The Resurrection.

"Trust gives sweet peace to every living thing:
 The wavering *robin* that in space has flown
 Finds its safe nest; the *germ of roses* sown
 Waits, sure in darkness, for the touch of spring;
 The *tendrils of the ivy* blindly cling,
 Stretching their brown threads toward the wall unknown,
 To find a place secure, where, spite the moan
 Of rushing winds, they hang till soft airs sing.

"We who love life, fear most the mystic death,
 Yet we in death the self-same life shall live,—
This very life we know,—but glorified;
 And the fair temple which now holds our breath
 Shall simply take the glory seraphs give,—
 Renew its joys and say, '*I have not died!*' "

—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

"**B**EHOLD," says St. Paul,* "I tell you a mystery: we shall all rise again, but we shall not all be changed.—In a moment, at the sound of the last trumpet, for the trumpet shall sound, the dead shall rise again, to die no more."

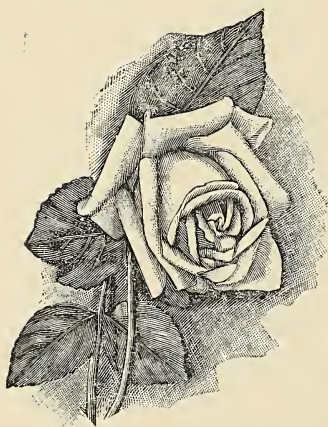
To help us to believe this mystery, God has multiplied images of the Resurrection before our eyes. See: every day the light disappears as if it were destroyed, and every day it comes back again as if it were revived. *The plants throw away their greenness, and take it back again, as if they were restored to life.* The seeds die in corruption, and are resuscitated in new germs. Every day we have *within us* a sensible image of our death and resurrection. What is sleep but an image of death, and what is awaking but an image of the resurrection?

At the beginning of the world God said, *Let light be*, and light was. This *same* voice, so powerful as to draw in *one* moment the universe from nothingness, shall be no less powerful to awake in *one* moment from their sleep all the generations of men, buried in the silence of the tomb.—

*1 Cor. xv :51.

“ See! Oh, prisoned soul of mine,
 In yon bright insect that on flitting wing
 Receives from honeyed bells their garnered sweets,
A symbol of thyself. But *yesterday*,
 Away from sight within its shell it lay
A hated worm; to-day in blissful life
 Departing from its tomb it rose on high
A vision of delight.—*So thou, at length,*—
 The moment of thy low existence o’er,—
 Thy powers expanded, and thy youth renewed,—
A nobler creature in a nobler sphere.”

—*Ven. Sister M. Genevieve Todd.*



The Rose.

“Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling.”

—*Wordsworth.*

Beauty.

WHAT about beauty? Not that beauty of person is to be underestimated; for, other things being equal, symmetry of form, gracefulness of figure, handsomeness of features and delicacy of complexion, are to be admired: they are also outward indications of health, and even of refinement.

But to *marry*, for instance, a handsome figure *without character*,—fine features unbeautified by sentiment or good nature, or, worst of all, unaccompanied by piety and reserve, would be a *deplorable* blunder.

Whereas *goodness*, displayed through the most ordinary features, is *perennially lovely*, the beauty of to-day becomes commonplace to-morrow.

Hearken to the words of the poet:

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
 The glory of April and May;
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field;
 When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
 Still how *sweet a perfume* it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

*Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.*

—Dr. J. Watts.

And just as truthful and sincere are the lines of another:

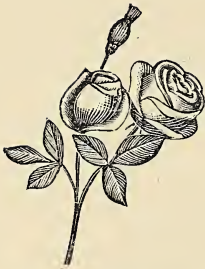
"Beautiful? Yes, but the blush will fade,
 The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear;
 The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
 And the sunbeam die in the weaving hair;

Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
 Gather earth's glories and bloom within,
 That the *soul may be bright* when youth is passed."

—Anon.

Rose of the Sacred Heart.

“Love’s symbol true thou art,
Rose of the Sacred Heart!”



Jesus’ Heart Still Throbbing With Love For Each of Us.

“And the tender voice sobs like a balm:
‘This Heart was pierced for thee!’
For me, great God, for me?
*Yes, enter in my love, my lamb,
This Heart was pierced for thee!*”

—Anon.

THE essence of God is charity, and the essence of God is Himself. *God is Charity*; and that Charity was Incarnate, *and that Charity came* and was passible among men. He came to weep over the sins of men, to weep at the grave of the dead, to weep over the sins of Jerusalem, to suffer, to hunger, to thirst, to be in agony, and to be crucified!—and all this He did and endured *out of pure love* for fallen man. Oh, let us frequently contemplate the Sacred Human Heart of Jesus now glorious in Heaven, still throbbing with love for each of us, and still mysteriously abiding amongst us, having “Compassion on the Multitude,” and saying, as it were,

“ . . . *I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep, my Saints in Heaven
Its depths can never know;
When pierced and wounded on the Cross,
Man’s sin and doom were mine
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine!*”

*"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
 My soul bears all thy pains;
 To gain thy love, My Sacred Heart
 In earthly shrines remains;
 Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
 Without one gift divine:
 Give it, my child, thy heart to Me,
 And it shall rest in Mine!"*

—*Adelaide Procter.*

*"The briers of sin and care
 O'ergrow the mount of prayer—
 Contrite 'mid suffering.
 If to the Cross we cling,
 As clung the thorny vine,
 Round it our lives entwine:—
 Bathed in the blessed flood
 Of Jesus' Precious Blood,
 All human joys and woes
 Shall blossom as the rose.
 Love's symbol true thou art,
 Rose of the Sacred Heart!"*

—*Anon.*

Rose of the Ever-Blessed Virgin Mary.

"The Rose in which the Word Divine
Became incarnate."

—Dante.

"Mystical Rose."

"Mystical Rose, unfading Flower,
Sure refuge of the unconsolated."

—An English Poet.

MARY is appropriately called "Mystical Rose," which title is full of meaning, for in a *spiritual sense* we see in her everything that is found in roses, namely, *sharp thorns, green leaves and sweetscented flowers*.

The *thorns* are symbolic of the sufferings and tribulations of life. In this sense Mary can very well be compared to a rose; for, notwithstanding her original innocence, she always trod the path of suffering.

The rose has *green leaves* which are valuable inasmuch as they are an ornament to the rose. Such green leaves we find also in Mary, the Mystical Rose. The *green leaves* are a symbol of *hope*, which we place in Mary because of her most powerful *intercession* at God's throne; for the *green color* is universally considered a symbol of hope. And Mary is our Hope—our *Hope in life, and our Hope in death*. It is for this reason that we daily ask her to *pray for us now and at the hour of our death*.

"When my eyes are slowly closing,
And I fade from earth away,
And when Death, the stern destroyer,
Claims my body as his prey,—
*Claim my soul, and then, sweet Mary,
Ora pro me!"*

—Adelaide Procter.

Roses are both *red* and *white*. We admire both, not only because of their beauty, but also because of their sweet odor. Mary can be compared to red and to white roses; to the *red*, on account of *her love*, to the *white* on account of her *original purity*. Because of *these two virtues* Mary is infinitely dearer to us than the most beautiful, odorous rose.

She is, indeed,

“The garden fair,
Which under the rays of Christ is blossoming.”

—Dante.

“O merciful! O loving! O sweet Virgin Mary!”

—St. Bernard.

Rosemary.

“There is rosemary for you: that’s for remembrance.”

—Shakespeare.

The Rosemary is a verticillate plant of the genus *Rosmarinus*, growing wild in the southern parts of France, Spain, and Italy; also in Asia Minor and in China. It has a fragrant smell, and a warm, pungent taste. It is frequently mentioned by the ancient Latin authors—Horace, Ovid, Columella, etc.

Remembrance of the Manifold Benefits of God.

ALL that we have in soul and body, all that we possess outwardly or inwardly, by nature or by grace, are gifts from God, and commend the bounty, mercy, and goodness of Him from whom we have received all good. And though one has received more, another less, yet all is from Him, and without Him, even the least benefit cannot be had. He that has received greater things cannot glory in his own merit, nor extol himself above

others, nor exult over the lesser; because, as a spiritual writer well says, he is, indeed, greater and better who attributes less to himself, and is more humble and devout in returning thanks to God for all His manifold gifts bestowed on man.

With David, the man after God's own heart, we should, therefore, often give thanks to the Most High, and say:

"What is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou visitest him?

Thou hast made him a little less than the Angels, Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor.

And hast set him over the works of Thy hands.

Thou hast subjected all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen; moreover, the beasts also of the field.

The birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea.

Lord, our Lord, how admirable is Thy name in all the earth!"

—Ps. viii., 5-10.

Thanksgiving.

We thank Thee, Father, for Thy care,
For countless blessings that we share;
For all life's trials, pains and pleasures,
And all its labors and its treasures!

We thank Thee for Thy blessed light,
The sun by day, the moon by night;
For summer's heat and winter's blast,
For gloom and shadows o'er us cast;

For hearts with love for Thee imbued,
For tongues to speak our gratitude;
For all Thy blessings from above,
For everything we owe Thy Love;

For restful slumber, and the gleams
 Of Paradise we see in dreams;
 For hope that every upward springs
 To Thee, oh God, on Faith's strong wings;

For peace and plenty—grace untold,
 And blessings rich and manifold;
*Our thanks and praises now are given
 To Thee, oh Father, Lord of Heaven!*

—Henry Coyle.

Rose Montiflora.

A plant and flower of the genus *Rosa*.

Grace of God.

“Oh, *momentary* grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!”

—Shakespeare.

YOU ought not to put great confidence in a frail mortal man, even though he be serviceable and beloved; nor should you take much grief, if sometimes he be against you and cross you in your ways.

They that are with you to-day, may be against you to-morrow. Men often change like the wind.

Place your whole confidence in God and *daily* pray for *His* grace.

For without the succor of *divine* grace we can do nothing, we cannot so much as form one good thought—*conducive to eternal life*, nor take the least step towards God by *supernatural* virtue.

“As the eye of the body, though perfectly sound, cannot see unless it

be assisted by the light, so neither can a man live well but by the eternal light which is derived from God," as St. Austin says.*

God, who desires that all men be saved, offers this greatest of treasures to every one, *enlightening every man* that cometh into this world.

"If we neglect to *pray assiduously* for this divine succor," says another spiritual writer, "if we are not solicitous faithfully to *preserve and improve this most excellent* gift of God, *we destroy* in our souls the principle of our spiritual life and of eternal glory, and trample, as it were, under our feet *the price of Christ's Sacred Blood*."

The graces which we reject are *seeds* which would fructify to a hundred-fold; they are *talents*, which, if put out to the banker, would be multiplied; *faithfully corresponded with, they would make us saints*; but the abuse of them will be our greatest crime, and our heaviest condemnation."

Mind, then, oh Christian souls, what the Scripture tells you, and listen to the voice saying: "Hear me, ye divine offspring, and bud forth as the *rose* planted by the brooks of waters.

Give ye *a sweet odor* as frankincense.

Send forth flowers, as the lily, and yield a smell, and bring forth *leaves in grace*, and praise with canticles, and *bless* the Lord in his works."
—Eccclus. xxxix., 17-19.

*S. Aug. l. *de Nat. et Grat.* c. 26 t. 10.



Rudbeckia.

The Rudbeckia is a tall plant resembling the sunflower.

Justice.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

—*Shakespeare.*

"**L**ET the balance be just, and the weights equal, the bushel just and, the sextary equal."—Leviticus, xix., 36.

As it is the property of *justice* to give to everyone his due, whether it be God, our neighbor, or ourselves, so there are three sorts of virtue that compose it; one is particularly for the performance of the duty man owes to God; one, for the duty he owes his neighbor; and one, for the duty he owes to himself.

This is all he has to do in order to satisfy the obligations of Christian justice; that is, for the making of himself truly just.

"And if you would know," says a spiritual writer, "how that is to be done and would have it made more plain by a few familiar comparisons, I should say: a man will comply exactly with these three duties, if he has but three things:—the heart of a son towards God, the heart of a man towards his neighbor, and the heart of a judge towards himself."

In these three points of justice, the prophet placed the very perfection of our good, when he said, "I will shew thee, oh man, what is good,

and what the Lord requireth of thee: Verily to do *judgment*, and to *love mercy* and to *walk carefully with thy God*.”*

The doing of judgment shows a man what he owes to himself; mercy, what he owes to his neighbor; and walking carefully with God, what his obligation is to God. Our weal here and hereafter depends on these three things.

The Saffron Flower.

A medicinal plant, having orange-colored flowers.

Moderation in Work.

GIVE Nature its rightful due, as it will not let its offenders go unpunished; no violater of its rights may escape with impunity.

What should I have gained to-day, by having half-killed myself for the sake of doing things quickly?

Go to work *gently*, and be convinced that everything will become the very humble servant of your good desires.

“Besides, my dear friend,” writes Lacordaire, “however robust one’s constitution and health may be, it is *not Hercules* who does the most; a *generous soul in a frail body is mistress of the world*.”

Young gentlemen, hear! I am older than you!
The advice that I give I have proved to be true,
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you’re the longer about it!

—Cowper.

LET THIS BE WELL UNDERSTOOD: The tissues of the brain, and the fibres of the bodily frame, alike, must not be unduly taxed either by temporary over-exertion or by long-continued effort, in any line, else they will

*Micahs, vi:8.

clamorously protest and rebel against the imprudent and unjust exaction on their powers: nature will send, sooner or later, a fierce Nemesis, to avenge the unreasonable levy that tasks beyond the limit of endurance the forces of mind or body! The peculiar methods of our Age and Country, that entail so cruel a tension of brain and brawn—with the long series of dire consequences, in nervous prostration, paresis, softening of the brain, and worse—are strongly to be reprehended, *and should be speedily reformed!* Proportionate intervals of cessation from labors, mental and physical, should be rigidly observed—no matter what *seems* to press—with rational diversions and *full* time for needed refreshment and repose both of sleep and general resting. Even violent bodily exercise, in the way of sports, should be rarely indulged in and never prolonged.

One may not easily censure certain extraordinary displays of continuous energetic action attempting temporal or spiritual good, when a sense of humanity or the spirit of charity shall call for unusual strains; but then the necessity of the case, the thrilling excitement of the moment, and, above all, the motive of the act, may excuse the noble workers and exempt them from paying the penalty ordinarily enforced for the crime of over-work. But outside the occasions for these heroic efforts, let there be no excess in activity—*Ne quid nimis!*

Perhaps, the homely saws drawn from folk-lore will best accentuate this teaching: “Don’t burn the candle at both ends;” “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;” “The bow always bent must break;” “The longest way round is the shortest way home;” “*Festina lente*—Hasten slowly!”

Sage.

A labiate plant of several species of the genus *Salvia*, but especially *S. officinalis*.

Domestic Virtue.

LOVE OF HOME.

“Home is the sacred refuge of our life.”

—Dryden.

IF, of the thousands, nay, millions of men, that have been ruined, the question were asked, “*What was the cause of your downfall?*”—the answer would almost invariably be: “*I did not truly love my home.*”

And if the proprietors of drinking-resorts, dancing-halls, skating-rinks, theatres, and kindred places, could be made to answer the question as to the class of people they made their money on, they would give a similar reply—“On those who have no real fondness for home.”

Alas! it is home-life that in our times is threatened in many ways!

It is, therefore, the most *urgent* duty of *every* man who wishes to escape the slavery of wilful poverty, to strive to *build up a home, humble though it be*, where he may always find an object of his affection, a participant in his joys, and a sympathizer in his sorrows—*three things which, next to God, should be nearest and dearest to man.*

But in order that a home may be able to provide for the wants so numerous in man, it must be made *pleasant*, by various ingenious devices, so that it may, in truth, be said of it, “*There is no place like home!*”

For, as Byron sings,

“The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that’s kindred cheer the welcome hearth.”

And, again, Home must be made truly *happy*, and so much so that no better place can be found. But *how*? The answer to this question is short, and consists in this: *Make God and His law the masters of the home and let Them there rule supreme.*

Do this, my friend, and be assured that you will fully realize the sense of the rather strong words of the poet,

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies,
And they are fools who *roam*;
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—OUR HOME!"

—Cotton.

The Sandal-Tree.

A low tree, *Santalum album*, having a general resemblance to the privet, or prim. When the *Sandal-Tree* becomes old, the harder central wood acquires a yellow color and *great fragrance*, and is highly esteemed and much sought for.

Forgiveness.

(THE PARDONING OF INJURIES.)

"Let *mild forgiveness* intercede
To stop the coming blow!"

—Dryden.

WITH degraded men, revenge is glory, pardon is weakness; while in reality, pardon is an heroic act of courage and greatness of soul, and revenge a weakness.

Christ, who came to raise fallen man, never ceased to give formal precepts concerning pardon, and a cordial pardon.

To precept *He adds example*. He dies—forgiving; what do I say? *asking mercy for His executioners!* Truly, a look upward to the Mountain of Sorrows where *Christ* has been suffering such an unjust and ignominious death, should suffice, oh man! to disarm your anger, and move you at once *to grant pardon and forgiveness*.

Let him, then, who is first touched by grace make, *out of charity*, some advances and thus gain his brother in Christ.

“When on the *fragrant Sandal* tree,
The woodman’s ax descends,
And she who *bloomed* so beautifully
Beneath the keen stroke bends;
E’en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
‘Peace to my foes, and love to all!’
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But only render love again!
This spirit ne’er was given on earth;
One had it,—He of heavenly birth;
Reviled, *rejected*, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made;
But when in death’s deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died!”

—*Anon.*

Scarlet Geranium.

A species of Geranium.

Kindness.

"Little deeds of *kindness*, done in a quiet way,
Reach both deep and wide, and always bring their pay."

—Anon.

KINDNESS is a great power in the world.

A modern writer has truly said that "Power itself hath not one-half the might of Gentleness."

Men are always best governed through their affections.

There is a French proverb which says, "*Les hommes se prennent par la douceur;*" and an English one, to the effect that "More flies are caught by one drop of honey than by a whole barrel of vinegar."

Every act of kindness is, in fact, an exercise of power, and a stock of friendship laid up; and why should not power exercise itself in the production of pleasure rather than of pain?

Kindness does not consist in gifts, but in *gentleness and generosity* of spirit. Men may give their money which comes from the purse, and withhold their kindness which comes from the heart. The kindness that shows itself in giving money does not amount to much, and often does quite as much harm as good; but *the kindness of true sympathy*, of thoughtful helpfulness, is never without beneficent results.

The good temper that manifests itself by kindness, must not be confounded with softness or silliness. Meekness is not *weakness*. In its best form, kindness is not a merely passive, but an active, condition of being. It is not by any means indifferent, but largely sympathetic. It cherishes and actively promotes all reasonable instrumentalities for *doing practical*

good in its own time ; and, looking into futurity, sees the same spirit working on for the eventual elevation and happiness of the human race.

It is, therefore, just the men of *kindly* disposition who are the active men of the world ; while *the selfish* and the cold and skeptical, who *have no love but for themselves*, are its idlers.

Constantly occupied with self, the egoist has no thought to spare for others. He refers to himself in all things, thinks of himself, and studies himself, until his own little self becomes his own little god.

Oh, beware, therefore, of selfishness !

Kindness—Even to Animals.

HAN, when placed on the earth, received dominion over all things ; *but this power is a trust* ; and for it, as for all trusts, a day of reckoning will come, in which an account must be rendered by man of all that is committed to him ! The cruel persons who misemploy this power to abuse *God's creatures*, by inflicting needless pain on the dumb beasts under their charge, must reasonably expect that *what measure they mete shall be measured to them again*.

There is another phase of this subject to be considered, also, and that is, the *waste and loss* incurred by cruelty to animals—if, indeed, we must here appeal to this motive of self-interest.

Thousands of people make themselves poorer from this cause, and they richly deserve it.

But, while the cruel man thus finds a speedy retribution for this *brutality* in its effect on his pocket, it *pays* to be merciful to animals, even as it *pays* to do what is right in all things.

A man who is truly just and merciful will carry out the principle of justice and mercy *wherever* he is, and will be considerate of the comfort of *everything* in his keeping.

The gentle Cowper, the poet of humanity, declares :

*"I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility), the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."*

By Municipal and State law, penalties are justly imposed for maltreating the lower animals; and although "*The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," has in its workings some exaggerated features, it is, nevertheless, established on a correct principle.

Cardinal Manning has this to say on the present subject: "We owe *to ourselves* the duty *not* to be brutal or cruel; and we owe *to God* the duty of treating *all* His creatures according to His own perfections of love and mercy. 'The righteous man is merciful to his beast.'"—See Prov. xii. 10.



Sensitive Plant.

A leguminous plant, the leaves of which close at the slightest touch.

"Temper."

TEMPER, or proneness to *anger*, has a great deal to answer for, and it would take a volume to discuss its effect on the affairs of the world. It is a failing in old and young of both sexes, in high and low, even, I may say, in good and bad, though a person who has not conquered it scarcely merits the name of good. Monarchs have lost kingdoms; maidens, perhaps, admirers; and everybody, friends—by the irritation of a moment! In society, a display of ill-temper is fatal to harmony, and thus destroys the first principle of social meetings. We pardon it, we overlook it, and sometimes it even amuses us; but, sooner or later, it must chill back love and freeze friendship. In short, it makes society unbearable and is justly

pronounced to be disgustingly vulgar. The poet, therefore, is right when he says,

“But curb thou the high spirit in the breast,
For gentle ways are best, and *keep aloof*
From sharp contentions.”

—Bryant.



The Snowball.

A shrub, or small tree, of the genus *Viburnum*, bearing large balls of white flowers.

Thoughts of Paradise.

YOU have already, perhaps, experienced some of those moments, when everything fell in with your desires, and when your joy and bliss seemed complete. Yet, my dear reader, this joy, this bliss, is simply nothing at all *when compared with the bliss of Heaven.*

In vain do we strive to be happy on earth; the reflection that the best earthly conditions cannot last forever, the thought *that we shall die*, prevents us from being as happy as we would; but, in Heaven, there is no such fear. Souls there are happy, and are sure of always being so; what they possess, satisfies all their desires, and they know that they shall possess it for all Eternity.

Upon earth, the fear of sickness gives us uneasiness, death creates alarm, the evils endured by ourselves and our friends, produce sadness and distress. In Heaven, the health of the just can never be impaired, *the freshness of youth never pass away*, and death has no power to touch them.

Whatever incommodes us on earth, is not to be found in Heaven; there are neither misfortunes, nor fatigues, nor disgusts, nor vexations, "nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow" (Apoc. xxi. 4). On the contrary, all that can make us happy is united together in Paradise: there, the pleasures and the sweet satisfactions of the heart are unspeakable. *There, we shall see God face to face, and as He is* (St. John, iii. 2).

Oh, beautiful and lovely Heaven! if ever I forget thee, if ever I cease to desire thee, may I forget my own self! (Ps. cxxxvi. 6.)

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blessed;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture, through and through,
 In God's most holy Sight?

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
 Wherefore doth death delay?—
*Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
 Of our eternal day;*
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
 'Tis weary waiting here:
*I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near;*
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
I want to sin no more:
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
 I feel 'twill not be long:
 Patience! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture, through and through,
 In God's most holy Sight.

—*Father Faber.*

Sorrel.

One of various plants having a sour juice.

Wit.

IT is well, indeed, to season our conversation with *wit and humor*, for this renders our intercourse with others more agreeable.

But we should regard it as salt, which, when moderately used, improves the flavor of a dish, but, when mixed too abundantly, renders our food entirely unfit to be eaten.

A similar effect is produced by salting our conversation with overmuch wit.

In the beginning it may please, but after awhile it cannot fail to disgust.

Wit, 'tis true, is the *flavor* of the mind, but only when it is, as an English author says, combined with sense and information; when it is softened by *benevolence* and restrained by *principle*; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something more than witty—who loves honor, justice, *decency*, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit:—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Indecent joking betrays sad *poverty* of invention, at the very least—yea, o woeful absence of ingenuity, “a plentiful lack of wit.”

Clean wit is the flavor of the mind. Neither Bœotian brine nor Gascon foam yields true Attic Salt!

Spikenard.

An aromatic plant. The Spikenard of the ancients is a species of valerian, the *Nardostachy*, *Jatamansi*, and the *Valeriana Dioscoridis*.

The Handmaid of the Lord.

“While the king was at his repose my Spikenard sent forth the odor thereof” (Canticle of Canticles, i. 11).

“And Mary said: *Behold the handmaid of the Lord*, be it done to me according to thy word” (St. Luke i. 38).

THE Spikenard is a little shrub which never raises itself aloft, like the cedars of Lebanon, but always remains in its lowliness, *throwing out its perfume with so much sweetness* that it gladdens

all who approach it. We may, indeed, say with truth that the Blessed Virgin Mary is like the most precious Spikenard, for she never exalted herself on account of all the great graces and favors which she received, or the praises which were given to her, but always remained beautiful in her lowliness and her littleness; and by *this humility*, like the Spikenard, *she shed such sweet perfume around her* that it ascended to the throne of the Divine Majesty; and *God was so pleased with it*, says St. Francis de Sales, *that He descended from Heaven*, to come down here upon earth below, and to be incarnate within her sacred womb.

“For such high tidings as to thee were brought,
 Chosen of Heaven! that hour; but thou, oh, thou,
 E’en as a flower with gracious rains o’er-fraught,
 Thy Virgin head beneath its crown did’st bow,
 And take to thy meek breast th’ All Holy Word;
 And own thyself the *Handmaid of the Lord!*”
 —Mrs. Hemans.

Strawberry.



A plant and its fruit of the genus *Fragaria*. It is highly esteemed for the edible fragrant fruit, of which there are many varieties. The American strawberry is *F. Virginiana*; the European, *F. vesca*.

“Then preach’d the humble Strawberry. Behold
 The lowliest and least adorn’d of flowers
 Lies at thy feet; yet lift my leafy fold,
 And fruit is there unfound in gaudier bowers.
 So plain be thou and meek,
 And when vain man shall seek,
 Unveil the blooming fruit of solitary hours.”

—Evans.

Human Virtues.

IN tilling our garden, says St. Francis de Sales, we cannot but admire the fresh innocence and purity of the little Strawberry, because, although it creeps along the ground, and is *continually crushed by serpents, lizards, and other venomous reptiles*, yet it does not imbibe the slightest impression of poison, or the smallest malignant quality, which, indeed, is a true sign that it has no affinity with poison.—And so it is with *human virtues*, which although they are in a heart that is base, earthy, and engrossed by sin, are nevertheless infected in no way by its malice, being of a nature so frank and innocent that they cannot be corrupted by the society of iniquity.

Virtue, Bacon says, is like precious odors, *most fragrant, when they are incensed or crushed.*



Sugar Cane.

The cane or plant from whose juice sugar is obtained; *Saccharum officinarum*.

Industry.

GOD has connected the *labor* which is essential to the bodily sustenance with the pleasures which are healthiest for the heart; and while he made the ground stubborn, he made its herbage fragrant, and its blossoms fair.

So, honorable *industry* always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty, and progress is altogether impossible without it.

If you have *great talents, industry will improve them*; if you have but *moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies.*

And, while *sloth* makes all things *difficult*, *industry* makes all things *easy*.

Industry need not wish.

Truly beautiful is the description Schiller gives us, in his "Song of the Bell," of the *industrious husband* and of the *diligent house-wife*:

"The *husband* must fight,
 'Mid struggles and strife,
 The battle of life;
 Must plant and create,
 Watch, snare, and debate,
 Must venture, and stake
 His fortune to make.
 Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,
 The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift,
 The store-rooms increase, and the mansion expands.
 Within it reigns
 The prudent *wife*,
 The tender mother,
 In wisdom's ways
 Her house she sways,
 Instructeth the girls,
 Controlleth the boys,
 With *diligent* hands
 She works and commands,
 Increases the gains
 And order maintains;
 With treasures the sweet smelling wardrobe she stores
 And busily over the spinning wheel pores,
 She hoards in the bright polished presses till full
 The snowy white linen, the sparkling wool,
 The bright and the showy to good she disposes,
 And never reposes."

Swamp Magnolia.

A tree having *large fragrant flowers*, found in the southern part of the United States.—*Magnolia-Grandiflora*.

It is named after Pierre Magnol, professor of Botany at Montpellier, who lived from 1638 to 1715.

“Majestic Flower! How truly beautiful
 Thou art, as arising from thy bower of green,
 Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,
 Thou standest like a high-born forest Queen
 Among thy maidens clustering round so fair;—
 I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,
 And look into thy depths, to image there
 A fairy cavern, and while thus beholding,
 And while the breeze floats o’er thee, Matchless Flower!
 I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,
 That comes like incense from thy petal-bower;
 My fancy roams those Southern woods along,
 Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among
 The unsunned leaves thy large white flower-cups hung!”
 —C. P. Cranch.

Perseverance.

WE have but to glance at the biographies of great men to find that the most distinguished inventors, artists, thinkers, and workers of all kinds, owe their success, in a great measure, to their indefatigable industry and application. They were men who turned all things to good—even fleeting, fickle *time* itself.

Men who have most moved the world have not been so much men of genius, strictly so called, as men of *intent* mediocre abilities, and *untiring perseverance*; not so often the gifted, of naturally bright and shining qual-

ities, as those *who have applied themselves diligently* to their work. And geniuses themselves owe their grand achievements to their hours or periods of *intense application*.

A great point, *therefore*, to be aimed at is to *get the working qualities well trained!* When that is done, the race after the prizes of life will be found comparatively easy. Never get discouraged! Repeat and *again repeat*; try, try again; facility will come with labor, as "*Practice makes master.*"

"Rich are diligent; who can command
Time, nature's stock? and, could his hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seed of stars, stoop for the sand,
And, *by incessant labor*, gather all?"

—*D'Avenant.*

Sweet-Brier.

"I Wound to Heal."

"I will strike, and I will heal."

—*Deut. xxxii. 39.*

PARENTS must sometimes *wound to heal*, that is, they must correct and even punish their children, sons and daughters, whenever they need or deserve it.

"Withhold not correction," says the Scripture,* "from a child: for if thou strike him with the rod, he shall not die.

"Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and deliver his soul from hell." And again: "He that loveth his son, frequently chastiseth him, that he

*Prov. xxiii: 13 and 14.

may rejoice in his latter end. "A horse not broken becometh stubborn, and a child left to himself will become headstrong.

"Give thy son his way, and he shall make thee afraid; play with him, and he shall make thee sorrowful.

"Laugh not with him, lest thou have sorrow, and at the last thy teeth be set on edge.

"Give him not liberty in youth, and wink not at his devices.

"*Bow down his neck while he is young, and beat his sides while he is a child, lest he grow stubborn and regard thee not, and so be a sorrow of heart to thee.*"* Yet, let no correction nor punishment be administered arbitrarily, tantalizingly, or passionately, for, mark well what St. Paul says: "*Fathers, provoke not your children to indignation, lest they be discouraged!*" (Coloss. iii. 21.)

God himself dealeth with us in the same way,—*as with his sons*: for what son is there whom the father doth not correct?

Persevere, therefore, have patience, and be *not* discouraged!



Thistle.

One of numerous prickly plants of the class *Syngenesia*.

A species of thistle, *Cirsium* (*Carduus*) *arvense*; grows in fields among the grain and is extremely troublesome to farmers.

*Ecclus. xxx :1-12.

Bad Example.

TO give bad example is a great sin. It were less malicious to take away the life of the body than to destroy the life of grace in the soul, by wilful bad example.

"Woe," says Christ, "woe to the person by whom the scandal cometh."*

Scandal may be given in two chief ways; by words and by actions.

Oh, how many scandals may be given by our words!

How many scandals may be given by our actions!

If you, for instance, have said or done anything contrary to the lovely virtue of purity before others, you have given scandal, you have committed a great crime. So, of any serious offense against any of the Commandments.

Oh! I beg and entreat you, in the name of all that is most dear to you, to be in future most careful *never* to give scandal, no matter what sacrifice you might have to make.

On the contrary; endeavor to show forth the great virtues in all the sincerity of a *good*, exemplary life.

For, to set the best example in our power is one of our highest responsibilities.

To set a lofty example is also the richest bequest a man can leave behind him; and to exemplify a noble character is the most valuable contribution a man can make for the benefit of posterity.

Therefore,

"Woe, a hundred times, to him who scandal gives,
Through whom the Christian weak or perishes or strays!"

*Matt. xviii:7.

The Thorn-Apple.

An annual plant of the genus *Datura*, especially *D. stramonium*; Jamestown weed. Every part of the Thorn-apple, or *Datura*, is a deadly poison.

Deceitful Charms; or, Life without Faith.

GOETHE, that marvelous German poet, in a strange, wild, reckless "Song of Life," gives us a description of man's life, or, at least, some account of his own career and sad disappointment.

He has voiced in these verses *the cry of disappointment of a great mind and heart without the doctrine of faith* which certifies immortality to the human soul, and points to man his real destiny.

Hear his weird, wild words:

"I have set my heart upon nothing, you see;

Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me;

And who has the mind to be fellow of mine,

Why, let him take hold and help me drain

These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart first upon wealth,

Hurrah!

And bartered away my peace and health,

But ah!

The *slippery change* went about like air,

And when I had clutched me a handful here,

Away it went there!

I set my heart *upon woman* next.

Hurrah!

For her sweet sake was oft perplexed,

But ah!

*The false one looked for a daintier lot,
The constant one wearied me out and out—
The best one was not easily got.*

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain, *old Fatherland*;
But ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless bed and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon *sounding fame*;
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some *upstart's* name;
But ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I!

And then I set my heart upon war;
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with eclat;
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame
(And some of our friends fared quite the same);
I lost a leg for fame!

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see,
Hurrah!
And the wide world belongs to me!
Hurrah!
The feast *begins to run low*, no doubt,
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout,
Come, *drink the lees* all out!"

So, with fame, and wealth, and women, and travel, and "glorious war," *this great genius* amused and *tortured himself*; and then towards the

end, with the wine-cup lifted up, drinking the lees—the *mouldy lees* of it—with a *sardonic* “hurrah!” *he drinks, and drinking dies!*

This is the song of life which this great transcendentalist gives us, and it is *the history of so many noble minds* and tender hearts without the influence of religious faith*—“without God in this world!” (Ephes. ii., 12.)

The Thorn-Rose.

So called, because it blossoms sometimes on thorn-bushes.—It symbolizes

Peace and Rest amidst One's Especial Trial and Sorrow.

DEAR reader, I here take the “*thorn*” as a type of any great *trial* which, perhaps, is daily pressing upon those who shall read this page: bodily pain, in some; disappointed hopes and ambitions, in others; separation from dear friends, it may be, or their loss by death; the frustration of some cherished plan on which some have set their heart; domestic jars and discomforts; poverty and privations; heavy cares and anxieties about the means of livelihood, and the like; in short, by the “*thorn*” I here mean *each man's especial trial and sorrow*,—the thing which detracts from the happiness of his life,—the thing as to which he would be ready to say, “Oh, if that trouble were only gone,—if I were but delivered from *that*, it would

*Lacordaire tells us that a merely *temporary* darkening of even a great mind is *not always* a symptom of evil. It may be that *God* has *willed* it, in order that *He* may come very near to it, and reveal *His* glory in its conversion, that man may be convinced that of himself he can do nothing, but that he owes everything to *God*! It is often the same with nations as with individuals; for instance, error will of itself fall to the ground, and the truth shine forth in its splendor. Then the fate of a nation becomes decisive when but two alternatives lie before it—either to surrender itself entirely to the side of faith, or to commit itself forever to the cause of unbelief. *That is to say, will it choose to perish in ignominy or rather to triumph with the truth?*

be well with me." That is *your thorn*, my friend, the thing which, in your fancy, if you could but get rid of, you would be happy and quiet. But, now, just think on it: if you only take the thing as it really is and bear it patiently and with resignation to God's most holy will, you may soon see the day *when these thorns will bring forth some of the very sweetest of roses*, that is, in the *spiritual* sense of the word. For *nothing*, as you probably well know, *comes but by God's appointment or permission*. And more than that, God does not send us trouble out of mere wilfulness or caprice; He sends it for a certain purpose, and a purpose which we can in many cases discover:—*to wean our hearts from this world*; to impress upon us that great fundamental lesson, that this is not our resting-place; *to lead us* with all our heart *to Jesus*, the only truly satisfying resource of our undying souls. God, too, may sometimes *leave* the thorn in our hearts, *so as to give us a deeper and larger sympathy with others* in their trials and sorrows; to make us more humble, meek, mild, generous; in fine, to conform us, more and more, to the image of Him Who was the "Man of Sorrows," and Who said: "Learn of Me, because I am *meek and humble of heart*, and you shall find rest for your souls;" and again, "Come unto Me all ye that *labor* and are *heavy-laden*, and I will refresh you."

So, then, dear reader, never give up hope, take new courage, singing, as it were, with the poet:

"Go, ye *earthly* fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In *God's service*, *pain is pleasure*,
With *His favor*, *loss is gain*.

"Man may trouble and distress me,
'*Twill but drive me to His breast*;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweetest rest."

—Henry F. Lyte.

Tradescantia.

Wending Homewards.

"Thou art an exile, and must not stay."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Weary footsteps homeward faring;
Weary shoulders homeward bent;
Weary faces, each one wearing
Just a touch of heart content.

"Watching thus the laborers, wending,
Close at nightfall, through the gloam,
'Lord, to each, at each day's ending,
Grant,' we pray, 'a peaceful home!'"

—*Ellen Starr.*

AT the best estate, indeed, we are only pilgrims and strangers here on earth. For Heaven, and Heaven alone, is to be our eternal Home.

Death will never knock at the door of *that* mansion, and in all those realms there will *not* be a single grave.

Aged parents, we know, rejoice* very much when on some joyous occasion they have their children at home; but there is almost always a son or daughter absent—*absent from the country*, perhaps, absent from the world!

But, oh, how our Heavenly Father will rejoice in the long thanksgiving day of Heaven, when He has all His children with Him in glory!

How glad brothers and sisters will be to meet after so long a separation! Perhaps a score of years ago they parted at the portal of the tomb. Now they meet again at the gateway of immortality. Where are now all their sorrows and temptations and trials? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea

*A grateful glimpse of home-rejoicings, on the occasion of a general family-reunion, may be had in Longfellow's *Hanging of the Crane*.

of mortal dissolution, while they themselves, dry-shod, marched forward to the Land of Promise.

"Gates of jasper, capstone of amethyst, thrones of dominion, do not so much affect my soul," once said a great Christian orator, "as the thought of Home. Once there, no sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death; but home! *Sweet home!* Beautiful home! Glorious home! Everlasting home! Home with each other! Home with angels! Home with Mother! Home with Father! HOME WITH GOD! HOME!"

But, we are yet wanderers, though tending homeward—towards Heaven. With the Scripture we still must say: "We are sojourners, . . . and strangers, as were all our fathers. . . . and there is no stay."—I Paralip. (Chronicles) xxix., 15. And again, with St. Paul: "*We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come*" (Hebr. xiii., 14).

A modern writer bears the following edifying testimony of *St. Viateur*, of Lyons, in the fourth century: "Providentially, as it were, the name *Viateur** was conferred on the child who was to realize in after life the meaning of the name, by being the constant companion of Bishop Just during that prelate's long exile. Not only did he thus literally verify the meaning of his name by becoming a voyager on earth, but he also fulfilled the mystical sense of the word, *traveler*, by his absolute detachment from earthly pleasures, thereby proving that he was only a *stranger* on the earth, aspiring with all the ardor of his soul to the possession of the abode of lasting peace and true delights."

"Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for our country must pine and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand."
—*Ancient Hymn.*

And, says beautifully Elizabeth Browning:

**Viator*—a wayfarer.

"Oh, pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
 And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
 Be bitter in thy inn, and thou unshod
 To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
 Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God!"

In P. tria.

In patria! How sweet
 As music soft it falls upon mine ear,
 And bids my weary, pilgrim spirit, greet
 Its native land so dear.

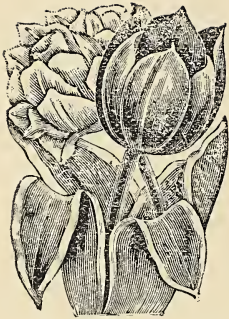
How doth mine *exile* feet
In stranger clime, far from my birthland roam,
 But rest remaineth, and a welcome sweet,
 In patria, my home.

In patria! Dear land!
 Awaiting now within its borders blest
 I fain would reach that sempiternal strand
 And be fore'er at rest.

I soon shall reach the goal,
 And for the din and labor of the day,
 The new, new song within my raptured soul,
 Will all earth's grief repay.

Then for life's weary woes
Its time of sorrow and its cross of care,
Be God's "Amen" of infinite repose,
My sweet, abundant share.

—Ven. Sister M. Genevieve Todd.



The Tulip.

"The florist admires my elegant robe,
And praises its rainbow ray,
Till it seems as if, through his raptured eyes,
He was gazing his soul away."

—Anon.

The Tulip is a bulbous plant, of the genus *Tulipa*, producing flowers of great beauty and of a variety of colors, and is much cultivated as an ornamental plant.

Fame.

. "What is fame?

The *echo* of a long lost name;
A *breath*—an idle hour's brief talk,
The *shadow* of an arrant naught;
A *flower* that blossoms for a day,

Dying next morrow;

A *stream* that hurries on its way,
Singing of Sorrow;

The *last* drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sear and leafless bower;
A *rose stuck in a dead man's breast*—
This is the world's fame, at the best!"

—W. Motherwell.

"Your reputation is the color of grass
Which comes and goes, and that discolors it
By which it issues green from out the earth."

—Dante, *Purgatorio xi*: 115-117.

WHAT is fame?—Fame, as is generally said, is public renown or celebrity, and he who is widely spoken of as extraordinary, or named again and again with honor, or has dazzled the world by the splendor of his deeds or his virtues, is called famous, renowned, illustrious.

The inspired author, for instance, was famous. He could say in truth: "I made me *great works*, I built me houses, and planted vineyards. I made gardens, and orchards, and set them with trees of all kinds; and I made me ponds of water, to water therewith the woods of young trees."

"I got me men-servants and maid-servants, and had a *great family*; and herds of oxen, and great flocks of sheep, above all that were before me in Jerusalem:

"I heaped together for myself silver and gold, and *the wealth of kings*, and provinces: I made me singing men, and singing women, and the delights of the sons of men, cups and vessels to serve to pour out wine: And I surpassed in riches all that were before me in Jerusalem: *my wisdom also remained with me*.

"And whatsoever my eyes desired, I refused them not: and I withheld not my heart from enjoying *every pleasure*, and delighting itself in the things which I had prepared: and I esteemed this my portion, to make use of my own labor.

"And when I turned myself to all my works, which my hands had wrought, and to the labors, wherein I had labored in vain, *I saw in all things vanity, and vexation of mind*, and that *nothing was lasting* under the sun."*

"And, therefore, I was weary of my life, when I saw that all things under the sun are evil, and all vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Wherefore, I left off, and my heart renounced laboring any more under the sun."

"Who shall," he continues, "so feast and abound with delights as I?

"God hath given to a man that is *good* in his sight, *wisdom, and knowledge, and joy*: but to the sinner he hath given *vexation, and super-*

*Ecclesiastes, ii:4-11; ii:17 and 20.

fluous care, to heap up and to gather together, and to give it to him that hath pleased God: but this also is vanity, and a fruitless solicitude of the mind.”*

Thus spoke one of the wisest of men. But, my dear reader, what practical application should we make from all I have just been quoting? Please, permit me to tell you, with the author of the “Following of Christ”: “Study,” says Thomas à Kempis, “to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to *turn thyself to things invisible*. For they that follow their sensuality, *defile their conscience and lose the grace of God!*”

Sic Vita.

(SUCH IS LIFE.)

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,

Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and *man forgot!*

—*H. King.*

*Ecclesiastes, ii:25 and 26.

Vanity's Looking-Glass.

An annual plant of the genus *Campanula*, allied to the bell-flower.

Flattery.

"Pernicious Flattery! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffused o'er virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year."

—Prior.

WHEELERS and sycophants, who insinuate their blandishments and hollow praises into the ears, and gain upon the hearts of those, after whose interest, money, and honors, they hanker, are to be numbered among that deceitful class of people of whom the prophet says, that they call good evil and evil good!

This class of persons may not, it is true, speak ill of their neighbor, but they inflict on him the deepest wounds, causing him, by praising his vices, to continue enslaved to them to the end of his life.

Of this species of flattery the most pernicious is that which proposes to itself for object the injury and ruin of others.

Thus Saul, when, to procure the death of David, he sought to expose him to the ruthless sword of the Philistine, addressed him in these soothing words:

"Behold my eldest daughter, Merob; her will I give thee to wife; only be a valiant man, and fight the battles of the Lord."*

Such characters, my dear reader, we must ever be aware of and banish from our society. Let us say with David: ". . . The just man

*1 Kings, xviii :17.

shall correct me in mercy, and shall reprove me; but let not the oil of the sinner fatten my head (Ps. cxl., 5).

But, alas! as a poet says so truthfully,

“The love of praise, howe’er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.”

—*Young.*

“Oh, that men’s ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to Flattery!”

—*Shakespeare.*

Vice’s Fly-Trap.

“ So sensitive,
It catches each rover that doth touch its leaves.”

Delusive Pleasures.

WHOSOEVER drinketh of this water shall thirst again. The more we drink of *the corrupt waters of the world*, the more shall we thirst. In proportion as we yield to evils, are our hearts dissatisfied. Avarice and ambition experience more anxiety for those things that they do not possess, than they desire pleasure from what they have.

Pleasure enervates the soul; and, in particular, base sensual pleasure corrupts the heart and renders it insatiable; the more we yield, the more we desire to yield. “It is easier,” says a pious writer, “to preserve our heart in a state of holiness, Christian feeling, and self-denial, than to restore it or control it, when it has once got into the vortex of pleasure and self-indulgence.”

Let us, then, dear reader, watch over ourselves; let us *beware of drinking of those waters that will only inflame our thirst.*

Let us keep our hearts with all diligence, lest the vain, sinful pleasures of this world should seduce them, and leave us *at last in despair at finding ourselves deceived!*

Beware, therefore, especially ye, young men! of this fallacious world, so that you need not say, almost despairingly, after, perhaps, some of your best and sunniest days will be gone forever, and alas! misspent:

“All is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes!”

—*Shakespeare.*

The Vine.*



The plant from which wine is made; the woody climbing plant, that produces grapes, of the genus *Vitis*, and of a great number of varieties.

Mystical Union with God.

“He brought me into the cellar of wine,
he set in order charity in me.”

—*Solomon's Canticle, II:4*

“I am the Vine, you the branches.”

—*Words of Christ.*

BY this term “Mystical Union” is not meant a union of the presence or place, *by which God is present to all creatures*; nor that of *sanctifying grace*, by which every *just man* is partaker of the friendship of God;

*See, also, Introduction, with foot-note, p. xxiii.

nor that of actual love of God, which agrees to souls in all acts of the divine love; but this *mystical union* is that of the powers, or of the understanding and will, which, by their vital actions, are closely united to God. For the intellect, divested of all corporeal images, is penetrated with the clear light and infinite brightness of the divine wisdom, and the will is closely joined to God by the most ardent love, which is *like a fire consuming all earthly affections*. In this state, the soul is dissolved in tenderness and sweetness, and being, *as it were*, reduced to nothing, falls into the abyss of eternal love, knowing and feeling nothing but love, with inexpressible joy and pleasure, which manifests itself even in the body, which almost faints away, and loses all its strength. The soul shuts her eyes without intending it, and if she opens them again, scarce sees anything with them. So the seraphic St. Theresa.

The *fruits* of this most sublime, *supernatural state of the soul are*, according to the same Saint, *most ardent desires, heroic resolutions, an abhorrence and clear knowledge* of the vanity of the world.

The soul here sees manifestly the excess and infinite magnificence of the *divine goodness and mercy*; her own entire inability to do the least thing towards deserving it, and her utter unworthiness and baseness.

As when the *sun* casts its full light into a chamber, every mote becomes visible, so the soul in *this* state has so distinct and full a view of all her miseries, that she seems even incapable of any vain-glory.

The manner of this perfect union is pretty uniform; but its effects vary, and it is often accompanied with many other *heavenly communications and inebriations* of spirit.

“Could you but know, could you but know,
 How sweet it is to stay,
 In God’s own loving arms at night
 And do His work all day;
What happy minds the holy have
When most they seem in pain,
And what a load the sinner bears,
However great his gain!”

—Anon.

The Violet, Yellow.



"When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The *yellow violet's modest bell*
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

• • • • •
"Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I *passed thee* on thy *humble stalk*.

"*So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;*
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride."

—Bryant.

Country Life and Rural Happiness.

THERE is *something*, that's so, to be said *for* cities. Men are social and sympathetic; they desire not only pleasure, but culture. The ways in which men, in cities, benefit by frequent intercourse with others, are numerous. *Science and literature center in cities.* But, nevertheless, with regard to *the rearing of youth*, for instance, the superabundance and keen fascination of large towns are to the delicate and excitable young soul, too much of what I might call a feasting at dessert, a drinking of burning spirits, a bathing in glowing wines. Life, there, is exhausted in young people, is lived too fast; and so, without entering into any further discussion on the relative advantages of either town or country life, we need not hesitate to say that *life in the country* and among a less school-taught class, *is full of quiet happiness and wise, practical teachings*; while, on the whole,

great cities tend to *loosen*, and, in extreme cases, to *destroy*, the *tranquil feeling of home* and build the household of luxury on the ruins.

With the poet, therefore, we may say :

“Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster City* laugh at me;
I should at *thee, too, foolish* city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.”

—Cowley.

Rustic Scenes.

BY W. J. M'CLURE.

Queen Nature, with inviting grace,
Holds court 'mid rustic scenes,
And there, while glows her Summer-face,
Sweet odors rise, and fill the place,
And joy the spirit gleans.

Oh, cheering time of birds and flowers!
When winds no longer moan;
Sojourning 'mong deep-shaded bowers,
The moments glide to blithesome hours,
And bright is Nature's throne.

Proud summits, clothed in robes of green,
With rocks and forests high,
Rear, in magnificence terrene;
While foliage forms a grateful screen
Against the burning sky.

The plains, with grass-tops dipped in dew,
Where cattle freely roam,
Are decked with flowers of every hue
That 'neath the firmament of blue
Adorn the farmer's home.

*London.

Vales, musical with many streams,
Cling to the mountain-side,
Where romance lures the soul to dreams,
As beauty entertains the gleams
By sun and brook supplied.

Long, winding paths, with roses strewn,
Emit their scented charms,
And at the sultry hour of noon,
When quiet seems a blessed boon,
There's rest in Nature's arms!

The Violet, Sweet.

"No flowers grew in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So *sweet* as the deep-*blue* violet."

—*Anon.*

The violet is a plant and flower of the genus *Viola*, of many species. They are generally low, herbaceous plants, and the flowers of many of the species are of some shade of blue.

"The modest, lowly violet
In leaves of tender green is set;
So rich she cannot hide from view,
But covers all the bank with blue."

—*Dora R. Goodale.*

Mildness—Modesty—Humility.

“Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go;
 High is the roof there, *but the gate is low*;
 Whene’er thou speak’st, look with lowly eye—
Grace is increased by humility.”

—Robert Herrick.

BE humble towards God and men. It is easy to be humble with regard to God; for why should not an unworthy creature abase itself before its creator and its judge? but it is not so easy to be humble before men: it is, *however*, necessary to be so.

Now, among men, some being your superiors, some your equals, and others your inferiors; be, as to the *first*, very respectful and obedient towards those who have authority over you; be submissive when they speak to you of your faults, or when they reprimand or correct you; be obedient to those who have a *right* to command you.

Honor those who surpass you in age, in science, in rank, and the like.

Respect especially the *aged*;—take care *never* to insult them, to mimic their manner, to mock their weakness, to speak to them with pertness, or with contempt, to make wry faces at them, to menace or to vex them.

As to your *equals*, treat them *always with respect*, not being self-conceited, or feeling proud of your rank and the honors which are due to you, or desiring precedence of others. *Leave these vanities to weak minds, to sordid souls.* A noble soul will never court such imaginary honors: he will preserve his dignity with meekness when called upon; but he will preserve it without pride or disdain, without contention or animosity.

As to *inferiors*, show yourself humble, modest, mild, affable, especially to the *poor*—according to that excellent precept of the Wise Man, *Make thyself affable to the congregation of the poor*: they are, perhaps, greater than you before Him who is the searcher of all hearts.

Be ready to serve and assist them in their wants!

Finally, to check arrogance and haughtiness and pride, often consider what man is, and what follows after death. *Why is earth and ashes proud? all power is of short life, a king is to-day, and to-morrow he shall die, for when a man shall die he shall inherit serpents, and beasts, and worms.*

What a subject to inspire mildness, modesty, and humility!

“The bird that highest mounts and soars
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale I see
What honor hath humility.”

—Adelaide Anne Procter.



Virgo Maria--Perennial Phlox.

(PURE WHITE.)

This is one of a genus of plants, mostly natives of North America, having pink, *white*, or purple flowers.—It has *perennial* climbing vines, a little woody, and clambering by the twisting of the leafstalks.

The Blessed Virgin Mary.

“For behold, henceforth all generations shall call me BLESSED.”

—Luke i., 48.

IN the foregoing description, such striking analogies and resemblances are discerned between this choice flowering-plant and the holiest and highest of creatures as to justify the popular name given to the former.

For, Mary, the *humble* Virgin of Nazareth, *exalted* by Divine favor, of Immaculate Purity, *and full of ardent love for God and man*, ever twines the tendrils of her *maternal* care and protection around us all, cheering us *in our sorrows* and, by her powerful intercession with her Divine Son, obtaining for us every aid we need. She is, indeed, the unfading Glory of womanhood, the perpetual Model of her sex. "Oh, thou, Glory of Jerusalem; thou, Joy of Israel; thou, Honor of thy people!"

Poetic lines of some of our greatest poets, in admiration of the Ever-Blessed Virgin-Mother of our Divine Redeemer, may well find place here.

"O purest of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid!
The one *spotless* womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we
Look out for thy shining, *sweet Star of the Sea!*

* * * *

"He gazed on thy soul; *it was spotless and fair,*
For the empire of sin it had never been there;
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother, but He,
And He bless'd thy clear shining, *sweet Star of the Sea!*"
—Faber.

"*Oh, child of the Temple!* little Maid!
With such sweet silence cloister'd round,
What visions of light hath thy fingers stayed?
What glorious dream thy fancy bound?
No lily set in the crystal vase
Is half as lovely as thy face.

* * * *

"*Dear Mater Admirabilis!*
E'er the high-priest leads thee forth to stand
Where Joseph waits, 'mid the throng in peace,
With the *blossoming staff* in his aged hand,
Ah! turn from thy lilies, thy work, thy book,
And gladden thy children by one fond look!

“Speak, little Queen! e’er the present flees us,
 And tell us the secret of the King—
 The wish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 On whom we rely, to whom we cling.
*Show but the path of His will, dear Mother,
 And the hearts of thy children will seek no other.”*

—*Eleanor C. Donnelly.*

“Be still, ye clouds of Heaven!
 Be silent, Earth!
 And hear an angel tell
 Of Jesus’ birth.

“While she whom Gabriel hails
 As full of grace,
 Listens with humble faith
 In her sweet face.

“‘*Hail Mary!*’ Lo! it rings
 Through ages on;
 ‘*Hail Mary!*’ *it shall sound*
 Till time is done.

“‘*Hail Mary!*’ infant lips
 Lisp it to-day;
 ‘*Hail Mary!*’ with faint smile
 The dying say.”

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

St. Alphons Liguori, asking *nature to help him* in praising Mary,
 says most beautifully and touchingly:

“Raise your voices, vales, and mountains,
 Flowery meadows, streams and fountains,
 Praise, oh praise the loveliest Maiden,
 Ever the Creator made.

“Murmuring brooks, your tribute bringing,
 Little birds with joyful singing,
 Come with mirthful praises laden,
 To your Queen be homage paid.

"Say, sweet Virgin, we implore Thee,
 Say what beauty God sheds o'er Thee,
 Praise and thanks to Him be given
 Who in love created Thee."

"Mother! whose Virgin bosom was uncrost
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
 Woman! above all women glorified!
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast!
 Purer than foam on Central ocean tost;
 Brighter than eastern skies at sunset strewn
 With fancied roses."

—Wordsworth.

"Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
 All hearts are touched and softened at thy name."

—Longfellow.

"*Ave Maria!* thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
 Yet may reach thy shrine,
 For He, thy Son and Savior, vows
 To crown all lowly, lofty brows,
 With love and joy like thine."

—John Keble.

"At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
 Mary! thou hast heard my hymn!
 In joy and in woe—in good and ill—
 Mother of God, be with me still."

—Edgar Poe.

"*Ave Maria!* 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son above!"

—Byron.

"At the Cross her station keeping
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping
 Close to Jesus to the last."

—Jackopone.

"Mother of sorrows! many a heart
Half broken by despair
Has laid its burden by the Cross
And found a Mother there."

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

"Beautiful Virgin! *clothed with the sun,*
Crown'd with the stars, who so the Eternal Sun
Well pleasedst that in thine His light He hid;
Love pricks me on to utter speech of thee,
And—feeble to commence without thy aid—
Of Him who on thy bosom rests in love."

—*Petrarch.*

"Thou Star above the storm,
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror!
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on."

—*Shelley.*

And Dante, the king of Italian poets, addresses our spotless and purest of Virgins thus:

"Thou Virgin-Mother, daughter of Thy Son,
Humble and high beyond all other creature,
The limit fixed of the Eternal Counsel,
Thou art the one who such nobility
To human nature gave, that its Creator
Did not disdain to make himself its creature.
Within Thy womb rekindled was the love,
By heat of which in the eternal peace
After such wise this flower has germinated.
Here unto us Thou art a noonday torch
Of charity, and below there among mortals
Thou art the living fountain-head of hope.
Lady, Thou art so great, and so prevailing,
That he who wishes grace, nor runs to Thee,

His aspirations without wings would fly.
 Not only *Thy benignity* gives succor
 To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
 Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.
In Thee compassion is, in Thee is pity,
In Thee magnificence; in Thee unites
*Whate'er of goodness is in any creature."**

The Wall-Flower.

"This flower speaks of loveliness,
 That passes not with youth,
 Of beauty which decay can bless,
 Of constancy and truth.
 But in adversity's dark hour,
 When glory is gone by,
 It then exerts its gentle power,
 The scene to beautify."

—*Anon.*

The Wall-Flower is a cruciferous, evergreen plant of the genus *Cheiranthus*, which grows in old walls, etc. It exhales a deliciously delicate odor, a most grateful perfume, that generously fills an ordinary apartment.

Patience in Suffering.

TO be impatient is *to desire* what we have not, and *not to desire* what we have.

An impatient soul is a prey to passions unrestrained, either by reason or faith.

*Paradiso, Canto, xxxiii :1-21

What weakness! what delusion! When we are gracefully resigned to an adverse lot, the misfortune is no longer such. Why then make a real calamity of it, by resistance? Peace does *not* dwell in *outward* things, but *within* the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and submissive. *Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.*

The rude singularity of the Wall-Flower's primitive home and the exquisitely refined fragrance it nevertheless diffuses when transplanted and under cultivation—thus making it a fit emblem of the reward of Patience amid the arid wastes of adversity—justly entitle it to another greeting:—

“The Wall-Flower—the Wall-Flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time—
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The Wall-Flower is sublime.”

—Moir.

The Walnut-Tree.

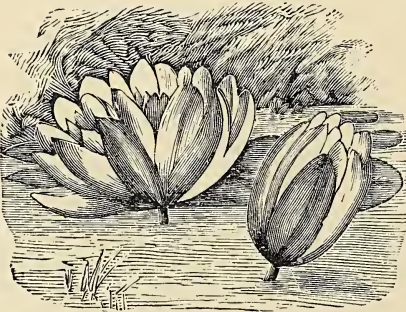
Inordinate Fond Loves.

THE Walnut-Tree,” says St. Francis de Sales, “is very prejudicial to the vineyards or fields wherein it is planted, because being so large, it attracts all the moisture of the surrounding earth, and renders the soil incapable of nourishing the other plants; the leaves are also so thick, that

they make a large and close shade; and lastly, it allures the passers-by to it, who, to beat down the fruit, spoil and trample upon all about it. Now, the same injury those fond loves—as we call them—do to the soul, for they so possess the soul and so strongly draw its emotions to themselves, that it has no strength left to produce any good work; the leaves, viz., their idle talk, their amusements, and their dalliance, are so frequent, that *all leisure time is squandered away in them*; and, finally, they engender so many temptations, distractions, suspicions, and other evil consequences, that the whole heart is trampled down and destroyed by them. In a word, those fond loves not only banish heavenly love, but also *the fear of God*, from the soul; *they waste the spirit and ruin reputation*; they are the sports of

Let, therefore, all human loves be well ordered and kept under due courts, but the plague of hearts.”
control.

The Water-Lily.



A Water-Lily floats upon the mere—
A Water-Lily white and gold and sweet;
Though shadows pass, it floats and has no
fear,—
Though little billows rise and murmuring
meet.

'Tis anchored by its stem, and so are we
Held by God's love, though time goes
stormily. —Maurice F. Egan.

The Water-Lily is an aquatic plant of the genus *Nymphaea*, distinguished for its beautiful, and usually very fragrant flowers, and large-floating leaves; applied also to the yellow pond-lily of the genus *Nuphar*.

Christian Hope.

H OPE, my dear reader, is our *comfort and support* in *all* our sufferings during life.

Holy Job, describing our life, says: "Man born of woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries" (xiv, 1). We seem to have been born only to suffer, for our path is everywhere bestrewed with crosses, beset with thorns; we are forced to eat the bread of affliction and to 'mingle our drink with our weeping' (Ps. ci, 10).

Yes, trials, contradictions, troubles and sufferings of different kinds, pour in upon us from all sides.

At one time, a relation abandons us, a friend betrays us, our affairs are unprosperous; at another time, sickness attacks us and ruins our health, leaving behind it many painful infirmities which must be patiently endured. Such is the life of man from the cradle to the grave, *from the cottage to the throne*. Amidst all these trials and afflictions, *Hope alone can soothe our pains* and dry up our tears, by the pleasing prospect of what we expect.

For, when it sets before us our future reward—*those immortal joys*—that "eternal weight of glory," with which our sufferings are to be rewarded (2 Cor. iv, 17); oh, then our prospect brightens, *our mind recovers its calm*, peace returns to the heart, and consolation to the soul.

What a solid comfort do we feel when we can say within ourselves: "I suffer, it is true, in this life; *I am left to weep for a short time*, in this vale of tears; but the day will come when all these sufferings will be at an end, and that day will not be long a-coming!"

"Thou shalt not labor here long," says the *Following of Christ*,* "nor shalt thou be always oppressed with sorrows. Wait a little while, and thou shalt see a speedy end of all thy evils. And are not all painful labors to be endured for life everlasting?" (Book iii, chap. 47).

*A little book, even by Fontenelle, emphatically pronounced the most excellent production that ever issued from the hand of man, the Gospel being of Divine origin.

Thus, Christian hope *comforts and supports us* in our sufferings during life; it even *sweetens* the cup of our afflictions.

*"Oh, no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When Hope would bid us rest secure
In better Life beyond.
Nor loss nor shame, nor grief nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The Voice Divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray."*

—Sarah Flower Adams.

The Weeping Willow.



*"The willows weep
Their stems in furry white."*

—Helen Hunt.

*"The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God."*

—Crammond Kennedy.

*"How canst thou ever sorrow's emblem be?
Rather I deem thy slight and fragile form,
In mild endurance bending gracefully,
Is like the wounded heart, which 'mid the storm,
Looks for the promised time which is to be,
In pious confidence. Oh! thou shouldst wave
Thy branches o'er the lowly martyr's grave."*

—Anon.

Mourning.

"It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God."

—Bethune.

YOU, perhaps, grieve at having borne to the grave one whom you loved, and because you hear his voice no more. He was living, and lo! he is dead.

But do you grieve for the *seed* which you have *sown in the ground*? If a man were ignorant enough to mourn for the grain which was sown in the field, which was put in the earth and buried beneath the broken sod; and if this man said to himself: "Why do we bury this grain which was with so much trouble reaped, threshed, and gathered into the barn? We saw it, and its beauty caused us joy; now, it has disappeared from our eyes!"—if he mourned like this, would we not say to him: "*Do not grieve*; for that grain is certainly no longer in the barn, nor in your hands; but, later, we shall come to visit this field, and you shall rejoice to see the richness of the harvest, where you lament the barrenness of the soil. *The grain harvest is seen every year; that of the human race, only once—at the end of ages.*"

The seed, the insentient seed,
Buried beneath the earth,
Starts from its dusty bed,
Responsive to the breath of spring,
And covers mead and mountain,
Fields and forests, with its life.
Myriads of creatures, too, that lay
As dead as dust on every inch of ground,
Touched by the vernal day,
Spring from their little graves, and sport
On beauteous wings in fields of sunny air.
Shall this be so? Shall plants and worms

Come forth to life again? And, oh! shall man
 Descend into the grave to rise no more?
 Shall he, *the master of this world,*
Image and offspring of the fontal life,
 Through endless ages sleep in dust?

—Thomas.

“The sower sows the earth with seed,
 And hopes ’twill give to blessings birth,
 Of Heaven’s grace the graceful meed.
More precious seeds in earth’s dark womb
We sow with sorrow’s trembling hand,
And hope that, rising from the tomb,
They’ll blossom in that Better Land.”

—Schiller.

White Julienne.

God is Everywhere.

“The glory of Him who moveth everything
 Doth *penetrate the universe*, and shine
 In one part more and in another less.”

—Dante’s *Paradise*, I, 1-3.

A FISH swimming in the sea, to use some faint comparison, is not so thoroughly encompassed by the watery deep as we are *by the Divine immensity*; for the sea has its bounds, this immensity has none. Which-ever way we move and to whatever point we direct our steps, it is still within the ocean of that boundless immensity of God *which surrounds us and invests us on every side*. God, by *His concurrent power and essence*, is not only diffused around us in the light we see and in which we see, and in the air we breathe; He is, moreover, infused into our very souls: *He*

penetrates our whole substance, He enfolds and carries us in His bosom; so that we cannot move a hand or foot which He is not witness of, nor form a passing thought which He does not see, nor speak so much as a single word which He does not hear! Yet, every creature is distinct from the Creator.

The immensity of God, therefore, constitutes the most intimate and the most perfect connection—in the natural order—that can possibly exist between the Creator and His creatures:—Divine Grace, however, effecting even a still closer union—in the supernatural order.

“O Thou Eternal One! Whose *presence* bright
All space doth occupy, all nations guide—
 Unchanged through time’s all-devastating flight!
 Thou only God—there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One,
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
 Who fill’st existence with Thyself alone.
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o’er—
 Being Whom we call God, and know no more.”

—*Gabriel Derzhavin.*

We ought, therefore, wherever we are, to think that God is near us. As there is no moment of time when we are not enjoying some benefit from the hand of God, so there ought to be no moment of time when we have not God in our thoughts.

This continual remembrance of the presence of God is very profitable to us.

It gives strength in time of temptation and holds us back from sin. A soldier fights more bravely in the presence of his king.

The remembrance of the presence of God is also the best means of remaining in the grace of God.

The remembrance of the presence of God increases, too, our zeal in God’s service and leads us on to the practice of all virtues; it makes us more careful in the performance of all our duties. The nearer the water is to the

spring the purer it is; the nearer one is to the fire the greater the warmth; *the closer we keep to God, the greater our perfection.* When the tree is closely united to the root, it brings forth plenteous fruit. *So the Christian brings forth good fruit to Eternal Life if he is closely united to God.*

The thought of God also renders us fearless.

If a timid man has a companion with him, his fear disappears; so we shall not fear if God, *the all-powerful God*, is with us.

Then with the royal prophet we can say: "Though I walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me" (Ps. xxii, 4).

White Mullein.

A plant of the genus *Verbascum* (*V. thapsus*), growing in roadsides and neglected fields.

Good Temper.

"Restore yourselves to your tempers, fathers."

—Jonson.

IF people generally knew what an advantage to them it was to be cheerful, there would be fewer sour faces in the world, and infinitely less ill-temper.

A man never gains anything by exhibiting his annoyance on his face, much less by bursting into a passion.

As it is neither manly nor wise to yield *like a child* pettishly to every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to deprive us of self-control.

There never was a man in any controversy who lost his temper, that did not come near losing his cause in consequence!

If ever a person plays the game of his enemies, it is when he is in a passion.

Acquaintances shun men of proverbially ill-temper; friends drop away from them; even *wives and children* gradually learn to *fear them* more than love them.

Thousands of men owe their want of success in life to neglecting the control of their temper.

Nor have they the excuse that it is an infirmity which cannot be restrained; for *Washington*, though naturally of a most passionate disposition, *disciplined himself until* he passed for a person utterly impassive.

No man who neglects his temper can be happy, any more than he can make those happy around him.

Good temper is gold, is everything.

Bad temper is a curse to its possessor and to society.

The Wind-Flower.

“Lodged in sunny cleft
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little Wind-Flower, whose just-opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Starting the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty; for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.”

—W. C. Bryant.

The Wind-Flower (*Anemone*)* is so called because formerly supposed to open only when the wind was blowing.

*From the Greek 'anemos, wind.

Human Respect.

“Who is not with Me, is against Me.”—“And whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the *Son of Man* be ashamed, when He shall come in His glory.”
—*Words of Christ.*

AMONG the means the infernal enemy has invented to pervert souls, there is none which he turns to greater advantage than *the shame of doing good*; a means by which he deplorably seduces weak minds, and chiefly *youth* who, being more apt to receive the impressions of fear and shame, afford that malicious spirit an opportunity of abusing their weakness, by which he makes them conceive a shame for virtue, which they should only have for sin.

To effect this, Satan disturbs the mind with an idea that virtue is contemned among men, that those are little esteemed who follow it, that if persons should apply themselves to virtue they would be despised, exposed to the censures of obloquy, and mocked at. He *actually* draws on them the contempt and scoffs of others; and by *these artifices* he makes virtue hateful to them, and destroys in them all desires of salvation! And sometimes, this unhappy shame gains such influence over their minds, that they not only blush to do good and appear virtuous, but even glory in their vices, and feel a certain confusion at not being as wicked as the most vicious.

If this *pernicious* shame, dear Reader, has taken possession of your mind, you must account it one of the greatest obstacles to your salvation; *and if you do not labor in good time to overcome it, it will inevitably be your ruin.* Conquer it! And, after all, how very cowardly, to be ever waiting on the breath of popular favor—*popularis aura*!

“Dare to do right—Dare to be true,
Do have a work that no other can do,
Do it so bravely—so kindly—so well,
As to gladden all Heaven and silence all hell.

Dare to do right—Dare to be true,
 Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your God, and your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

Dare to do right—Dare to be true,
 Keep *the great Judgment-Seat* always in view;
Look at your life, as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

Dare to do right—Dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
 City and mansion and throne—all in sight!
Then dare to be true—Yes, dare to do right!"

—Anon.

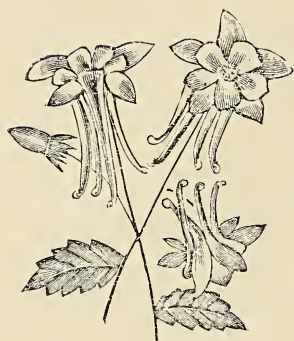
Courage !

Time was I shrank from what was right,
 From fear of what was wrong;
 I would not brave the sacred fight,
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside.
 Such dread of sin was indolence,
 Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Savior calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best,
 Leaving to Him, with silent eyes,
 Of hope and fear the rest.

—Cardinal Newman.



Woodbine.

(HONEYSUCKLE.)

“Dew-sweet eglantine,
And honeysuckle full of clear bee-wine.”

The honeysuckle is a climbing plant having flowers of great fragrance.

Friendship among Brothers and Sisters.

IF friendship, that sweet and amiable virtue, were banished from every other heart, it ought still to be found among brothers and sisters.

It would seem needless to recommend you to love your brothers and sisters; your heart is *naturally* turned to love and cherish those who have been nourished at the same breast with yourself, and with whom you have passed the first years of your life. How often you have played together; taken your meals together; and said your prayers together! What agreeable recollections are awakened by this your lovely infancy! Yes, you ought to have but one heart, one desire, one and the same inclination towards good.

The absence of your brothers and sisters should give you almost as much uneasiness as their presence affords you delight; and so long as you have the happiness of being with them, your days ought to be the most delightful.

Religion, which *approves and purifies* every innocent friendship, obliges you *in duty* to love your brothers and sisters.

Fraternal Love.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood—
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked,
Long be her love repaid!
 In the same cradle we were rocked,
 Round the same hearth we played.

Our youthful sports were all the same,
 Each little joy and woe;
 Let manhood keep alive the flame,
 Lit up so long ago!

—Charles Sprague.

Wood - Sorrel.

This plant shuts its leaves at night; but at the first dawn of day opens them. Peasants say *they sing the praises* of their Creator:

The Peace of God, or Joy of a Good Conscience.

“ Which surpasseth all understanding.”

—St. Paul.

A GENERAL remedy *for all trials*, no matter whence they come, and a sure source of consolation, will be found in *the love of God and a good conscience*.

We know *by experience* that such is the case; for crosses and trials in this life are generally chastisements that the just God sends to pious Christians, as well as to the wicked; and, indeed, He sends *more* of them to the *former* than to the latter.

But see, which of the two is the more *afflicted*: a good, *conscientious* man, or a wicked and vicious one? Which of the two is the more easily consoled in similar trials: a pious, *virtuous* woman, or a vain, frivolous, and worldly-minded one? Which of the two will give way to noisy lamen-

tations, to complaints and murmurs against God and Heaven, and to despair and melancholy? A good or a wicked Christian?

There is no doubt that if we consult experience, we shall find that a slight annoyance, a trifling loss or misfortune, a thing of no account, so to speak, is enough to drive a *wicked* man to frenzy or alas! to suicide; while a pious Christian, who loves God, can bear a far heavier cross much better; for although he feels it, especially if he is possessed of a sensitive nature, yet the bitterness of his suffering, the heavy weight of his cross, will not press long upon him, before he has recourse to God for strength.

A single prayer or Communion, is enough to make him resigned to the will of God; *and, therefore, although his eyes are filled with tears, his heart is full of consolation and contentment.*

Think not him joyful who doth wear
Ever a smile—'tis but to hide
The troubled thoughts of anxious care
That in his inmost heart abide.

Think not him joyful who has wealth,
Whom fortune favors with her gold;
It cannot buy the flush of health;—
True joy is neither bought nor sold.

But think him joyful, call him blest,
Who round his path has friends to love;
*Who has a conscience well at rest,
And puts his trust in One above.*

Ay, he is joyful! he can brave
The world with its besetting care;
*And when the portals of the grave
Open to view—be joyful there.*

—John S. Adams.

Yarrow.

A composite plant (*Achillea millefolium*), having a strong odor and pungent taste.

War.

"Is death more cruel from a private dagger
Than in the field, from murdering swords of thousands?
Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?"

—Cibber.

WAR, above all things, ought to be just. Now, for a war to be *just*, there are, according to St. Thomas of Aquino,* *three* requisites. The *first* thing is the *authority* of the prince by whose command the war is to be waged.

The *second* requisite is a *just cause*, so that they who are assailed should deserve to be assailed for some real fault that they have committed.

The *third* thing requisite is a right intention of promoting good or avoiding evil. Saint Augustine says therefore with good reason: "Eagerness to hurt, bloodthirsty desire of revenge, an untamed and unforgiving temper, ferocity in renewing the struggle, *lust of empire—these and the like excesses are justly blamed in war.*"

Then, as to the use of stratagems, the end of which is to deceive the enemy, there are *two* ways of deceiving in word or deed. One way is by telling lies and breaking promises, and no one ought to deceive the enemy in this way; for there are certain laws of war, and agreements to be observed even among enemies.

In *another* way one may be deceived by the fact that we do not open our purpose or declare our mind to him. Such concealment belongs to the nature of stratagems, which it is lawful to use in just wars. *Nor are such*

*Summa theologica, ii-ii. q. xl. Art. I. and III.

stratagems properly called frauds, nor are they inconsistent with justice nor with a well-ordered will. For it would be an inordinate will for any one to wish nothing to be concealed from him by other people.

Now, even a just war is undoubtedly a very dreadful thing. Armies meet on the field of battle; shot and shell rend the air; men fall to the ground like leaves in an autumnal storm, bleeding, agonizing, dying; the earth is reddened by human blood; the more glory the earth beneath the tread of one army, the louder the revel of victory in the ranks of the other. And, yet, once said truthfully an illustrious prelate,* "*A just and necessary war is holy.*"

"The men who at country's call engage in such war are the *country's heroes* to whom must be given unstinted gratitude and unstinted praise. The *sword* in their hands is the emblem of self-sacrifice and of valor, the *flag* which leads them, *betokens their country* and bids them pour out in oblation to purest patriotism the life blood of their hearts, the shroud which spreads over the dead of the battlefield is the mantle of fame and of glory.

"Happy the nation which has the courage of a *just war* no less than that of a *just peace*, whose sons are able and willing to serve her with honor alike in war and peace. *Happy the nation whose jubilee of peace, when war has ceased, is also a jubilee of victory.*"

*Archb shop Ire and

The Yellow Jasmine.

A climbing plant of the genus *Jasminum*, bearing flowers of a peculiarly fragrant odor.

"Out in the lonely woods the Jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court, with green festoons,
The banks of dark lagoons."

—Henry Timrod.

Grace and Elegance.

Grace gains the affections sooner, and secures them longer,
than anything else.

—Hazlitt.

THERE are persons, it cannot be denied, who have obviously that
"sweet, attractive sort of grace" of which the poet sings.

When we meet them, we wonder that everybody has not attempted to imitate them, that everybody does not acknowledge their excellence, and beg for the recipe!

It seems as easy for them to be delightful, *as it is for a rose to be sweet or a star to shine.*

They always say the right thing at the right time; they never remind us, if we are rich to-day, that we were poor yesterday!

They never repeat the disagreeable things others have said of us, nor criticise our friends in our presence, nor snub nor embarrass us.

They have, certainly, that kind of common sense which may almost be said to amount to genius—a *genius for divining the feelings and prejudices of others*; for making one feel at ease.

The Yew.

An evergreen tree of the genus *Taxus*.

Sorrow.

"I will instruct my *sorrows* to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout."

—*Shakespeare*.

"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

—*T. Moore*.

§ T. AUGUSTINE says: "Human nature is small, because it is restricted within certain limits. The smaller a man's nature is, the more he loves these limits. *In order to become great, these limits must be overleapt, and this requires an effort.*"

And a modern writer, commenting on this passage, says:

"These limits are like the circle of fire round an insect. The insect feels the heat, approaches the flame, shrinks back and dies."

The weak and cowardly soul acts like this; but the *noble* disposition tries to cross this circle of fire.

"If you analyze," says another deep thinker, "the elements of a great and noble character, you will find out that *they all have been fused together in the furnace of sorrow.*"

Sorrow is *essential* to man, in order to prevent his setting his affections too much on the earth. *It detaches him from the earth, lifts him up to Heaven, and unites him to God!*

"Go, then," says a poet,

"Go, then, earthly love and treasure!

Come, disaster, scorn and pain!

In God's service, pain is pleasure;

With *His* favor loss is gain.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to *His* breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweetest rest."

The good are better made by ill;
 And odors crushed are sweeter still!

—*Rogers.*

Yucca.

A genus of American liliaceous plants. The leaves are stiff and sharp-pointed, forming a mass some two or three feet broad, and even more in old plants. There are six or seven species or individual plants, differing somewhat in their style of foliage, yet with a strong similarity noticeable in them all. They make a fine and imposing appearance in the garden or on the lawn.

Authority.

"A man in authority is but as
A candle in the wind, sooner wasted
 Or blown out than under a bushel."

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

"Live and love,—
 Doing both nobly, because lowly!
 Live and work—strongly, because patiently!"

—*Mrs. Browning.*

RULERS, or governors, are to the State what beams are to a wall; without beams the building would collapse; so society would without rulers.

That the head or governor of the State derives his power from God we learn from the words Our Lord addressed to Pilate: "Thou shouldst

not have any power against Me, *unless* it were given thee *from above*" (John xix. 11). "By *God* kings reign and law-givers decree just things" (Prov. viii. 15).

Therefore, lawful superiors, whether secular or spiritual, must be obeyed, that is, as long as they command nothing contrary to God's law.

On the other hand, persons who are in authority ought to remember that "a most severe judgment will be for those who bear rule" (Wisd. vi. 6). *The higher the post, the greater the responsibility.*

Governors ought above all to *study the real welfare* of their subjects; *since this is the purpose of their appointment.* The princes of the earth are God's ministers for the *good* of mankind (Rom. xiii. 4).

Rulers ought moreover to be *impartial*, and treat all without distinction, *whether rich or poor, with equal kindness*, remembering "there is no respect of persons with God" (Rom. ii. 11).

Those who are in authority must also *beware of acting unjustly*, or of allowing themselves to be corrupted by bribes (Exod. xxiii. 8). They must *not* favor the rich and powerful, and be induced to *give unjust judgment*, as was the unhappy Pilate.

Then, no man should ever be condemned unheard. If any one went to Alexander the Great with a charge against another, he used to close one ear, saying: "*I give one ear to the accuser, the other to the accused.*" Even God, who is omniscient, did not condemn Adam until He had heard his defense and proved to him his guilt.

Furthermore, those who are in high places ought to set a *good example*, because deeds are more eloquent than words.

"Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow;
But *our past life, when virtuously spent,*
Must to our age those happy fruits present."

—Denham.



Zinnia.

A splendid plant, with *flowers* large, double, and somewhat resembling the Dahlia.*

Thoughts of Absent Friends.

REMEMBER me," a poet says,

"Remember *me, your friend*; but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower;
But when the falling leaf is sere,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold autumn weeps,—*remember me*,
YOUR ABSENT FRIEND!"

*See "Floral Apostles," pages 69 and 70.

A Word in Conclusion.

"Consider the lilies. . . I say to you, not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed like one of these."
 —*Words of our Divine Jesus.*

IF your Heavenly Father takes so much care of the herbs of the field, which live but to-day, and on the morrow are thrown into the fire, what will He not do for you?

"Who so careth for the Flowers,
 "Will much more care for you!"

How, then, can you distrust Providence?

Seeing the *care*, and, so to speak, the gentleness with which God watches over the least plant, or the humblest flower, or the blade of grass we trample beneath our feet, could we not imagine that it should live for ever?

Yet, from morning till evening is its life; the morrow sees it parched by the sun; on the day after, it falls under the sickle.

What then should we think of *the immense ocean of beauties to be found in God*, since He scatters them with such profusion over a little plant, that lives but a few hours?

What, in fine, should we think of *the care which He lavishes on our immortal souls*, made to His glorious image?

Oh, God! Who art all love, I thank Thee for having decorated the earth so beautifully as our abode, and for having *provided* so tenderly for even the smallest plants. It is *for me* that Thou hast done all these things; *grant me the grace to profit by these benefits!*

God might have bade the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.
 We might have had enough, enough
 For every want of ours,
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have had no flowers.

The one within the mountain mine
 Requireth none to grow;
 Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
 To make the river flow.
 The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, *wherefore* were they made,
 All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night:—
 Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
 Then *wherefore* had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
 For Who so careth for the flowers
 Will *much more care* for him!

—*Mary Howitt.*

The Flowers' Mystic Voices.

By Miss Katharine Josephine Walsh, Richland Center, Wis.

Mild and clear the flowers carol,
Like sweet minstrels from above,
Unto hearts that know their language,
Songs of Faith and Hope and Love.

Thoughts that by our pathway blooming
Turn our spirits toward the light,
Teach us to translate the sunshine,
Teach us not to fear the night.

Who has missed the *voice* of roses
On a sweet mid-summer day,
When the fragrant fields and forests
Teach the human heart to pray?

Modest violets, softly sighing,
Truth sublime with silent breath;
Peace and joy of future ages,
Love triumphant over Death?

Clearly in their voices ringing
Love that will immortal last,
Tho' the pride and bloom of summer
Fall in fierce December's blast.

Flowers within the tomb unfading,
Past the sunlight's brief control,
Mingle with the heart that loved them,
Leave their image on the Soul.

Benediction of glad voices,
On those humble thoughts of ours—
While we trace a kindred beauty
With the whole sweet race of flowers.

"To Him Who Created the Lily."

By Miss Cassie F. Keegan, Rockford, Ill.

To Him who created the lily,
 To Him who created each thing,
 This garland of bright-colored flowers,
 As an offering sweet I would bring.
 With this wreath of pinks and of laurel,
 Of myrtle and daisies so white,
 Would I crown Thee, our King and our Savior,
 Our Guide in this life's dark night.

With tenderest love do I offer
 The Hyacinth, Lily, and Rose;
 Forget-me-nots blue as the heavens,
 The Passion-flower—sweetest that blows.
 Yea! my soul was once like the flowers,
 As pure from the Hand of God;
 But, alas! I have strayed from His guidance,
 The "highway of sin" I've trod.

O! give me the grace, my Savior,
 Hereafter to gather for Thee
 The most bitter of myrrh—as Thou once
 Didst carry Thy Cross for me.
 Yes—Thee will I seek and no other;
 For Thy sake I'll bear any loss;
 Thee alone will I claim as my Lover,
 Who bled on Calvary's Cross.

Although Thou art yet from me hidden,
 And Heaven seems so far away,
 The poor, the sick, and the dying
 I can help, in Thy Name, every day.
 When, at last, my exile is over,
 And my soul from its prison set free,
 I will see Thee and praise Thee, and love Thee,
Throughout all Eternity.

Appendix One.

"Nature is the glass reflecting God
As by the sea reflected is the sun."

—*Young.*

"Look through nature up to nature's God."

—*Pope.*





GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGERS,
OR,
Language of the
Precious Stones.

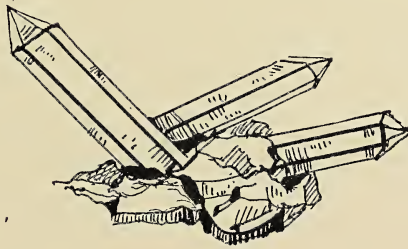
"Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Silent Teachers of Many Great Truths."

"Pointers to Heaven!"

—*Anon.*



Adamant.

The *corundum*, the hard stone which, when ground, is known to us as "emery powder." It was much used for engraving upon stone, *e. g.*, the Ten Commandments. (Antiquities of the Jews, by Flavius Josephus.)

Keep the Commandments.

"How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!"

—Doddridge.

HOW happy the man who observes God's commandments! He obtains interior content, health, honor, riches, and a more intimate knowledge of God!

He who keeps God's commandments triumphs over sufferings and persecutions. His house is built upon a rock and the force of the elements is impotent to overthrow it. Only by the bridge of obedience can we enter into Heaven; it is a bridge with *ten* arches.

If our reward on earth is but trifling, our reward in Heaven will be all the greater; it will be a recompense surpassing all our hopes and expectations, without limit and without end.

"All true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law.
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is that philosophy whose sway is framed
For mere material interests! How weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropped
By virtue!"

—Wordsworth.

The Decalogue is "the greatest of all codes, and the basis of all that is greatest in other codes."

Blackstones Commentaries.

Agate.

Agate is said to derive its name from the river Achates, in Sicily. It is usually white, with a red or green grain like sea-weed. It is common in the East. The Arabic equivalent means *red*, whence some have thought the Oriental ruby to be meant.

True Happiness—How to Find It.

EARTHLY goods, such as riches, honor, pleasure, cannot by themselves make us happy; for they cannot satisfy our soul; they often only make life bitter, and invariably forsake us in death.

Only the Gospel of Christ is capable of giving us a partial happiness on earth, for he who *follows the teaching of Christ* is certain to have peace in his soul.

Christ Himself declares in terms clear and precise that His yoke is easy and His burden light, and that those who bear them find rest to their souls.

"Art thou weary, art thou laden,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'"

—*St. Ephrem the Syrian.*

It is, therefore, a truth based upon the word of God, that a Christian life is indeed a happy life, and that there is no true and solid happiness but in faithfully observing the law of God.

"Who but a Christian through all life
That blessing may prolong;
Who through the world's sad day of strife
Still chant his morning song?

"Fathers may hate us or forsake:
God's foundlings then are we;
Mother on child no pity take,
But we shall still have Thee.

"We may look home and seek in vain
A fond, fraternal heart,
But Christ hath given His promise plain
To do a brother's part.

"Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
The heavenward flame annoy:
The Savior cannot pass away,
And with Him lives our joy.

"Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun;
But there sight fails; no heart can know
The bliss when life is done."

—Keble.

Amethyst.

A sub-species of quartz, of a bluish violet color, of different degrees of intensity. It generally occurs crystalized in hexehedral prisms terminated by corresponding pyramids; also in rolled fragments, composed of imperfect prismatic crystals. It is wrought into various articles of jewelry. *Oriental amethyst*, the violet-blue variety of transparent crystalized corundum.

Peace of Mind.

"His calm and blameless life
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round."

—*Cowley.*

PEACE of mind—what is it? in what does it consist? It consists in an empire over the passions, the haste, the impetuosity, the excited movements of nature, in order to moderate them, direct them, and prevent them from troubling us. It consists in that sweet liberty of the spirit, which, doing everything at its proper time, with order and wisdom, applies itself to its object without entertaining any regret for the past, without feeling any attachment to the present, without having any anxiety for the future.

It consists, also, in that calmness of the soul, which, communicating itself to the exterior, impresses on all the actions of the body a certain inexpressible reserve, gentleness, and moderation which is edifying; which is peaceful without being given to slowness; prompt without being hurried; which does not agitate itself, like Martha, with that excessive activity which exhausts the strength; but is tranquil, like Mary, listening to Jesus and placing her action in the very repose with which she listens.

All its movements are gentle, its operations moderate, its efforts without contention or discomfort; exterior objects do not rouse in it any excited or anxious emotions; or, if sometimes they take it by surprise, it pauses and waits for calmness to return; it is the image of God, who is never troubled any more in the outrages which He receives than in the great works which He performs.

A Christian, therefore, who enjoys the great blessings of that most precious peace of mind can always say in truth with the English poet:

"I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

—*Shakespeare.*

Beryl.

A mineral of great hardness, and, when transparent, of much beauty. It occurs in green, or bluish-green, six-sided prisms, and consists of silica, alumina, and the rare earth glucina. It is identical with the emerald, except in color, the latter being colored by oxide of chrome, and the beryl by oxide of iron.

The beryl, when transparent, is set as a gem, and called *aqua-marine*.

Love Demands Love.

(GRATITUDE.)

“The benefits he sow’d in me met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase; and I still glory in it.”

—*Massinger*.

LOVE demands love; he who receives is under obligation, and the benefit granted calls for a return of gratitude. He who does not pay his debts is unjust; but he who does not pay the debt of gratitude is worse still—he is vile. It is a soul without delicacy and honor, which does not understand that every good heart ought to be grateful, and that the sweetest of enjoyments is to declare the benefit which has been received, and to give back as much in return. It is a soul which is base and lowered beneath the level of savages, who show themselves to be grateful for a service; it sinks below the level of even the animals, of which many show themselves to be grateful to their masters and benefactors, even exposing themselves to death in order to defend them. It is, finally, an ungrateful soul, and that is saying everything, for ingratitude, the most odious of vices, is a hideous product of pride and malignity, founded upon the idea that he who gives seeming to be greater than he who receives, pride, being jealous

of domination, cannot bear to make this avowal of inferiority. Hence it is that the proud is ashamed to confess that he has received a benefit; he hides it as much as he can; he is annoyed when it is recalled to him. Hence it is that nothing is so quickly forgotten as a benefit, and that the number of the ungrateful is infinite.

In order to dispense themselves from gratitude, they try to imagine interested motives on the part of their benefactor; they search out in him for faults to be censured, wrongs to be reprehended; and if they can render him the slightest service, they make use of it in order to free themselves from the debt of gratitude. "*I have rendered all back to him,*" they say. Evil words are these! The good man never forgets the benefit he has received even when he has rendered one as good in return, or even when he has had the happiness to do still more.

Seneca, therefore, is right when he says:

"Let the man, who would be grateful, think of repaying a kindness, even while receiving it."

"To a generous mind
The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it."

—*Franklin.*

And Dryden says,

"I grow impatient, till I find some way
Great offices with greater to repay."

Carbuncle.

A beautiful gem, of a deep-red color, with a mixture of scarlet, called by the Greeks *anthrax* (ἄνθραξ), found in the East Indies. It is usually found pure, of an angular figure, and adhering to a heavy, ferruginous

stone, of the emery kind. Its ordinary size is one-fourth to two-thirds of an inch. *When held up to the sun, it loses its deep tinge, and becomes exactly of the color of a burning coal.*

Trust in God's Providence.

GOD has a *special* providence which He exercises *towards those who love Him*. He watches over them with particular tenderness and attention, as over His favorite friends, His cherished children, and He shows Himself to be rich in goodness and mercy towards them.

Whence it follows, that not to abandon ourselves with full confidence to His providence is to misunderstand His power, which can do all things. Often, it is true, His reasons are unknown to us, His designs escape our short-sightedness; but what we cannot comprehend here below we shall understand in Heaven; in Heaven, where we shall sing that God has done all things well (Mark. vii. 37).

Meantime, let us live in a state of abandonment and confidence. This abandonment will be a source of peace and consolation for us.

Persuaded that God watches over us, we shall be at rest; and, looking upon ourselves as beloved children in the arms of the best of fathers, we shall say: Why distress and trouble myself? why afflict myself? Even when human means fail, and men are opposed to me, I will rejoice as for an opportunity which enables me more perfectly to practise holy abandonment to Providence and confidence in its goodness.

And even when I may have sinned, I will always have confidence, because God is the Father of the repentant prodigal and has promised pardon to the publican who humbles himself.

"Thou art as much His care as if, beside,
Nor men nor angels lived in Heaven or earth.
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth,
They shine and shine with unexhausted store;
Thou art thy Savior's darling: wish no more."

—Keble.

Chalcedony.

An uncrystalized, translucent variety of quartz, having usually a whitish color, and a luster nearly like wax.—*Chrysoprase* is green *chalcedony*; *carnelian*, a flesh-red, and *sard*, a grayish-red variety.

Give Thanks to God Always and Everywhere.

WE ought to thank God *always*.

As in our existence there is not a single moment which is not a benefit bestowed by God, there is, therefore, not one in which our gratitude ought not to ascend to God. Every moment at our waking, as well as every evening when we lie down, we should say, "*Thanks, my God!*" Every time that the clock strikes, when considering how many persons here below are tried by troubles which we are spared, how many have died during the past hour, we must exclaim, "*Thanks, my God!*" Lastly, our whole life ought to be an uninterrupted thanksgiving towards God, our constant benefactor.

We ought to thank God *everywhere*, that is to say, in the home, where He places us and provides for all our wants; in our travels, wherein He furnishes us with means for going from one place to another; in the town, where He brings together all that is necessary to supply the necessaries and the comforts of life; in the country, where He makes the earth bring forth its harvests and the fruits which make us live; at the table, where He gives us suitable food; at recreation, wherein He arranges our amusements and pleasures; *everywhere*, in a word, since everything is full of His benefits.

"Fountain of mercy! whose pervading eye
Can look within and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks, I have no words;
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language."

—Hannah More.

Chrysolite.

A mineral, composed of silica, magnesia, and iron, varying in color from a pale green to a bottle-green, and occurring in glassy grains or pieces disseminated in basalt and many lavas, and sometimes in large imbedded crystals. It occasionally occurs in other rocks.

Mysteries of Holy Faith.

“Mortals, remain contented at the *Quia*;
For if ye had been able to see all,
No need there were for Mary to give birth.”

—Dante, Purgatorio, iii. 37-39.

A MYSTERY is a truth of which, if expressed by a proposition, we know that the predicate of this proposition is to be attributed to the subject, but without our perceiving the intrinsic reason of such agreement.

There are mysteries, says Louis Jouin, whose existence we know, or at least may know, by the use of our reason, such as the fact of our existence, of the union of body and soul, and many others; these may be called *natural* mysteries.

Other mysteries there are, whose existence would forever have remained unknown to us, had not God revealed them: these are *supernatural* mysteries.

That there are such mysteries, continues our learned author just quoted, is plain; for truth is coextensive with being, since whatever is, is *true*, inasmuch as it *is*; hence, as being is infinite, truth is likewise infinite. We must, therefore, admit truths which surpass the limited power of our understanding; to deny this were to make the finite the measure of the infinite.

God may, if He please, reveal supernatural mysteries; for, on the one hand, God can reveal truth, and, on the other, man can receive the knowledge of supernatural mysteries. Indeed, the only difference between

natural and supernatural mysteries is, that the former may be known to us by our own reason, whereas the latter are admitted on the authority of God, who, being Infinite Truth, can neither deceive nor be deceived.

Unlettered men, relying on the authority of scientists, may receive scientific truths which they do not understand, such as the fact of the earth revolving around the sun, the distance of the sun from the earth, etc. How much more, then, may we admit truths manifested to us by God Himself!

Dante says, therefore, in regard to the light, the blessed shall receive in the life to come, just as truthfully as consolingly,

"There will be seen what we receive by faith;
Not demonstrated, but *self-evident*
In guise of the first truth that man believes."

—Paradise, ii. 43-45.

Chrysoprase.

Chrysoprase* is an apple-green variety of chalcedony, colored by nickel oxide; sometimes used as a gem.

Thoughts of Heaven.

WHAT joy for a captive when he recovers his liberty, and emerges from his unhappy slavery! What joy for a prisoner who has for a long time been immured in the horrors of a dismal dungeon, when he beholds again the light of day! What joy to a man who made a long voyage upon a tempestuous sea, amid storms and sunken rocks, where he was a thousand times in danger of perishing, to reach at length the port of safety! —a weak and very imperfect image of the joy, the consolation, and happiness of a soul who, after its captivity, its sad exile, its long suffering in this vale of tears, enters at length into the happy haven of salvation, into

*Derived from the Greek χρυσόπρασος, χρυσός, go'd and πράσον leek.

the region of the living, to dwell forever amid the elect, the life of God Himself, the author of its being, the object of its desires, the centre of its repose, with no fear of ever losing Him; certain of possessing Him forever, happy with the same happiness which He enjoys!

But it is not sufficient to know about the happiness of Heaven: we must strive to merit it by the practice of good works.

"Narrow is the gate," says Jesus; let us make every effort to enter it. However great these efforts may be, they are a small matter compared with so great a good.

"Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And, Heaven, the heart's true Home, will come at last."
—F. W. Faber.

Diamond.

A mineral and gem remarkable for its hardness, as it scratches all other minerals. It is crystallized carbon, the crystals being monometric, and usually with convex faces; they are sometimes colored, or even black.

Diamonds are said to be of the *first water when* very transparent, and of the *second or third water* as the transparency decreases.

Fortitude.

FORTITUDE is a gift which is, above all, necessary to those who are in authority, because, from want of this gift, is added to personal evil public evil.

Through an unworthy timidity, a cowardly and pusillanimous condescension, evil is permitted to be committed from want of speaking and reproving it. Hence the lowering of characters, the triumph of the

wicked, the reign of evil, to which weakness gives the reins: a weakness which is deplorable at all times, but, above all, in these evil days, wherein the genius of evil makes such furious war against all that is good.

Let us recognize how greatly we ourselves stand in need of this gift, in whatever position we may be, and let us, therefore, in earnest prepare ourselves to receive it into our hearts.

“The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possessed.”

—*Anonymous.*

“Forgetful of ourselves,
Giving but little heed
To the confusing strife,
The winding ways of life,
Yet careful of its anxious cry of need.”

—*Tamar Anne Kesmode.*

Emerald.

Emerald is a bright-green variety of *beryl*, which when clear and flawless is highly valued as a gem.

“An emerald of light!”

—*Coleridge.*

In the Bible, an unidentified precious stone, probably *carbuncle*, used in the breastplate of the high priest.

Faith—Its Great Value.

“Faith is the substance of the things we *hope* for,
And evidence of those that are not seen;
And this appears to me its quiddity.”

—*Dante, Paradiso, xxiv. 64-66.*

“Strong as a man and pure as a child is the sum of the doctrine
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the Cross for.”

—*Longfellow.*

FAITH is of inestimable price. It is the principle of all justification, of all merit, of all true greatness. It is the very joy of our heart. By it man unites himself to Eternal Truth, plunges with delight into this ocean of *light*, and enjoys the happiness of honoring God by believing on Divine Authority what he already knew, and by believing on the same Authority what he does not comprehend, because there where God affirms we have no need to understand, and because, on the contrary, the less we comprehend, the more beautiful homage we render to Divine Veracity, which is of itself the sole sufficient foundation of all belief.

Faith consoles and sustains man in the trials of this life, which are so severe. A glance cast upon the Cross, another raised to Heaven, console, encourage, and fortify to such an extent as to make us find happiness in suffering, to sustain the heart in its weaknesses, to raise it up in its depression, and to hold the place of all that is wanting to us.

Oh, how much to be pitied is the man who has not faith, amidst the many trials of which this life is full!—

“Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite; the voice
Of a deep life within.”

—*Elizabeth Oakes Smith.*

But remember,

“If faith produce no works, I see,
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e’er can know:
They’re soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined, let no man part.”

—*Hannah More.*

Garnet.

A mineral, usually occurring in symmetrical, twelve-sided crystals (dodecahedrons), of a deep red color. When transparent, it is called *precious garnet*, and is used as a gem. It is the *carbuncle* of the ancients.

Perseverance.

"Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive."

—*Montgomery.*

PERSEVERANCE signifies the habit of mind by which a man stands firmly lest he should be removed from that which is according to virtue, by griefs rushing in upon him; which habit holds itself equally in respect to sorrows and joys.

"All the other graces run," says Peter de Blois, "perseverance alone is crowned."

"Humility does not profit unless it finally perseveres," says the same author, "nor does the glory of good conversation profit in the beginning unless it has a glorious end."

The woman of Canaan persevered and so gained her request from the Lord.

Perseverance is opposed to instability, which is a sign of weakness.

It is the secret of success in this life; and the due preparation for the life to come.

Perseverance signifies the adhering firmly to anything. We must, therefore, persevere in,

THE FAITH, once delivered to the saints; hold on to it; forsake it not;
MORALS, in spite of all temptation;

PURPOSE, turning aside neither to the right nor to the left;

ACTION, doing what is right, as *being* right regardless of consequences. Therefore let us often pray for grace to fail not; for

“He that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved” (Matt. x. 22).

“To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
 To forgive wrongs darker than the death of night;
 To defy power which seems omnipotent;
 To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
 Neither to change, to falter, nor repent;
 This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
 Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
 This is alone life, joy, empire and victory.”

—*Shelley.*

Hyacinth.

(JACINTH.)

A red variety of zircon, sometimes used as a gem. Zircon is a mineral containing the earth zirconia and silica, occurring in square prisms with pyramidal terminations of a brown or gray color, occasionally red, and often nearly transparent. A red variety, as stated above, is called *hyacinth*.

Moral Beauty.

“When with beauty we can virtue join,
 We paint the semblance of a point divine.”

—*Prior.*

MORAL Beauty—what is it? It consists in virtue, or moral goodness. The law commanding some things, and forbidding others; the great difficulties to be surmounted; the noble soul, the heroic will, the

pure intention, are all harmonized in the acts of persevering virtue, and constitute an object justly considered to be of the highest order of finite beauty which can be contemplated in this world.

The eloquent and philosophic Cicero, pronounced the heroic acts of the noble virtues to be divine, in their beauty and grandeur.

In his oration for Marcus Marcellus he says: "The man who conquers his own soul, he who suppresses resentment, who is moderate in victory, who not only raises from a fallen estate an adversary illustrious for his birth, his talent and his bravery, but even amplifies his former dignity: I do not compare the man who does these things to the greatest of human beings, but I judge him to be most like to a god."

Who cannot but think here, for instance, of Him, Who for three long years in meekness and gentleness went about doing good—healed the sick, and cleansed the lepers, and opened the eyes of the blind, and fed the hungry, and raised the dead, and, as Milton says, "*heroically finished a life heroic.*"

Beauteous, indeed, oh, "How beauteous," says an English poet,

" were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway trod
In wondrous love, Oh, Son of God!

"Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

"Oh, who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, God-like, high,
So beautiful in humility?"

—A. C. Coxe.

Jasper.

An opaque variety of quartz, of red, yellow, and other colors, breaking with a smooth surface. It admits of a high polish, and is used for vases, etc. When the colors are in stripes or bands it is called *striped jasper*. The Egyptian pebble is a brownish-yellow jasper.

Gratitude towards God.

“Let never day nor night unhallow’d pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.”

—*Shakespeare.*

THE more grateful we are towards God, the more new graces will we attract towards us.

Like the waters of rivers which return to the sea and afterwards come back transformed into clouds, dews, and rain, which reproduce the same rivers, so the waters of grace, carried back by gratitude to God, Who is their principle, will return to us in rains of divine grace; whilst ingratitude stops the course of graces, dries up like a burning wind the source of piety, the dew of mercy, and places an obstacle in the way of all the designs of God with regard to us (St. Bernard, in *Cant. Serm. 51*).

“I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
* * * * *

I thank Thee while my days go on.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Lapis Lazuli.

A mineral of a fine azure-blue color, usually amorphous, or in rounded masses of a moderate size.

Humility.

“God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.”

—*Keble.*

THE humble man is he who acknowledges his own nothingness and the nothingness of all earthly things, and comports himself in accordance with this conviction.

Humility is two-fold: it consists of humility of the *understanding*, by which a man becomes conscious of his own abjection, and humility of the *will*, which causes him to manifest his consciousness in his conduct.

St. Bonaventure defines humility as voluntary self-abasement resulting from the knowledge of our own frailty.

St. Augustine says: “If you asked me, What is the most fundamental thing in religion? I should answer, It is humility. What is the second? What is the third? I should still reply, It is humility.”

Humility is the first condition for praying, for having intercourse with our neighbor, for conquering temptations, for triumphing over our passions.

Self-love can produce nothing but sin, or the false virtues, void of all merit, of the pagan philosophers, because it is only a *miserable egotism*, which acts for itself alone, and which God cannot consequently recompense; it is a vicious inclination, which makes us live and act without having faith or grace, and solely from *natural* motives.

Humility, on the contrary, the true seat of grace, the seed of glory, the characteristic of the elect, makes us live a *supernatural* life, and all the

virtues repose upon it, as upon their foundation. Hence the poet* says very well:

"Lowliness is the base of every virtue,
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest."

Humility, therefore, is justly called the royal road to exaltation. Christ Himself, that divine model of all humility, says: "Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (Luke xiv. 11).

"Humility is the eldest-born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of Heav'n."

—Murphy.

And another poet, John Webster, says:

"Heaven's gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees."

Ligure.

A kind of precious stone. "The third (row) a *ligure*, an agate, and an amethyst (Exod. xxviii. 19).

Justice and Charity.

(As Distinct Elements of Moral Beauty.)

"**M**ORAL beauty," says Schiller, "comprehends two distinct elements equally beautiful, justice and charity."

"Justice," says Cicero, "commands us to have mercy upon all men, to consult the interests of the whole human race, to give to every one his

*Bailey—Festus.

due, and to injure no sacred, public, or foreign rights, and to forbear touching what does not belong to us."

Justice is truth in action.

Justice satisfies everybody, and justice alone.

Every place is safe to him who lives with justice.

"Justice," says Daniel Webster, "is the great interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together. Wherever her temple stands, and so long as it is duly honored, there is a foundation for general security, general happiness, and the improvement and progress of our race."

But, then, please, remember, dear reader, that it is impossible to be just if one is not generous, and to be generous is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by the law.

And as to charity, we may justly say that it is the very *life of our soul*, whence it follows that it is the *soul of all virtues*. Without it there is no true virtue, that is, no virtue which can lead us to our true end, the possession of God. It is in regard to other virtues that which the root is to the tree, that which a wise queen is to her subjects. It extends not only to the moral virtues, but also to the other so-called theological virtues, Faith and Hope.

"Of all virtues," says St. Thomas, "the theological virtues are the most excellent, because they tend directly to God Himself, who is the rule of all perfection; and among the theological virtues, the most excellent is that which tends most perfectly to Him, and rests in Him and for Him. This virtue is charity."*

In so saying, the Angelic Doctor is the echo of St. Augustine, who defines all virtues by charity. "Faith," he says, "is a love which believes; hope, a love which expects; patience, a love which endures; prudence, a

*St. Thom., 2a 2ae 9, xxiii, Art. 6.

judicious love; justice, a love which gives everyone his due; fortitude, a generous love; and so of the others.”*

Who wonders, then, that St. Paul, to celebrate the praises of this queen of virtues, says: “Though I should speak with the tongues of angels and men; though I should have knowledge enough to fathom all mysteries, and faith enough to remove mountains, though I should give all my goods to the poor and my body to the flames, and have not charity, I am nothing—everything else is useless to me” (1 Cor. xiii. 1).

Onyx.

The onyx is the banded carnelian, cut across the layers to exhibit *two* stripes of black and white, brown and white, etc. Some regard it as the “shell” or composite formation of two different colored strata, one underlying the other, on which cameos are cut.

Friendship.

“Friendship’s an abstract of love’s noble flame,
 ’Tis love *refined, and purged* from all its dross;
 The next to angel’s love, if not the same;
 As strong as passion is, though not so gross:
 It antedates a glad Eternity,
 And is a Heaven in epitome.

—*Katherine Phillips.*

FRIENDS cherish more kindly feelings towards one another than they do towards the world at large. *They are one heart and one soul.*

St. Jerome compares friendship to a mirror, which presents a faithful image of the object before it. If one who stands before a mirror,

*De moribus, eccl. cath., c. xv. n. 25.

laughs, or moves his head, the image in the mirror does the same. His very wishes and dislikes seem to be shared by the image in the mirror. So it is with friendship.

Friends support one another. Pythias and Damon were intimate friends. One of them was sentenced to death by Dionysius, the tyrant. He asked permission to go home to set his affairs in order, his friend meanwhile acting as a hostage for him, prepared to die in his stead, did he not reappear at the appointed time. The hour for the execution struck, but the condemned man was not there. Yet his friend persisted that he would come, and so he did. The tyrant admired their *mutual* devotion and pardoned the one under sentence of death.

Friends hold confidential intercourse with one another, they conceal nothing one from the other. When the door of a room is opened, you see all that is in it. So friends disclose to one another their inmost soul, and reveal the secrets of their heart.

Friends are consequently candid and open-hearted to one another; they tell one another of their failings. Therefore a wise and holy man used to say: "I only count those as my friends who have the generosity to point out my faults to me."

"Friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is;
Of which one cannot sever but the other
Suffers a needful separation."

—Chapman.

Opal.

A mineral consisting of silex in what is called the soluble state, and usually a small quantity of water.

The *precious opal* presents a peculiar play of colors of delicate tints, and is highly esteemed as a gem. The *fire opal* is less transparent, and the colors are like the red and yellow of flame.

Happiness of a Pure Life.

“Spring has no blossom fairer than thy form;
 Winter no snow-wreath purer than thy mind;
 The dewdrop trembling to the morning beam
 Is like thy smile—pure, transient, heaven-refin’d.”

—Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson.

THOSE who live chastely are like the lily (Cant. ii. 1). Every tiny insect that rests upon the snowy petals of the lily mars its dazzling whiteness and disfigures its beauty; so the mere thought of evil is a stain upon the mind of the man who lives chastely. Rough handling spoils the fair lily and causes it to wither, so the man who lives chastely suffers from indiscriminate intercourse with those around him. The lily grows upright, straight and slender; so the man who lives chastely must ever look upward and tend towards Heaven. The lily fills the whole house with its fragrance; so the man who lives chastely edifies all with whom he associates by his good example.

Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory, for the memory of it is immortal: because it is known both with God and with men (Wisd. iv. 1).

Purity of heart is health to the *soul*; it also gives light to the understanding. The chaste are like a crystal without flaw, or a clear, gently-flowing stream, in which the face of heaven is mirrored.

Those who lead a chaste life will enjoy *special distinction* in Heaven. Virginal souls will be near to the throne of God; they will stand around the Lamb and follow Him whithersoever He goeth. They will sing a new canticle that no man could say (Apoc. xiv). God will crown the chaste souls (Cant. iv. 8), that is, He will confer upon them a special and singular glory. *The chaste generation triumpheth forever* (Wisd. iv. 2).

Pearl.

A silvery or bluish white, hard, smooth, lustrous substance, usually roundish, found inside the shells of several species of mollusks, particularly the pearl oyster.

"The Pearl Without Price."

"**T**HE kingdom of Heaven is like to a merchant seeking good pearls. Who when he had found *one pearl of great price*, went his way, and sold all that he had, and bought it." (St. Matt. xiii. 45, 46.)

This great treasure alluded to by Christ in his parable of the pearls, signifies the blessings of Christianity which far surpass all the riches of this world. He who has found this great treasure of *faith* and *grace* is fortunate indeed. He rejoices, and guards his treasure jealously, and is willing to give up everything rather than lose the faith and grace of God.

This parable, then, equally signifies the great happiness of possessing the true faith and being in a state of grace.

He who really and laboriously strives after Truth and Salvation will obtain them.

There exists, however, *only one pearl without price*, for there exists only one Truth. And even as the wise merchant who bought this pearl at the cost of all that he possessed, alone knew how rich he had become by the possession of it, so do those who belong to the true Church and possess grace, alone know how rich they are. Those who have not the faith are ignorant of its value, and have no conception how rich those are who possess it!

St. Paul says: "God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth (1 Tim. ii. 4). And again: "We exhort you, that you receive not the grace of God in vain" (2 Cor. vi. 1).

God stretches forth His hand to save us; if we really wish to be saved, we must take hold of it, and not reject it.

"To-day," says therefore the Psalmist, "if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Ps. xciv. 8).

Ruby.

A precious stone or mineral, of a carmine red color, sometimes verging to violet, or intermediate between carmine and hyacinth red. The common ruby is a red variety of the spinel. The Oriental ruby is red sapphire, a gem of great beauty and value.

Success, Meritorious.

SUCCESS treads on the heels of every right effort; and though it is possible to overestimate success to the extent of almost deifying it, as is sometimes done, still in any worthy pursuit it is *meritorious*.

The secret of many a man's success in the world resides greatly in his insight into the moods of men, and his tact in dealing with them.

Emerson says: "The greatest success is confidence or perfect understanding between sincere people."

And Longfellow says: "The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you *can do well*; and *doing well* whatever you do."

"Trust in God," says another, "and if you consider what God can do, you will never despair of success."

Great success is sometimes a great temptation. Therefore, be ever moderate in success, and remember, ponder and ponder again, the words of Jesus to His apostles: "When you shall have done all these things that are commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants" (St. Luke, xvii. 10).

Sapphire.

Pure, crystalized alumina. *Sapphire* occurs in hexagonal crystals, and also in grains and massive. The name *sapphire* is usually restricted to the blue crystals, while the bright-red are called Oriental ruby.

"God Alone is Good!"

"God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love."

—*Tupper.*

"God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat."

—*Tupper.*

GOD is supremely good, that is, He loves His creatures far more than a father loves his children.

God loves His creatures and loads them with benefits. He is love itself (1 John iv. 8).

The spring cannot but send forth water and the sun light. "The goodness of God," says beautifully Dr. Alban Stolz, "differs from that of His creatures as the sun differs from the light shed upon a wall. His creatures are good because God sheds His goodness upon them." Hence Our Lord says: "None is good but One, that is God" (Mark x. 18).

"Thou, my All!

My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
 My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
 My light in darkness! and my life in death!
 My boast through time! bliss through Eternity!
 Eternity, too short to speak Thy praise!
 Or fathom Thy profound of love to man!

—*Young.*

Sardius.

A precious stone, probably a carnelian, of which one was set in Aaron's breastplate (Exod. xxviii. 17).

Friendship in Adversity.

"Friendship, of itself an holy tie,
 Is made more sacred by adversity."

—*Dryden.*

IN prosperity, who will not profess to love a man? In adversity, how few will show that they do indeed.

"When we are happy," says an experienced writer, "in the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty, the world will be our servant; then, all men flock about us, with bare heads and bended bodies and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing, when wealth but shifts to another hand, men look upon us at a distance, and stiffen themselves as if they were in armor, but (if they should come nigh us) they should get a wound in the cloze."

"Our fortunes and ourselves," says the same author, "are things so closely linked that we know not which is the cause of the regard that is shown to us. When these two shall part, we may then discern which of them it was that excited affection. I confess he is happy who finds a true friend in extremity; but he is happier who finds not extremity wherein to try his friend. Thus the trial of friendship is, by finding what others will do for us."

And so, indeed, George Washington was right when he said: "True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation."

Shakespeare says, as if from much experience, in this respect,

"The great man down, you mark his favorite flies,
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy."

Sardonyx.

A silicious stone or gem, nearly allied to onyx, of a reddish-yellow, or nearly orange color.

Conformity to the Divine Will, which is the Christian's Sweetest Pleasure.

EVEN amongst men, with whom love is imperfect, there is no sweeter enjoyment than that of conforming ourselves to the good pleasure of the person who is beloved. Therefore, to please God is the whole ambition of the heart wherein holy love *reigns*; it is its sole ambition in this world, the one aim of all its actions as well as of all its projects.

We live then only to say with the Apostle: "*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*" (Acts ix. 6), or with the Psalmist: "*What have I in Heaven? and, besides Thee, what do I desire upon earth?*" (Ps. 73, 25).

"Celestial Sweetness unalloyd,
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which Thou alone can'st fill."

—St. Bernard.

"Make up, therefore, your mind," says the gentle Fenelon, "ever to conform your will to the most holy will of the all-wise God, and you, too, shall *"taste, and see that the Lord is sweet"* (Ps. xxxiii. 9).

'Tis Thy good pleasure, not my own,
In Thee, my God, I live alone;
And nothing I desire of Thee
But what Thy Goodness wills for me.
O will of God! O will divine!
All, all our love be ever Thine.

Thou makest crosses, soft and light,
 And death itself seems sweet and bright;
*No cross nor fear that soul dismays
 Whose will to Thee united stays.*

O will of God! O will divine!
 All, all our love be ever Thine.

Alike in pleasure and in pain,
 To please Thee is my joy and gain;
*That, O my Love, which pleases Thee
 Shall evermore seem best to me.*

May Heaven and earth with love fulfill,
 My God, Thy ever-blessed will.

—*St. Alphons Liguori.*

Topaz.

A mineral occurring in rhombic prisms, generally yellowish and *pellucid*,* also *colorless*, and of greenish, bluish, or brownish shades; sometimes massive and *opaque*, and consisting of silica, alumina, and fluoric acid. It is highly valued as a gem.

According to some, the name is from *Topazos*, a small isle in the Arabic Gulf, where the Romans obtained a stone which they called by this name, but which is the *chrysolite* of the moderns.

The Mysterious Ways of God's Providence.

DIVINE Providence not only watches over empires and kingdoms; its attention is directed to every creature. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the order of your heavenly Father." "The very hairs of

* A *pellucid* is distinguished from a transparent body in not giving distinct vision of illuminated objects seen through it.

your head are all numbered," says Our Lord Himself. It is this Providence which every year covers the earth with harvests, makes the plants to grow, loads the trees with fruit, and watches over all the requirements of His creatures with a truly paternal care. It feeds the birds of the air, the fishes in the sea, and every animal upon the globe.

But, then, however, let us not suppose that this attention costs God anything, or that His unalterable repose is disturbed. Everything is equally easy to an infinite wisdom and power. If a king only busies himself with great matters, without going into the details of the smaller things which transpire in his kingdom, it is because a king, having but a limited understanding, could not occupy himself with smaller matters without neglecting the greater. But God's wisdom, being infinite, embraces all without effort or trouble.

We must, therefore, always *submit unreservedly to the guidance* of this Providence. We should worship it alike in the evil that befalls us as in the good; in adversity as in prosperity, in sickness and suffering as in health and joy. We should then say, "God wills it, and He only wills it for my good; may His Holy Name be praised!" If, sometimes, He permits the good man to be in misery while the wicked enjoys abundance, it is that He may test his virtue in order to reward it magnificently in another life. It is because He knows that this passing affliction is but a means of securing his Eternal Salvation.

"I think, if thou could'st know,
 Oh, soul, that will complain,
 What lies concealed below
 Our burden and our pain;
 How just our anguish brings
 Nearer those longed-for things
 We seek for now in vain.—
 I think, thou would'st rejoice and not complain.

"I think, if thou could'st see,
 With thy dim mortal sight,
 How meanings, dark to thee,
 Are shadows hiding light:
 Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
 Life's purpose all perplexed,—
 If thou could'st see them right,
 I think that they would seem,
 All clear, and wise, and bright.

"And yet thou can'st not know,
 And yet thou can'st not see;
 Wisdom and sight are slow
 In poor humanity.
 If thou could'st trust, poor soul,
 In Him who rules the whole,
 Thou would'st find peace and rest;
 Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best."

—*Adelaide Procter.*

God Knows Best.

Ah! God knows what is best for all,
 He gives us strength to bear our load;
 It matters not how oft we fall,
 He lifts us up and clears the road.

And though His will may seem unjust,
 If we but wait until the end,
 Whate'er betide, have faith and trust,
 Then He will prove a loving friend.

If all went well with us down here,
 And what we wished for to us given,
 Without a single loss or tear,
 We would not care to go to Heaven.

And thinking thus, my aching heart
 Revived again, and felt at rest;
 It gave me strength to do my part,
 Feeling "God knoweth what is best!"

—Henry Coyle.

Turquoise.

A mineral brought from Persia, of a peculiar bluish-green color, occurring in reniform masses, with a *botryoidal* surface; calaite. It is susceptible of a high polish, and is used in jewelry, and when highly colored is much esteemed as a gem.

All in God, with God, and for God!—"God Alone!"

"With two wings a man is lifted up above earthly things: that is, with Simplicity and Purity. Simplicity must be in the intention, Purity in the affection. Simplicity aims at God, Purity takes hold of Him, and tastes Him."

—Thomas à Kempis.

AMONGST men is it considered an honor to labor *only* for kings, and we ought to look upon it as an honor to labor *only* for God. *We are too great to labor for the world; the world will pass, and we shall never pass away.* We are children of God; nay, we are even of the very same race as God (Acts xvii. 28), the friends, the confidants, the favorites of God; and being in so lofty a position, we ought not to lower ourselves to act for an end which is below God. *Our vocation is to imitate God, to act in God, with God, and for God.* Now, God proposes *Himself alone* as the end of all that He does. Our glory is to remain at this height, and not to descend to the little and low aims of the creature. What a shame it is for us to degrade ourselves when our destination is so sublime! Let us henceforth have more pride, and let us do nothing except *for God*.

*"Love it not,—the world deceitful
'Twill reward thee as a foe;
And its broad, and beaten pathway
Lead thee down to dreadest woe.*

*"Seek it not; its lights though glowing
Dazzle but to lead astray;
And its beauty like a flower
Soon will fade and pass away.*

*"Look above, thy heaven-born spirit
Ne'er below can sated be;
SEEK THOU EVER, SEEK THOU ONLY
GOD AND HIS ETERNITY."*

—Sister Genevieve Todd.

*"No service in itself is small,
Nor great though earth it fill:
But that is small that seeks its own,
Or great that seeks God's will."*

—Anonymous.

LISTS OF MYSTIC BIBLE STONES.

I. THE HIGH PRIEST'S BREASTPLATE (Set in Gold).

HEBREW (A. V.) Ex. XXVIII: 17-20.				SEPTUAGINTA, AND VULGATE OF SAME.				MODERN NAMES.			
3	2	1		3	2	1		3	2	1	
Carbuncle.	Topaz.	Sardius.		Emerald.	Topaz.	Sardius.		Emerald.	Chrysolite.	Red Carnelian.	
6	5	4		6 Jasper.	5 Sapph.	4 Carbuncle.		6 Jasper.	5 Lapis Lazuli.	4 Carbuncle, or Garnet.	
Diamond.	Sapph.	Emerald.		9	8	7		9 Quartz. Amethyst.	8 Agate.	7 Hyacinth.	
9	8	7		Amethyst.	Agate.	Ligure.					
Amethyst.	Agate.	Ligure.		12	11	10		12 Aquamarine, or Beryl.	11 Onyx.	10 Chrysolite. { Cairngorm.	
12	11	10		Beryl.	Onyx.	Chrysolite.					
Jasper.	Onyx.	Beryl.									

II. THE FIGURATIVE FOUNDATION STONES OF THE HEAVENLY CITY.

APOC. XXI: 19, 20.				MODERN NAMES.			
1	2	3		1	2	3	
Jasper	Sapph.	Chalcedony.		Jasper, or true Chalcedony.	Lapis Lazuli.	Copper Emerald (old Chalcedony.)	
4	5	6		4	5	6	
Emerald.	Sardonyx.	Sardius.		Emerald.	Sardonyx.	Sardius.	
7	8	9		7 Topaz (Oriental.)	8 Beryl, or Aquamarine.	9 Chrysolite.	
Chrysolite.	Beryl.	Topaz.					
10	11	12		10	11	12	
Chrysopterus	Hyacinth.	Amethyst.		Chrysopterus	Sapphire.	Amethyst.	

City of the pearl bright portal;
City of the Jasper wall.
City of the golden pavement;
City of endless festival.
City of Jehovah Salem.

City of Eternity,
To thy bridal hall of gladness,
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!
—Horatius Bonar.

Gems of the Months.

(According to some very old traditions assigning various gems to the months.)

	PAGE.
January.....Garnet.....	311
February.....Pearl.....	321
March.....Hyacinth.....	312
April.....Diamond.....	308
May.....Emerald.....	309
June.....Amethyst.....	300
July.....Ruby.....	322
August.....Sardonyx.....	326
September.....Sapphire.....	323
October.....Opal.....	320
November.....Topaz.....	327
December.....Turquoise.....	330

Appendix Two.

“Flowers of friendship and memories embalmed.”



Appendix Two.

"Let us (then) not only scatter benefits, but even strew *flowers* for our fellow-travelers in the rugged ways of this wretched world."—*Lord Chesterfield to his godson, Philip Stanhope.*

"Methinks, a sentence couched in the harmony of verse, darts more briskly upon the understanding, and strikes both my ear and apprehension with a smarter and more pleasing power."—*Michael Seigneur de Montaigne.*

A CHOICE SELECTION OF

Autograph-Album Verses.

A.

Lines Appropriate for Dedication.

1.

May no presuming pen
Write aught but faultless truth
Upon a page of this fair book,
Sacred to Innocence and Youth.

2.

No carping critic's eye need scan
For venial faults this little book;
'Tis meant for Friendship's eye alone,
Which seeks not pebbles in each brook.

3.

I trust that ev'ry one that calls me friend
Will to this little book some trifle lend,
Whether some fancy flowers wildly sweet,
Or, some wise proverb, or some couplet neat,
Or sentence from some writer, grave or funny:
From ev'ry hive the wise can take some honey,
Whether the bees have roam'd in wealth's rich bowers,
Or painful glean'd amid wild wayside flowers.

4.

Dear friend, please take your facile pen in hand,
 And—as if with a fairy's magic wand—
 Record a page, a verse, or e'en a line;
 'Twill have a value for this heart of mine,
 Not for its beauty only, but its truth;
 As bringing back the days of pleasant youth.

5.

Little, my friend, do I of rhyming know,
 And fear I only may my weakness show,
 By daring to put down my simple thought,
 Where wittier, worthier, wiser pens have wrought.
 But from my true heart's innermost recess,
 My prayers to Heaven ascend that God may bless
 Thee with the choicest gifts—with health, with friends;
 And at the end bestow that bliss that never ends!

—*Anonymous.*

B.

Prose Maxims.

Remember always, that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.

Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done by.

Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day.

Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

Never covet what is not your own.

Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

Let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

Never give out what does not come in.—An alms-deed God will reward; otherwise, do not spend, but produce.

Let the greatest order regulate the actions of your life.

Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good.

Deprive yourself of nothing that is *necessary* to your comfort, but live in *honorable simplicity* and frugality.

Labor, while you have time, *for the honor of God and the welfare* of your fellow-men!

Criticisms never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure.

The true dignity and excellence of man lies in his moral qualities, that is, in *virtue*; and *virtue alone*, wherever found, will be followed by the rewards of *everlasting happiness*.

C.

Poetical Quotations.

(Alphabetically arranged.)

ACTIVITY.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.

ADVERSITY.

In this wide world, the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.

—Anonymous.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.

—*Anon.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

—*Shakespeare.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

—*Shakespeare.*

, ADIEU.*

The time is swiftly passing by
When we must bid adieu;
We know not when we meet again,
So, these lines I leave with you.

—*Anonymous.*

We part;
But this shall be a token thou hast been
A friend to him who pluck'd these lovely flowers,
And sent them as a tribute to a friend,
And a remembrance of the few kind hours
Which lightened on the darkness of my youth.

—*Percival.*

AFFLICTION.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BEAUTY.

There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it midst familiar things
And through their lowly guise.

—*Anon.*

*See, also, page 163.

Beauty is but a vain, a fleeting good,
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
 A flower that dies when almost in the bud,
 A bright glass that breaketh suddenly;
 A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within the hour.

—*Shakespeare.*

BEWARE!

Beware of
 This wavering world's wretchedness,

 The sliding joy, the gladness short,
 The feigned love, the false comfort,

 The sugared mouths,
 The figured speech,
 The pleasing tongue, with hearts unplain—

Beware! —*Anon.*

CAUSE, THE FIRST, OF ALL THINGS.

How should matter occupy a charge,
 Dull as it is, and satisfy a law,
 So vast in its demands, *unless impelled,*
 To ceaseless service *by a ceaseless force*
 And under pressure *of some conscious Cause?*
 The Lord of all Himself through all diffused,
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
 By which the mighty process is maintained.
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in Whose sight
 Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labor; Whose designs
 No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And Whose beneficence no charge exhausts.

—*Cowper, "The Task."*

CHARITY.

The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others lives unblest.

—*Home.*

In necessary things unity; in doubtful things liberty; in all things
charity.

—*St. Augustine.*

CONSTANCY.

When all things have their trial you shall find,
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

—*Shirley.*

CONTENTMENT.

Be content with thy lot,
Though it may be small;
Each must have his share,
One cannot have it all.

—*Anon.*

Some friends may wish thee happiness,
Some others wish thee wealth;
My wish for thee is better far—
Contentment blest with health.

—*Anon.*

We shed too many tears,
And sigh too sore, and yield us up to woe,
As if God had not planned the way we go
And counted out our years.

Can we not be content
And lift our foreheads from the ignoble dust
Of these complaining lives, and wait with trust
Fulfilling Heaven's intent?

Must we have wealth and power,
Fame, beauty, all things ordered to our mind?
Nay, all these things leave happiness behind!
Accept the sun and shower.

* * * * *

And see how everywhere
Love comforts, strengthens, helps and saves us all;
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair.

—*Anonymous.*

COURAGE.

Be not cast down when storms arise;
Far above the murky skies,
The sun is shining bright and fair,
Have faith! 'Tis idle to despair.

—*Anonymous.*

CULTURE.

The highest culture is to speak no ill;
The best reformer is the man whose eyes
Are quiet to see all beauty and all worth,
And by his own discreet, well-ordered life
Alone, reproves the erring.

When thy gaze
Turns in on thine own soul, be most severe,
But when it falls upon a fellow man,
Let kindness control it, and refrain
From that belittling censure which springs forth
From common lips, like weeds from marshy soil.

—*Miss Wheeler.*

DEATH.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

—*Anon.*

Death has no terrors when the life is true;
'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die.

—*Omar Khyyam.*

DEFEAT.

Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

—Longfellow.

DELAY.

A virtuous deed should *never* be delay'd.
The impulse comes from Heav'n; and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobeys
The God within his mind.

—Thomas Dowe.

DESPAIR.

Beware of desperate steps! The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

—Cowper.

DUTY.

To say well is good, but to *do well is better*;
Do well is the spirit, and say well the letter;
If do well and say well were fitted in one frame,
All were won, all were done, and got were all the gain.

—Anonymous.

EQUANIMITY.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity;
With *equal* mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.

—Anon.

EYES.

Those eyes—among thine elder friends,
Perhaps, they pass for blue.
No matter,—if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do?

—Holmes.

FAITH.

Have Faith! where'er thy bark is driven,
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
 Know this, God rules the host of Heaven,
 The inhabitants of Earth!

—F. Schiller.

The faith that *works* by love,
 And *purifies* the heart,
 A foretaste of the joys above
 To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife
And triumphs in immortal life.

—Anon.

FAME.

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight;
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow.

FEAR.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe.

—Shakespeare.

FLATTERY.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That flattery's *the food of fools*;
 Yet now and then you men of wit
 Will condescend to take a bit.

—Swift.

FORGIVENESS.

Live well; how long or short, press on to Heaven;
 They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.

—Anon.

FORTITUDE.

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering yet hoping all things.

—Anon.

FRIENDSHIP.*

How sweet to have a faithful friend,
In whom we can confide;
To bless us if we act aright,
And if we err to chide.

—Anon.

True friends are like diamonds,
Precious but rare.
False ones like autumn leaves,
Found everywhere.

—Anon.

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the
sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

—Bovee.

If grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

—Mrs. Opie.

Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship,
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!

—Longfellow.

Let not your friendship be like the rose to sever:
But, like the evergreen, may it last forever!

—Anon.

There are few friends in this wide world,
Whose love is fond and true;
But, —, when you count them o'er
Place me amongst the few.

—Anon.

*See, also, pages 97, 184, 185 and 186.

GENEROSITY.

Trust, my friend, no Siren's whisper,
 Weave no web in fancy's loom,
 Build no castle for the future,
 For the golden days to come.
 Life has more or less besetments,
 More or less of grief and woe,
 Shadows always check our pathway,
 Sunbeams only come and go.
Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Out upon the waves alone;
You will find it drifted to thee,
After many days have flown.
 Ever hoping and enduring,
 Ever prayerful on the way,
 May you reach the golden entrance
 Opening on Eternal Day!

—Anon.

GENTLENESS.

A gentle word is never lost,
 Oh! never, then, refuse one;
 It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed,
 And lulls the cares that bruise one;
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
And turns our thorns to roses;
 It changes weary night and day,
 And hope and love discloses.

—Anon.

HAPPINESS.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire;
 Who builds on less than on immortal base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joy to death.

—Young.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou *an angel's happiness* shalt know,
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
 The seed, that, in these few and fleeting hours,
 Thy hands unspairing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers
And yield the fruits divine in Heaven's immortal bowers.
 —Carlos Wilcox.

True happiness, if understood,
 Consists alone in doing good.

—Anon.

HAPPINESS—DOMESTIC.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!
 Though few now taste thee, unimpaired and pure,
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm
 Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
 Unmixed with drops of bitters, which *neglect*
 Or *temper* sheds into thy crystal cup.

—Cowper.

HEALTH.

Nor love nor honor, wealth nor power,
 Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
 When *health* is lost. Be *timely* wise;
 With *health* all taste of pleasure flies.

—Anon.

HOME.*

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

—Young.

Sweet is the *smile of home*; the mutual look,
 When *hearts are of each other sure*;
 Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
 The haunt of all affections *pure*.

—Keble.

*See, also, page 230.

HONOR.

A life of honor and of worth
 Has no eternity on earth;
 'Tis but a name,—
 And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life which leads
To want and shame.

—Longfellow.

HOPE.*

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

—Anon.

HUMILITY.

Humility,—that low, sweet root,
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

—Moore.

“What every one is in the eyes of God, that he is, and no more.”

—*St. Francis of Assisium.*

IMPUDENCE.

Immodest words admit of no defense,
 For want of decency is want of sense.

—Pope.

INCONSTANCY.

Oh, Heaven! Were man
 But constant, he were perfect; that one error
 Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins;
 Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

—Shakespeare.

*See, also, pages 116, 198 and 199.

INDUSTRY.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor,—all labor is noble and holy.

—*Tennyson.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destin'd end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

—*Longfellow.*

JOY.

It is a joy
 To think the best we can of human kind.

—*Wordsworth.*

KNOWLEDGE.

Oh, there is naught on earth worth being known,
 But *God*, and our own *souls*.

—*Anon.*

LABOR.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.

—*Anon.*

LABORARE—ORARE.

Laborare, est orare,
 Watchword of an old divine,
 Let us take it for our motto,
 Serving in this latter time;
 Work is worship, toil is holy,
 Let this thought our zeal inspire;
 Every deed done well and bravely,
 Burns with sacrificial fire.

—*T. W. Handford.*

LEARNING.

When home and land are gone and spent,
 Then learning is most excellent.

—*Anon.*

LEISURE.

Let it be remembered, that only in leisure will the human mind yield many of its best products. Good ideas, it's true, flash in a moment on the mind: but they are very crude then; and they must be mellowed and matured by time and leisure.

—Anon.

LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Bayly's *Festus*.

LIFE WE PRAISE.

Circles are praised, not that excel
In largeness, but th' exactly framed;
So life we praise, that does excel
Not in *much time*, but *acting well*.

—Waller.

LIVE IN TO-DAY.

Oh, the rare spring flowers! take them as they come;
Do not wait for the summer buds—they may never bloom.
Every sweet to-day sends, we are wise to save;
Roses bloom for pulling; the path is to the grave.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the Heaven.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

—W. Scott.

If we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us,
Whatever mischances may happen.

—Longfellow.

Have love! Not alone for one,
 But man as man thy brother call;
 And *scatter*, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

—F. Schiller.

MARRIAGE.

The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear;
 And something, every day they live,
 To pity and, perhaps, forgive.

—Cowper.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; *it becomes*
The throned monarch better than his crown.

—Shakespeare.

MERIT.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise.

—Anon.

MOTHER.*

I miss thee, my mother! when young health has fled,
 And I sink in the languor of pain;
 Where, where is the arm that once pillow'd my head,
 And the ear that once heard me complain?
 Other hands may support me, gentle accents may fall,—
 For the fond and the true are still mine;
 I've a blessing for each,—I am grateful to all,—
But whose care can be as soothing as thine?

—Anon.

*See, also, pages 200, 201 and 202.

My mother!—manhood's anxious brow
 And sterner cares have long been mine;
 Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
 As when upon thy bosom's shrine
 My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,
And thy low-whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd.

—Anon.

Mother! dear mother! the feelings nurst,
 As I hung at thy bosom, clung 'round thee first.
 'Twas the earliest link in love's long chain—
'Tis the only one that will long remain;
 And, as year by year, and day by day,
 Some friend well trusted drops away,
Mother! dear mother! oh, dost thou see
How the shorten'd chain brings me nearer thee?

—N. P. Willis.

MUSIC.*

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in all things, if men had ears;
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

—Byron.

NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around?
 When even the blue deep heavens look glad,
And gladness blooms from the blossoming ground?

—Bryant.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.

—Young.

*See, also, pages 40 and 41.

Who lives to Nature rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

—Young.

OLD AGE.*

"Nobler than a ship ending a long voyage, and sublimer than the setting sun, is the old age of a just, and kind, and useful life."

—Anon.

OPPORTUNITY.

The means that Heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, *Heaven's offer* we refuse—
The proffer'd means of succor and redress.

—Shakespeare.

OPPOSITION.

"A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a hard wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm; *let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition*. Opposition is what he needs, and must have, to be good for anything; *hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance*."

—Anon.

PAIN.

Sad heart, be strong! The sun is shining still
Behind the clouds that hide the fair, blue sky;
We must not seek to know the reason why
We suffer pain; the loving Father's will,
Through well or ill, without a doubt or sigh,
We must accept as good for us, and best,
For oh! sometimes, He tries us hard to test
Our love and faith, but, He is ever nigh.

—Henry Coyle.

PARTING.

Have not all past human beings parted,
And must not all the present one day part?

—Byron.

*See, also, pages 114 and 115.

PASSIONS.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

—Pope.

In the human breast
 Two master passions cannot co-exist.

—Campbell.

PATIENCE.*

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
 Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
 To lay the storms of hope and fear,
 And reconcile life's smile and tear;
 The throbs of wounded pride to still
 And make our own our Father's will!
 O thou who mournest on thy way,
 With longings for the close of day;
 He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
 And gently whispers, "*Be resigned;*
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell:
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

—Anon.

PATRIOTISM.**

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
 Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
 Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
 Keep us, oh keep us, the "MANY IN ONE!"
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkl'd with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
 While through the sounding sky,
 Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
 UNION AND LIBERTY!—ONE EVERMORE!

—Holmes.

*See, also, pages 135, 136, 191 and 192.

**See, also, pages 178 and 179.

PITY.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells the peace of God is there.

—Whittier.

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do.

—Byron.

PLACES, LOW AND HIGH.

From lowest place, when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor; *good alone*
Is good, without a name.

—Shakespeare.

POLITENESS.

Politeness is to *do* and *say*
The kindest things in the kindest way;
Who doeth this with loving grace
Will wear its beauty in the face,
And bring to every changeful day
The light of love to cheer the way.

—Anonymous.

POMP.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

—Shakespeare.

POVERTY.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

—Shakespeare.

Oh, grant me, Heaven, a middle state,—
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for Nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

—Anon.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
 Let no harsh term be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
 Without an unkind word.

—*Anon.*

PRAISE.

Praising what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear.

—*Shakespeare.*

PRAYER.

Temporal blessings Heaven doth often share
 Unto the wicked, at the good man's prayer.

—*Anon.*

The saints will aid, if men will call;
 For the blue sky bends over all.

—*Coleridge.*

More things are wrought *by prayer* than this world dreams of.

—*Tennyson.*

Let thy *prayer* be work and work thy prayer,
 As God's truth and love are everywhere,
 And whether by word or deed thou strive,
 In Him alone thou canst be alive.

—*Tennyson.*

PRIDE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

—*Pope.*

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
 The mildest, purest soul, within;
 'Tis not the richest plant that folds
 The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

—*Anon.*

PURPOSE.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made,
 And fill our Future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.
 The tissue of the life to be
 We weave with colors all our own;
 And in the field of Destiny,
We reap as we have sown.

—Whittier.

REMEMBRANCE.*

These few lines to you are tendered,
 By a friend sincere and true,
 Hoping but to be remembered
 When I'm far away from you.

—Anon.

REPUTATION.

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;
 Being got by many actions, lost by one!

—Anon.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
 Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.
—Translated from F. von Logan, by Longfellow.

RIGHT.

But right is right, since God is God;
 And right the day must win;
 To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin!

—F. W. Faber.

ROAD THAT LEADS TO VIRTUE, AND TO GOD.

Let not soft slumber close thine eyes,
 Before thou recollectest thrice
 The train of actions through the day;
 Where have my feet found out their way?

* See, also, page 291.

What have I learned where'er I've been,
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
 What know I more that's worth the knowing?
 What have I done that's worth the doing?
 What have I sought that I should shun?
 What duty have I left undone?
 Or, into what new follies run?
*These self-enquiries are the road
 That leads to virtue, and to God.*

—Anonymous.

RULE OF LIFE.

To fear no ill, to do no wrong, to all men to prove true—
 This is the "*golden rule*" of life; let it be so to you.

—Anon.

SORROW.

Sorrow reigns on all the thrones of the universe, and *the Crown of all crowns* was a Crown of Thorns!

—Anon.

In the cruel fire of *sorrow*
 Cast thy heart; do not faint or wail;
 Let thy hand be firm and steady,
 Do not let thy spirit quail;
 But wait till the *trial* is over,
 And take thy *heart* again;
 For as gold is tried by fire,
 So a heart must be tried by *pain*.

—Procter.

SMILES.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows by like a song,
 But the man worth while is the man who will smile
 When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,

And it always comes with years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

TEARS.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years!*

—*F. W. Faber.*

THINK, BUT LEARN.

A thinker by thinking once thought out a thought!
And when he'd done thinking the thought came to naught!
So, thinking again, he soon thought that he ought
To put by his thinking and learn to be *TAUGHT!*

—*Anon.*

TIME.

Hours are golden links—God's token—
Reaching Heaven but one by one;
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done!

—*Anon.*

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

—*Shakespeare.*

Who knows most, him loss of time most grieves.

—*Dante.*

Are you in earnest? *Seize this very minute*
What you can do, or think, you can begin it.

—*Faust.*

*See, also, pages 61, 62 and 93.

So let us sow *good seeds*,
And not the briers and weeds;
 That when the harvest
 To us shall come,
 We may have *good sheaves*
To carry home,
 For the seeds we sow in our lives to-day
 Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

—Anon.

TRUST IN GOD.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its ends far out of sight;
 Foot it bravely—strong or weary;—
Trust in God, and do the right.

* * * * *

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee—
Trust in God, and do the right.

—Anonymous.

TRUTH.

Truth is honest, truth is sure,
 Truth is strong and must endure;
Falsehood lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.

—Anon.

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,—
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But *Error*, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshipers.

—Bryant.

Seize upon *truth* where'er found,
 On Christian or on heathen ground;
 Among your friends, among your foes,
The plant's divine where'er it grows.

—Anonymous.

VICE.

Vice is a monster of so frightful a mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—Pope.

VIOLENCE.

Violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes.

—Shakespeare.

WELL-DOING.

How sweet 'twill be at evening
If you and I can say
*"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we came at nightfall
Bearing them safely home!"*

—Anonymous.

WINNING SOULS.

Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.

—Shakespeare.

WISDOM'S LAW.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code
By love inspired;
*Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.*

—C. Perry.

WORK.

For all men the law of work is plain;
 It gives them food, strength, knowledge, vict'ry, peace;
 It makes joy possible, and lessens pain;
 From passion's lawless power it wins release,
 Confirms the heart and widens reason's reign,
 Makes men like God, Whose work can never cease.

—*J. L. Spalding.*

WORKING FOR GOD, IN VARIOUS WAYS.

Thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

—*Milton.*

WOMAN.

What fountains to the desert are,
 What flowers to the fresh young spring,
 What Heaven's breast is to the star,
 That woman's love to earth doth bring.

Whether 'mid deserts she is found,
 Or girt about by happy home.
 Where'er she treads is holy ground
 Above which rises love's high dome.

Or be she *mother* called or wife,
 Or sister or the soul's twin mate,
 She still is each man's best of life,
 His crown of joy, his high estate.

—*A Christian poet.*

ZEAL.*

Zeal is that *pure* and heavenly flame,
 The fire of *love* supplies,
 While that which often bears the name
 Is self in a disguise.

—*Moore.*

* See, also, pages 194 and 195.

FOR DAILY REMEMBRANCE:

Let nothing trouble you.
Let nothing frighten you.
All things pass.
God never changes.
Patience obtains all things.
He that possesses God possesses all things.
God alone is sufficient.

—*St. Teresa.*

A Last Wish for the Reader:

May God's grace
Shine o'er thy way
And guide thy heart
To Heaven's Eternal Day!
—*Rev. Abram J. Ryan.*

—|—————|—
FINIS.
—|—————|—

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GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGERS: OR, THE LANGUAGE OF THE PRECIOUS STONES.

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*) See, also, "Floral Apostles" on *Thistles* (Bad Example), page 245.

†) See, also, "Floral Apostles" on *Nettle* (Slander), page 179.

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Mainly Poets, Nativity, Dates of Birth and Death.

NOTE.—The first line of figures gives year of birth, the second death.. The letter "L" signifies living.

ADAMS, JOHN S., America	1767	1848	BARKER, JAMES NELSON, America	1784	1858
ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER, England	1805	1848	BAYLEY, THOMAS HAYNES, England	1797	1839
ADDISON, JOSEPH, England	1672	1719	BEATTI, JAMES, Scotland	1735	1803
AKENSIDE, MARK, England	1721	1770	BERNARD, SAINT, France	1091	1153
ALPHONS LIGUORI, SAINT, Italy	1696	1787	BETHUNE, GEORGE W., America	1805	1862
ARMSTRONG, JOHN, Scotland	1709	1779	BONAR, HORATIUS, Scotland	1808	1869
ARNOLD, EDWIN, England	1832		BOSSUET, JACQUE BENIGNE, France	1627	1704
AUGUSTINE, SAINT, Africa	354	430	BOVEE, C. NESTELL, America	1820	
BACON, LORD FRANCIS, England	1561	1626	BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, England	1809	1861
BALLOU, HOSEA, America	1771	1852	BROWNSON, ORESTES AUGUSTUS, America	1803	1876
BALMES, JAMES, Spain	1810	1848	BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, America	1794	1878

BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON, England	1762	1837	ELLIOT, GEORGE (MARIAN EVANS CROSS), England	1820	1880
BURNS, ROBERT, Scotland	1759	1796	ELLIOT, EBENEZER, England	1781	1849
BURTON, ROBERT, England	1576	1640	EPHREM, SAINT, Syria	Circa 300	379
BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON NOEL, England	1788	1824	FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM, England	1814	1863
CAMPBELL, THOMAS, Scotland	1777	1844	FENELON, FRANCOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE, France	1651	1715
CAREW, THOMAS, England	1589	1639	FRANCIS OF ASSISIUM, SAINT, Italy	1182	1226
CHESTERFIELD (PHILIP DOMER STANHOPE), Earl of, England	1694	1773	FRANCIS DE SALES, SAINT, Savoy	1567	1622
CIBBER, COLLEY, England	1671	1757	GAY, JOHN, England	1688	1732
CLARE, JOHN, England	1793	1864	GALLAGHER, CAROLINE HARRIS, America	18—	L.
CLARKE, SIMEON TUCKER, America	1836		GIFFORD, RICHARD, England	1725	1807
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, England	1796	1849	GILMAN, CAROLINE HOWARD, America	1794	
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, England	1772	1834	GILMORE, MINNIE, America	18—	L.
COOKE, ROSA TERRY, America	1827	1892	GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, Germany	1749	1832
COTTON, NATHANIEL, England	1707	1788	GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, Ireland	1728	1774
COWLEY, ABRAHAM, England	1618	1667	GOODALE, DORA READ, America	1866	L.
COWPER, WILLIAM, England	1731	1800	GOODALE, ELAINE, America	1863	L.
COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND, America	1818		GRANVILLE, GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE, England	1667	1735
COYLE, HENRY, America	18—	L.	HALE, SARAH JOSEPH, America	1795	1879
CRABLE, GEORGE, England	1754	1832	HARE, JULIUS CHARLES, Italy	1795	1855
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE, America	1813	1892	HEINE, HEINRICH, Germany	1799	1856
DANA, RICHARD HENRY, America	1787	1877	HEMANS, FELICIA, England	1794	1835
DANIEL, SAMUEL, England	1562	1619	HERBERT, GEORGE, Wales	1593	1632
DANTE, ALGHIERI, Italy	1265	1321	HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON, East Prussia	1741	1803
DARWIN, ERASMUS, England	1731	1802	HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO, America	1806	1884
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM, England	1605 or 6	1668	HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, America	1809	1894
DINNIES, ANNA PEYRE (MORNA), America	1810		HOME, JOHN, Scotland	1722	1808
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP, England	1702	1751	HOWITT, MARY BOTHAM, England	1804	1888
DONNELLY, MISS ELEANOR C., America	1848	L.	HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, England	1784	1859
DORR, JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY, America	1825		JOHNSON, SAMUEL, England	1709	1784
DRYDEN, JOHN, England	1631	1700	KEATS, JOHN, England	1796	1820
EGAN, MAURICE F., America	18—	L.			

KEBLE, JOHN, England	1792	1866	POE, EDGAR ALLEN, America	1811	1849
KEEGAN, CASSIE FRANCES, America	1872	L.	POLLOCK, ROBERT, Scotland	1799	1827
KEMPIS, THOMAS A., Germany	1380	1471	POPE, ALEXANDER, England	1688	1744
KENNEDY, CRAMMOND, Scotland	1841		PRIOR, MATTHEW, England	1664	1721
KOERNER, CHARLES THEODORE, Germany	1791	1813	PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE, England	1825	1864
LACORDAIRE, JEAN BAPTISTE HENRI, France	1802	1861	QUARLES, FRANCIS, England	1592	1644
LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH, England	1802	1838	ROGERS, HENRY DARWIN, America	1809	1866
LOGAN, FRIEDRICH VON, Austria	1604	1653	ROGERS, SAMUEL, England	1763	1855
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, America	1807	1882	ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGIANA, England	1830	1895
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, America	1819	1890	ROWE, NICHOLAS, England	1673	1718
LUCAN, (M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS), Spain	Circa 39	65	RYAN, ABRAM J., America	18—	
LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS, England	1793	1847	SALLUST, Italy	A. C. n. 85	35
MASSILLON, JEAN BAPTISTE, France	1663	1742	SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON, Germany	1759	1805
MEREDITH, LOUISA A. TWAMLEY, England	18—	L.	SCOTT, SIR WALTER, Scotland	1771	1832
MILLER, JOAQUIM, America	1841	1674	SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, England	1564	1616
MILTON, JOHN, England	1608	1851	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, England	1792	1822
MOIR, DAVID MACBETH, Scotland	1798	1592	SHIRLEY, JAMES, England	Circa 1594	1666
MONTAIGNE, MICHAEL DE, France	1533	1854	SMILES, SAMUEL, Scotland	1816	L.
MONTGOMERY, JAMES, Scotland	1771	1757	SMITH, HORACE, England	1779	1849
MOORE, EDWARD, England	1712	1833	SOUTHWELL, ROBERT, England	1560	1596
MORE, HANNAH, England	1745	1835	SPALDING, J. L., America	18—	L.
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM, Scotland	1797	1890	SPRAGUE, CHARLES, America	1791	1875
NEWMAN, CARDINAL JOHN HENRY, England	1801	1853	STARR, ELLEN, America	18—	L.
OPIE, MRS. AMELIA, England	1769	1890	STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY, America	1825	L.
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE, Ireland	1844		STOLZ, DR. ALBAN, Germany	1808	1883
PARNELL, THOMAS, Ireland	1679	1717 or 18	SWIFT, JONATHAN, Ireland	1667	1745
PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES, America	1795	1856	TASSO, TORQUATO, Italy	1544	1595
PHILIPS, JOHN, England	1676	1708	TAYLOR, SIR HENRY, England	Circa 1800	1886
PHILLIPS, KATHERINE (née Fowler), England	1631	1664	TENNYSON, ALFRED, England	1810	1892

TERESA, SAINT, Spain	1515	1582	WALLER, EDMUND, England	1605	1687
TODD, VEN. SISTER M. GENEVIEVE, America	1863	1896	WALSH, KATHARINE JOSEPHINE, America	1871	L.
THOMAS OF AQUINO, SAINT, Italy	1226	1274	WATTS, ISAAC, England	1674	1748
THOMSON, JAMES, Scotland	1700	1748	WENINGER, FR. X., Austria	18—	
TIGHE, MARY, Ireland	1773	1810	WHEELER, WILCOX ELLA, America	18—	L.
TIMROD, HENRY, America	1829	1867	WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, England	1785	1806
TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUAHAR, England	1810	1889	WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN POWER, America	1803	1878
TUSSER, THOMAS, England	Circa 1515	1580	WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, America	1808	1892
			WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER, America	1807	1867
VERE, AUBREY DE, Ireland	1814		WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, England	1770	1850

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